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DECEMBER 1993

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HOW THE WORLD WORKS

BY JAMES FALLOWS



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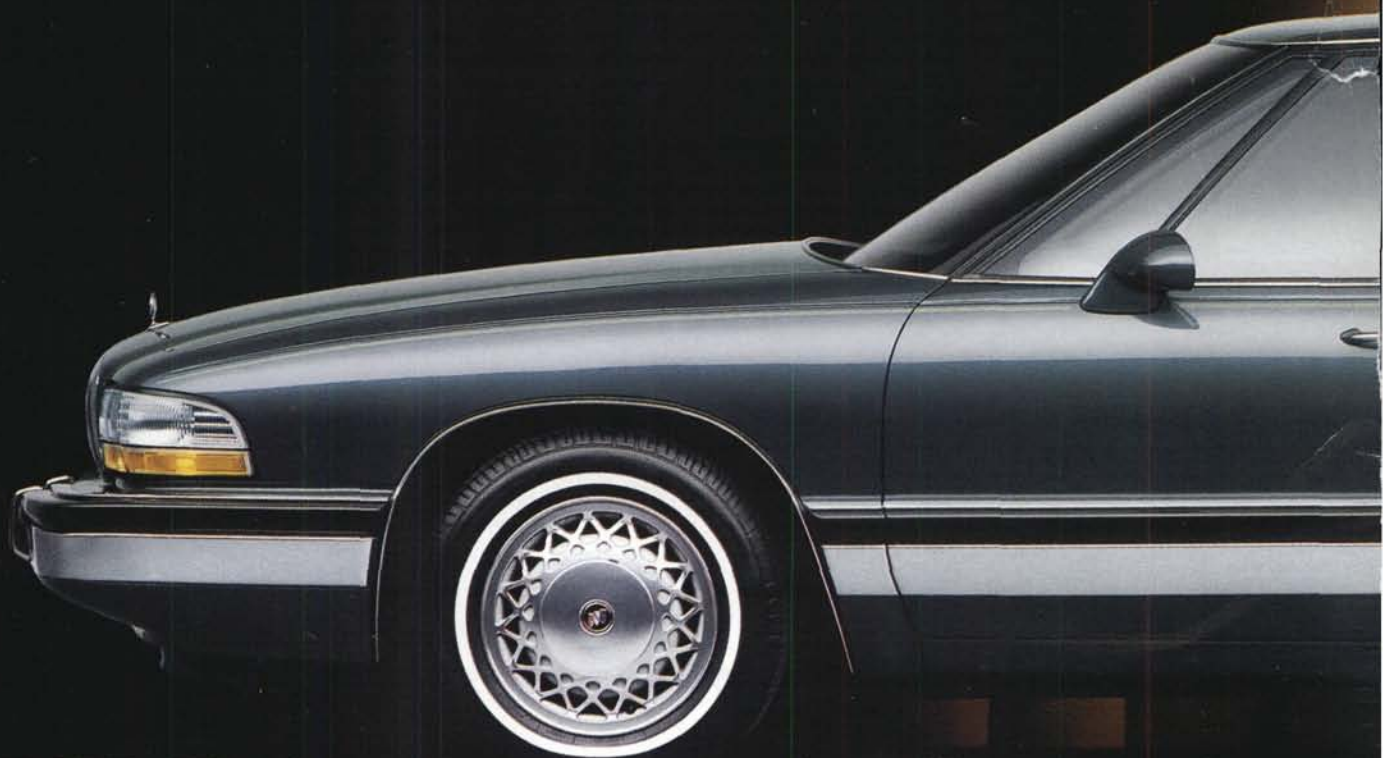
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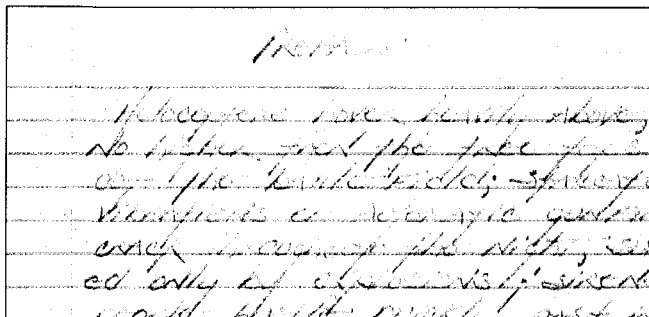
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IN his review in this issue of *The Age of Federalism*, by Stanley Elkins and Eric McKittrick, the Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Gordon S. Wood reminds us that although ratification of the Constitution of the United States settled many fundamental issues, it did not by any means carve the nation's political and economic character in stone. Indeed, during the 1790s, our first decade under the Constitution, a bitter debate over the future of America's political economy split the Founding Fathers into opposing camps. Jeffersonians were deeply suspicious of commerce and finance, of a strong centralized government, and of an assertive international presence; Hamiltonians were deeply desirous of the very same things. The Jeffersonian ideal became a fixture of our psyche. The Hamiltonians would more easily recognize the America we have become.

Gordon Wood's essay and this issue's cover story, "How the World Works," by James Fallows, neatly bracket two centuries of American economic history. During those two centuries there have been perhaps five periods when Americans have hotly debated their nation's economic life. The debate in the 1790s was followed in the 1830s and 1840s by the controversy over the Bank of the United States. In the 1870s and 1880s Americans were deeply preoccupied by currency and tariff issues that the country had been facing for years. With the turn of the cen-

tury came the Progressive era, which gave us trust-busting and various kinds of industrial reform. A generation later the Great Depression ushered in the New Deal.

In the half century since then Americans have seen little need to re-examine the conceptual premises on which the U.S. economy is built—notably a belief in the essential goodness and utility of largely unfettered market forces and free trade. But, as Fallows points out, those premises are shaky.

How should the United States manage its domestic economy and its foreign trade in the twenty-first century? Such questions, usually a national soporific, are acquiring an increasingly populist edge—a sign, perhaps, that another great economic debate is beginning. Certainly conditions are favorable for such a debate: the perceived threat of relentless economic competition from Japan has been joined by the perceived threat of NAFTA, the North American Free Trade Agreement, which must soon come up for ratification by Congress. The question of its fate has already begun to divide the nation along sometimes bizarre political lines.

We hope that such a debate does get under way. "How the World Works," with its demonstration that classical Anglo-American economics has no monopoly on either effectiveness or legitimacy, is not a bad place to start. —THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

James Carroll ("God's Patriots") is the author of eight novels, the most recent being *Memorial Bridge* (1991). His book *The City Below* will be published in April.

Robert Cullen ("The True Cost of Coal") is the author of *The Killer Department* (1993) and *Cover Story*, to be published next spring.

Les Daly ("Beyond Santa Fe") is a freelance writer whose articles have appeared in *Reader's Digest*, *The New York Times*, and *Smithsonian*.

James Fallows ("How the World Works") is the Washington editor of *The Atlantic* and the author of *National Defense* (1981) and *More Like Us* (1989). Fallows's article in this issue is the second of three to be drawn from his book *Looking at the Sun*, which will be published next February by Pantheon.

Susan Hahn ("Heart") has published two books of poetry, *Harriet Rubin's Moth-*

er's Wooden Hand (1993) and *Incontinence* (1993).

Mark Horowitz ("In Search of Monster") is a screenwriter and journalist whose articles have appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*, *The New Yorker*, and the *Los Angeles Times*.

Laura Jacobs ("The Red Shoes Revisited") is the editor in chief of *Stagebill*, the national performing-arts magazine.

William Langewiesche ("The Turn") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

Ralph Lombreglia ("Every Good Boy Deserves Favor") is a former Wallace Stegner fellow at Stanford University. He is the author of two collections of short stories, *Men Under Water* (1990) and *Make Me Work*, to be published next month.

Charles C. Mann (At Last Count) is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

Eugene Peck (At Last Count) is a principal of PGIC, an environmental consulting firm specializing in the use of remote sensing and geographic information systems.

Mark L. Plummer (At Last Count) is a senior fellow at the Discovery Institute, in Seattle.

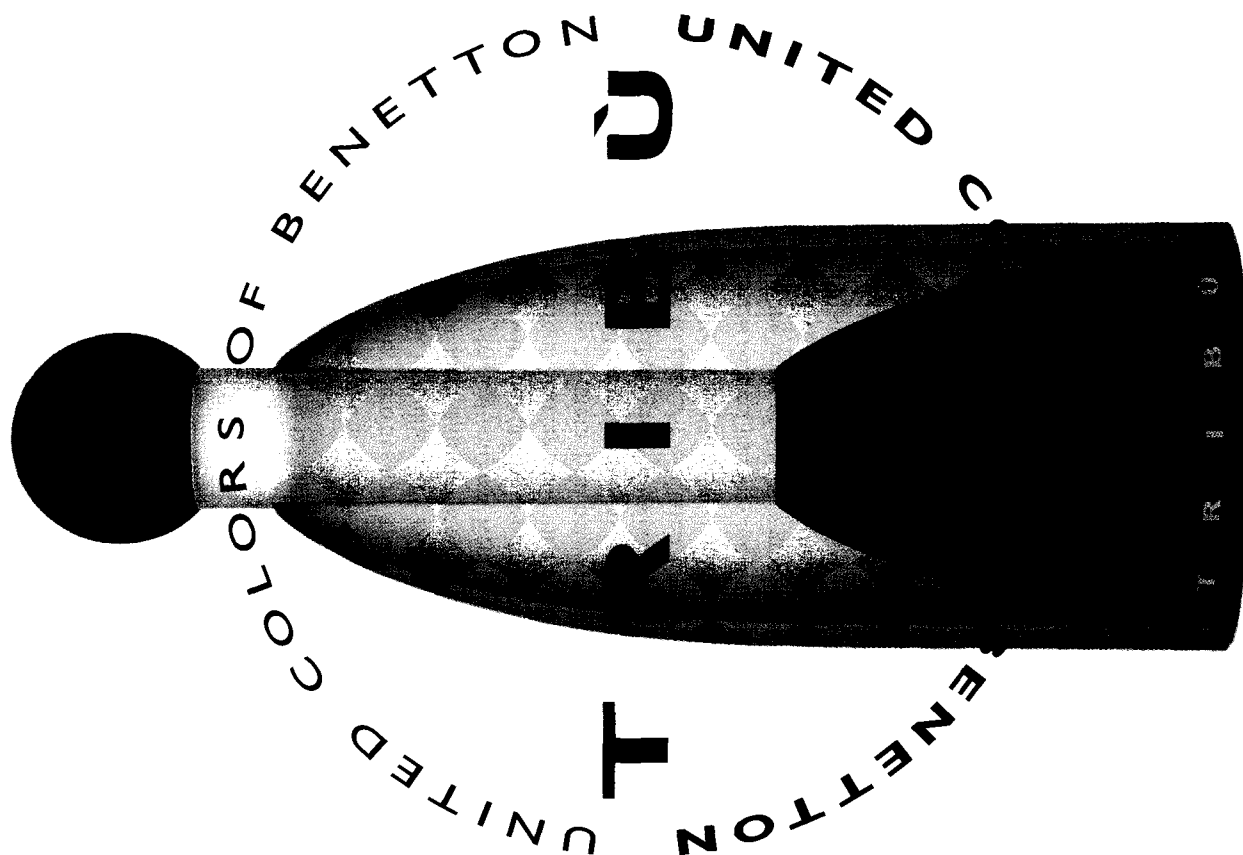
Edward G. Shirley ("Not Fanatics, and Not Friends") is the pseudonym of a former Iran specialist in the Central Intelligence Agency. He is currently a freelance writer covering the Middle East.

Enid Shomer ("Global Aphasia") recently received the Eunice Tietjens and Randall Jarrell poetry prizes. She is the author of *This Close to the Earth* (1992), a book of poems, and *Imaginary Men* (1993), which won the Iowa Short Fiction Award.

J. C. Suarès (cover art) is an author and illustrator. His most recent books are *Hollywood Cats* (1993) and *Hollywood Dogs* (1993).

Gordon S. Wood ("America in the 1790s") is a guest scholar at the Woodrow Wilson Center, in Washington, D.C. He is a professor of history at Brown University. His book *The Radicalism of the American Revolution* received this year's Pulitzer Prize for history.

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LETTERS

Deafness as Culture

The easiest way to resolve the question of whether deafness is a disability ("Deafness as Culture," by Edward Dolnick, September *Atlantic*) is by checking with the physical universe. Reality deals harshly with politically inspired smoke and mirrors. Leaving aside for a moment questions of interaction between deaf people and the rest of society, it is a simple fact that the profoundly deaf lack the ability to detect modulated pressure waves (that is, sound waves) unless their volume is so great that they are perceptible by the sense of touch, as gross vibration. Given that this sense (hearing) is an ability that most individuals of the species *homo sapiens* both have and use, the lack of it (or a condition of greatly reduced sensitivity) is, by definition, a disability and a handicap. For example, the profoundly deaf person will not hear the desperate honking of an out-of-control car coming from behind, and will be oblivious of shouts of warning from on-lookers who are not in his or her field of view. The deaf person will not hear the warning sound of a disturbed rattlesnake, the warning growl of a wild animal whose territory is being invaded, or any of the innumerable other warnings that nature provides and that we have evolved to take advantage of.

In this context the politically motivated arguments against cochlear implants are both foolish and cruel. Such implants restore at least part of a physical ability that the implantee would not otherwise have, while subtracting nothing from the individual's physical capabilities. Parents who provide a cochlear implant to a child are not saying "I don't respect the deaf community"; rather, those who wantonly reject such implants—who for their child choose to "let deaf children be deaf"—are elevating deaf culture above that of hearing. They are saying that deaf culture is so much richer or better than that of

hearing people that being forced into it is worth the handicap—the disability—of not being able to hear.

Joel S. Davis
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Edward Dolnick's article was a welcome introduction to deaf people's perspectives on the meaning of deafness and to the deaf community's repudiation of well-intentioned but misguided efforts by hearing people to "cure" them. For the past six years I've been exploring what it means to be deaf after a youth spent "passing for hearing," and I'm delighted that deaf pride and deaf culture are being discovered by the hearing world.

However, an increasingly common perspective on disability in the deaf community, one that was well represented in Dolnick's article, deserves comment. Deaf people often uncritically make and accept the assertion that they are not disabled. This assertion is meant to challenge the definition of deafness as a medical condition—like blindness or paralysis—requiring invasive and "heroic" treatment.

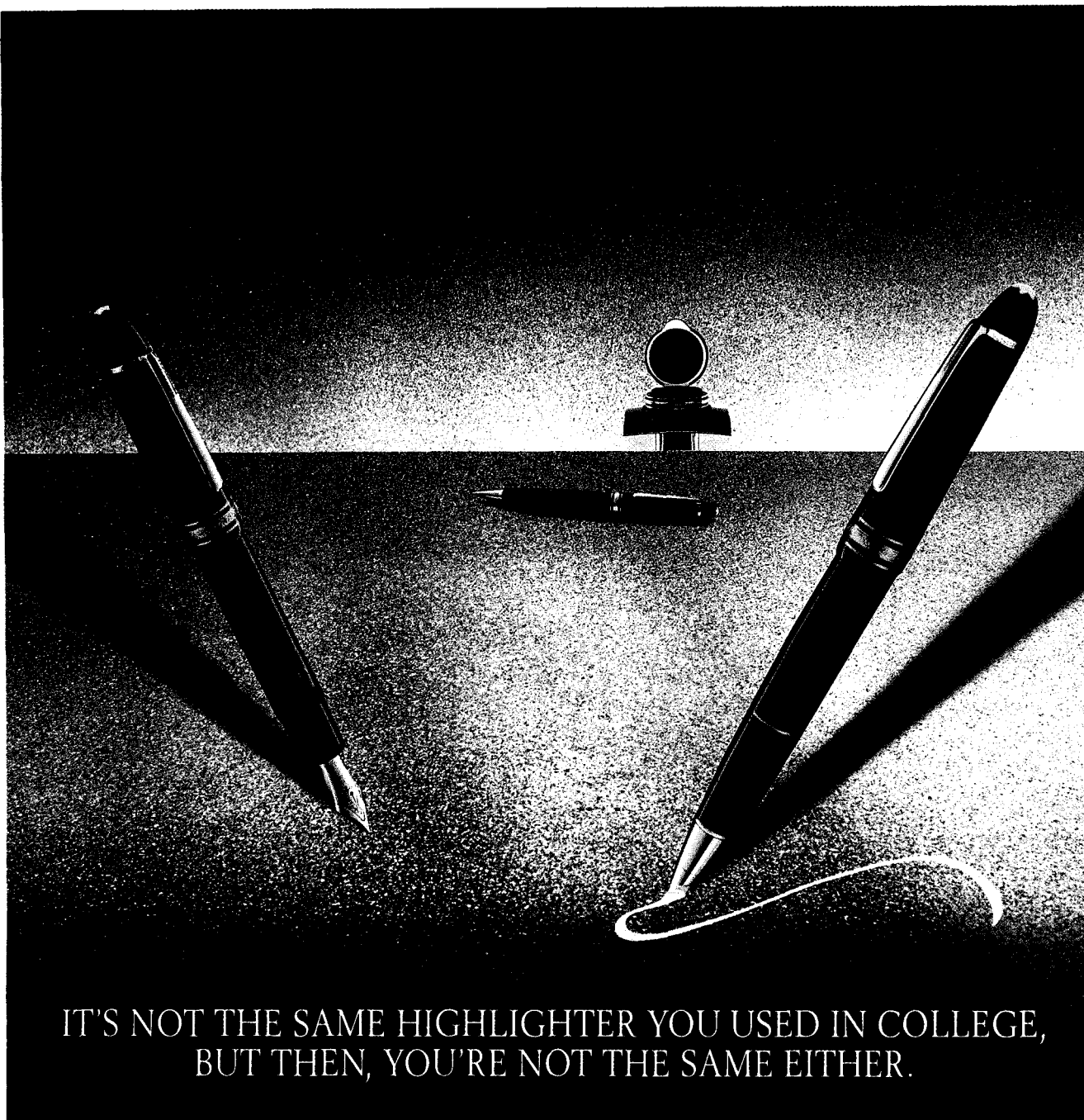
Although medical treatment may be desirable for people who lose their hearing after having learned and used spoken language, I agree with the view that deafness is not primarily a medical condition. Being deaf may entail a sense of cultural pride, and involvement in a vibrant and cohesive community. However, we are not fundamentally different from people who are blind, use wheelchairs, or have other conditions that mark them as different.

Deaf people should have the power to define the meaning of our experience. In saying that the deaf are not disabled we implicitly accept the hearing world's view of disability, assign others to it, and exempt ourselves from it. This robs people with other physical or sensory differences of the very right to self-definition that we seek for ourselves as deaf people.

Barbara A. Robertson
*University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minn.*

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The article "Deafness as Culture" is most informative and even revelatory to an ignorant hearing person like me. But how can you discuss deafness with only minimal reference to its effect on learning to read and not even a single mention of music? It's like trying to discuss human behavior without mentioning sex.

Bernard Friedman
Long Island City, N.Y.

Edward Dolnick's article emphasized American Sign Language, as if it were the only language being used by profoundly deaf people throughout the country. Dolnick made no mention of other "true" sign languages, all of which enjoy far greater prominence than ASL, which is used by not more than 25 percent, and by as little as 16 percent, of the deaf.

Every sign language in use in the United States, with the sole exception of ASL, follows the logic and form of our common tongue, English. ASL is unique. By design this language follows a deliberately contrived logic completely unrelated to English. By design ASL stands alone, separate and isolated from every other language on earth—signed, printed, or spoken. It represents and reinforces two key aspects of the "Deaf Culture" espoused by Dr. Roslyn Rosen: isolation and separation of deaf people from society.

Morton Warnow
Communication Technology for the Deaf
Hollywood, Fla.

I think Edward Dolnick misses the point about cochlear implants. They do not turn you into a hearing person. A person with a cochlear implant is a deaf person with a device that provides hissing sounds the recipient may or may not learn to recognize as speech. So you can see why deaf people are not lining up to have this expensive, high-maintenance hardware embedded in our heads.

Joan Cassidy
Sterling, Va.

As a parent of a child with a cochlear implant, I am neither a child abuser nor disrespectful of the deaf community. I am, however, more concerned with my daughter's education and development as an individual than with the political agenda of the deaf isolationists. Thus I chose to give my daughter the same opportunities that Harlan Lane has enjoyed—the

opportunities to hear and to speak. In choosing both an auditory-oral approach and the cochlear implant, I made well-informed and reasoned decisions without the benefit of hindsight and with my daughter's best interests always in my mind and in my heart. Interestingly, far from dismissing her as a "flake," the National Association of the Deaf (for whom Mr. Lane serves as a spokesman) has characterized my daughter as a successfully implanted child.

Richard L. Apicella
Oyster Bay, N.Y.

"Deafness as Culture" neglects to address a point of some, perhaps major, importance—a point apparently also neglected by deafism cultists such as Harlan Lane and Roslyn Rosen. The world of sound is not limited to human speech, though it is limited to that in the article. The cochlear implant, which will undergo the usual technological development and get more and more efficient, allows people suffering from the disability of deafness to hear the symphonies of Beethoven, the twittering of birds, the susurrant of leaves, and thunder. That adult deafism cultists should choose to be alienated from these sounds and other human and natural music is their own business; that they should condemn children to such alienation is shameful.

Charles Blinderman
Worcester, Mass.

Edward Dolnick's excellent article on deafness in America contains one factual error: ASL does have a written form. The writing system is named Sign Writing; it is currently used in deaf schools in Denmark and Norway to teach their respective signed languages—DSL and NSL—to both hearing and deaf people.

Richard Gleaves
San Diego, Calif.

Edward Dolnick's sense of historical timing is as acute as his sense of balance. The cochlear prosthesis, on which I have worked for years with many other scientists, engineers, and clinicians, will lead inevitably to the extinction of the alternative culture of the Deaf, probably within a decade. There will still be deaf people, some by choice and some because the technology cannot address (yet) some forms of deafness, but they will be so

thinly scattered that the Deaf culture will be unsustainable.

Gerald E. Loeb, M.D.
Queen's University
Kingston, Canada

Edward Dolnick replies:

The world of the deaf is indisputably different from the world of the hearing. The question is whether this difference amounts to a disability. Contrary to Joel Davis's assertion, the answer is not a matter of "simple fact." There are any number of factual ways in which groups of people differ—short people can't dunk a basketball, men don't live as long as women—and they certainly don't all count as disabilities.

As Bernard Friedman points out, music seems a particularly telling example. How could it not be a loss to live without Beethoven? But many deaf people respond matter-of-factly. "I'm doing fine," says Matthew S. Moore, the publisher of *Deaf Life* magazine. "I haven't ever heard it, so I don't miss it." Should human beings pine over our impoverished visual world because bees can detect ultraviolet light and we cannot?

Morton Warnow questions my emphasis on American Sign Language. According to Thomas Allen, the director of the Center for Assessment and Demographic Studies at Gallaudet University, "If you look at those born profoundly deaf or deafened very young, probably eighty to ninety percent use ASL."

Charles Blinderman writes that adults should not "condemn" deaf children to alienated lives. Indeed, they should not. But the poignancy of this debate is that well-meaning people disagree utterly on how to ensure that deaf children do lead rich lives.

Saving the Environment

Matt Ridley and Bobbi S. Low argue cogently and persuasively ("Can Selfishness Save the Environment?," September *Atlantic*) that incentives, properly structured and properly applied, are the key to environmental preservation. They argue that the environmental movement, believing that appeals to virtue and conscience will suffice, has missed this point.

I have spent twenty-three years as a working environmentalist, and regularly

encounter two problems: finding the right incentives to persuade people and companies to give up behavior that is destroying the environment, and finding the right incentives to get the political system to adopt new rules of the game.

The function of changing public values, creating a sense of hope and commitment to the future, and appealing to conscience is to change politics, not the environment directly. People may not change the car they drive because of global warming, but they may vote for a politician who will require auto companies to improve fuel-efficiency standards. They may not recycle unless they get a lower rate on their garbage, but they may select a city council that will restructure garbage rates.

Garrett Hardin's formulation of this problem twenty years ago correctly captured both halves of the necessary equation: mutual coercion mutually agreed upon. The environmental movement has spent decades working toward this goal. Values and consciences are the keys to recruiting individual human beings to a collective endeavor. If Ridley and Low doubt this, they should examine Army recruiting programs. Yes, part of the appeal is to self-interest—training and pensions. But part is also the chance to join a great collective enterprise that helps the nation. This, of course, has not blinded the Army to the need for internal rules of discipline and sanctions once it recruits soldiers. Nor has the importance of recruitment to the environmental cause blinded environmentalists to the need to harness the mainsprings of individual human motivation in achieving our goals.

Carl Pope
Sierra Club
San Francisco, Calif.

Even if Matt Ridley and Bobbi S. Low are right, their argument is needlessly complicated by their assumption that reducing pollution requires expenditure or sacrifice.

Abating global warming, they say, will cost individuals dear and make them lose part of their standard of living. Nonsense. More than half of global warming can be abated by more-efficient energy use that saves fuel more cheaply than buying and burning it. That cost is negative. Another fourth can be abated by sustainable farming and forestry practices that are at least

productive, and more-nourishing food.

More generally, reducing pollution by end-of-pipe controls is often costly, but *preventing* it through resource efficiency and smart process redesign is usually profitable. As many successful businesspeople have discovered, making that profit requires no morality or mysticism—just greed. But it feels good too.

Amory B. Lovins
Snowmass, Colo.

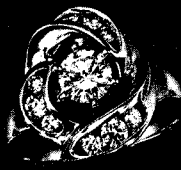
Ridley and Low provide a much-needed perspective by using the metaphor

of the prisoner's-dilemma game to discuss environmental selfishness and cooperation. However, their core argument—1) "tit-for-tat" is the optimal strategy in an infinitely repeated game, 2) the tit-for-tat environmental strategy is orchestrated reprisal against environmental violators, and thus 3) orchestrated reprisal is the optimal environmental strategy—is flawed in two key respects.

First, Ridley and Low base their conclusion that tit-for-tat is the optimal strategy on the results of tournaments conducted by Axelrod and others. However, published

research conducted by David Griffith and myself shows that the optimal long-term strategy depends upon the relative competitiveness of the other players. Tit-for-tat works well when the number of players is small and the strategies they employ tend to be predominantly cooperative. These conditions describe most tournaments, which tend to use two or three players competing against each other at a time, and tend to draw relatively cooperative entrants. Under other conditions (for example, many players or uncooperative competitors) the "defection" strategy (being environmentally selfish,

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as profitable as soil mining and often more so. The rest of global warming disappears when we displace CFCs. That's approximately free (many substitutes work better and cost *less*; some cost a bit more), but its cost is irrelevant, since it's vital anyway to protect the ozone layer. So if the cost of abating global warming ranges from strongly negative to roughly zero to irrelevant, why fiddle while coal burns? We do simply because most citizens, like Ridley and Low, don't yet know how to minimize their private costs—while obtaining such valuable side benefits as improved comfort, greater

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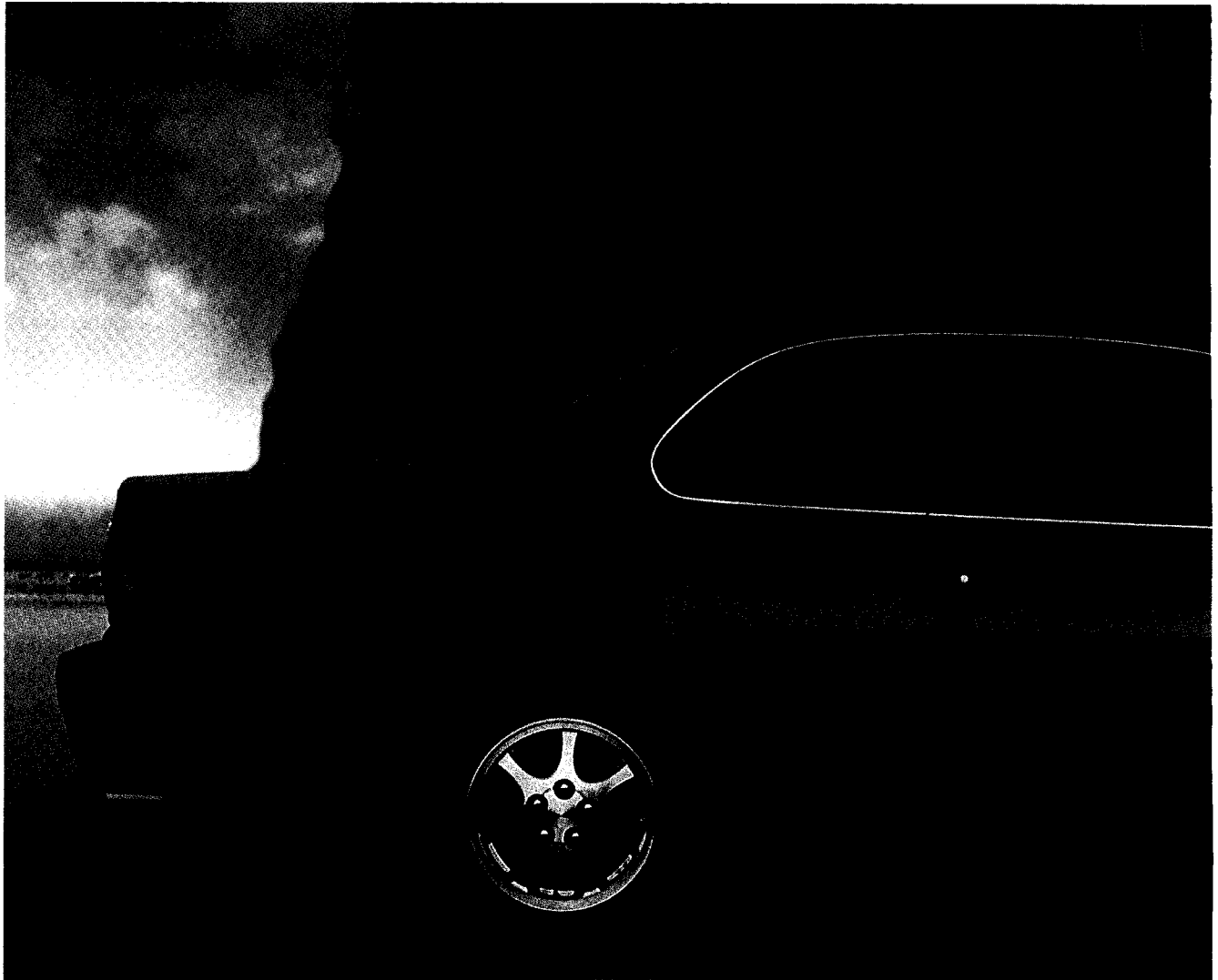
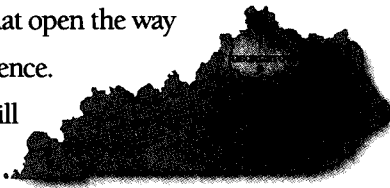


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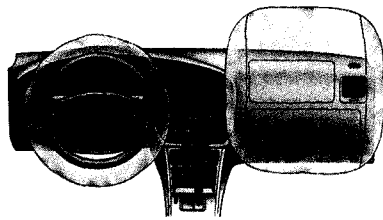
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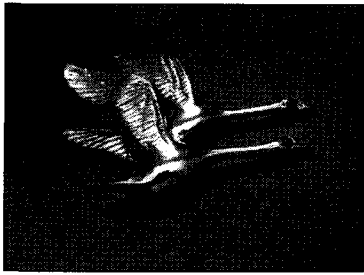
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in the environmental example) dominates. The environmental situation looks more like a case where defection should be the optimal strategy for any individual country.

Second, Ridley and Low assume that an orchestrated reprisal against environmental violators is tit-for-tat. Actually, "tit-for-tat" would imply that all the other players would punish the environmental violator by themselves becoming environmental violators. An orchestrated reprisal is not tit-for-tat; it is centralized regulation, of the sort the article argues against as being ineffective.

The prisoner's dilemma is an excellent metaphor for environmental cooperation. However, a more careful analysis is required to derive policy implications.

Roland T. Rust
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn.

I see one major flaw in Matt Ridley and Bobbi S. Low's prescription for a healthy dose of selfishness to save the environment. How do you get a selfish electorate to elect a Congress that will vote to impose the penalties (tit-for-tat) that will turn selfishness green?

It's true that "any action that raises the cost of being a free-rider, or raises the reward of being a cooperator, will work." But free-riders vote too, and they are unlikely to vote for candidates espousing the end of the free ride.

We've known for a long time that the way to reduce an activity is to raise its price. People being "selfish" or just prudent will find alternatives. Just increasing the price of gasoline so that subsidies are eliminated and drivers bear the full cost of automobile travel would move us a long way toward reducing miles driven—to the point where the goals of the 1990 amendments to the Clean Air Act would be achievable.

It is a lot easier, however, for Ridley and Low to write, "Let people drive gas-guzzlers if they wish, but tax them until it hurts," than it is for Congress to raise the gasoline tax: witness the agony attending the recent increase of 4.3 cents a gallon.

Selfishness works. It gets each of us ahead. For it to turn the world green, however, we have to first figure a way to turn off our selfishness when we go to the polls. The major problem still remains: how to get us to think and act in our best

collective interests rather than in our best individual interests. We can't just assume an unselfish political system that will impose an environmental-economic structure that will succeed in saving us from ourselves.

Douglas Kane
New Berlin, Ill.

Matt Ridley and Bobbi S. Low point out the ubiquity of the tragedy of the commons in modern life, especially in situations involving consumption of a resource or production of a pollutant. The unfettered selfishness that seemed to work so well in Adam Smith's economics leads to disaster in such situations. However, the authors make too much of tit-for-tat as a way of productively fettering selfishness. Tit-for-tat is a strategy that was proposed by Anatol Rapoport for use in Axelrod's experiments with repeated versions of the prisoner's dilemma, a two-person game in which each player has exactly two choices. It apparently did well in those experiments when pitted against other strategies, but it is easy to make too much of that fact. Three things ought to give pause.

1) Tit-for-tat's very description requires a symmetrical game with only two choices. This makes it suitable for the prisoner's dilemma, but it is not even well defined for such games as the over-consumption of groundwater in Kansas and whatever game it is that the federal government plays with the states in encouraging them to pass laws by possibly withholding highway construction funds.

2) Tit-for-tat has been described as being "nice, forgiving, retaliatory, and clear" (*Economist*, November 9, 1965). Clarity is important in experiments such as Axelrod's, where simply figuring out the other player's strategy is a significant task in itself. This property would be largely wasted in situations where negotiations are possible.

3) Tit-for-tat, although successful experimentally, has no distinguishing theoretical virtues. In particular, it is not in equilibrium with itself in the game utilized by Axelrod.

If a tragedy-of-the-commons situation is to be resolvable, then an organization with the power to enforce agreements is required. Even then the best agreement may be elusive. Some of us believe, for

example, that the socially beneficial federal tax on gasoline would make gasoline in the United States as expensive as it is in Europe, but the political will to increase the tax is apparently absent. Nothing can substitute for that political will, certainly not tit-for-tat or anything resembling it. The solution is to be found in politics, not mathematics or biology.

Alan Washburn
Monterey, Calif.

Ridley and Low's article is refreshingly practical, but I fear that the authors overestimate the ability of government to act in the public interest.

For example, it would be all to the common good to shift the market for light bulbs away from incandescent and toward compact fluorescent. It would even be in people's own interest to purchase fluorescents, were they farsighted enough to discount the initial purchase price by their expected energy savings. Most people, however, do not buy these energy-saving bulbs because of the high up-front cost. All it would take to make consumers act "green" would be for the

government to impose an "energy guzzler" tax on each incandescent bulb sold. For example, a seventy-five-watt bulb that lasts 1,000 hours would consume seventy-five kilowatt-hours of energy; at ten cents a kilowatt-hour, this would be about \$7.50. If the monies raised by this tax were used to subsidize the retail price of compact fluorescents, consumers would change their behavior very rapidly.

Will such a regulation ever be passed? I doubt it. The companies with large investments in incandescent plants will oppose it, and since they are for the most part the same companies producing the

fluorescents, the change will come about only when they choose to act. So, although I agree with Ridley and Low that governments should be more cynical about human nature, we must be cynical about governmental nature and seek to find effective ways to motivate and pressure our legislators.

Antony Hodgson
Greenville, S.C.

Matt Ridley and Bobbi S. Low reply:

We agree with several respondents that tit-for-tat is too simple, but, just as

Hegemony, and Elinor Ostrom's *Governing the Commons*. In these analyses the issues of *n*-person games, multilevel games, the effectiveness of sanctions, and the importance of coalitions are spelled out clearly.

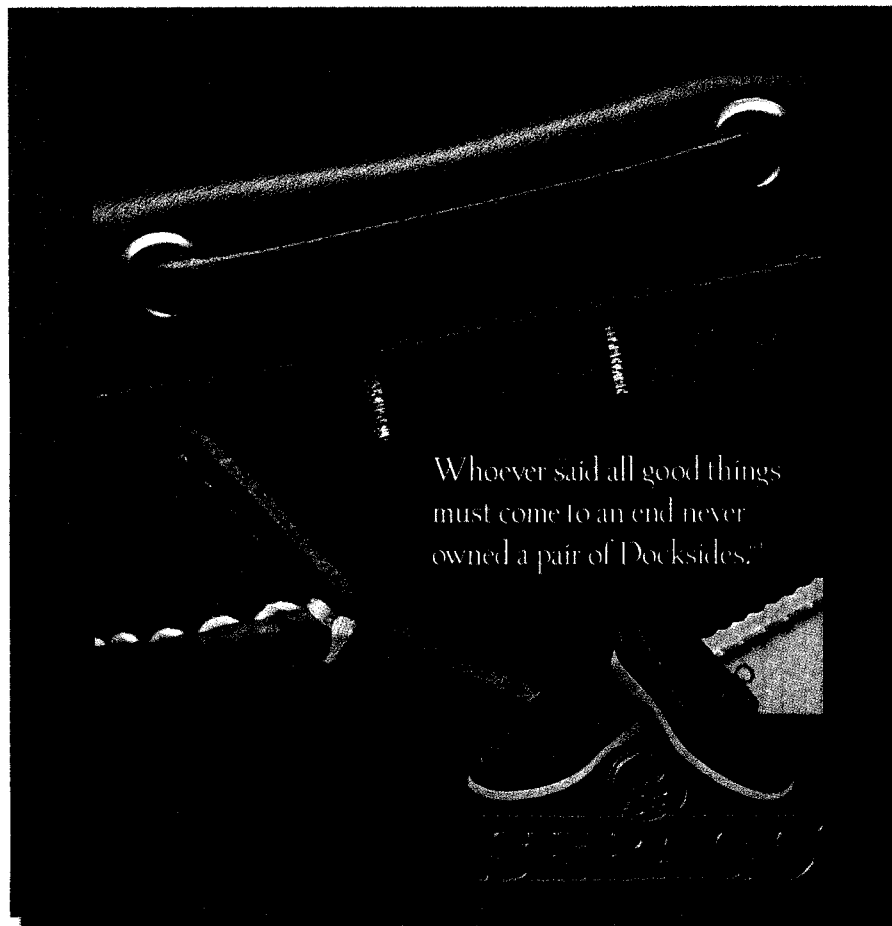
Part of the problem is that we human beings, even though we can rationally look to the future, "discount": the farther the problem from us and ours, in space, time, relatedness, the less we are able to make ourselves care. Like Wimpie, the old cartoon character, we'd all gladly give you a quarter on Tuesday for a

hamburger today, rather than pay today for future benefits. So when we require current sacrifices for future global good, we get a few altruists but far more defectors ("What a good idea—but you know, there's so much to carry; I really must drive." "But I really need a hot bath.").

Why drag selfishness into it? Because coalitions, each selfishly motivated, seem able to work toward the common good only when each coalition's alternatives are worse. So, for example, the commons that do not inexorably lead to tragedy are those

with graduated sanctions: *you* and *we* can together keep *him* from getting a better deal. Carl Pope correctly observes that although we may not agree, for example, to recycle without a rate change, we may willingly elect a city council that will restructure rates—in our own interests we may give up a bit, *if* we can ensure that others must also contribute.

Thus we agree with Douglas Kane that it's going to be hard to get us to vote for programs that cost us, and to support politicians who will carry them out; most of the jockeying that goes on is in the service of local, immediate interests. It will

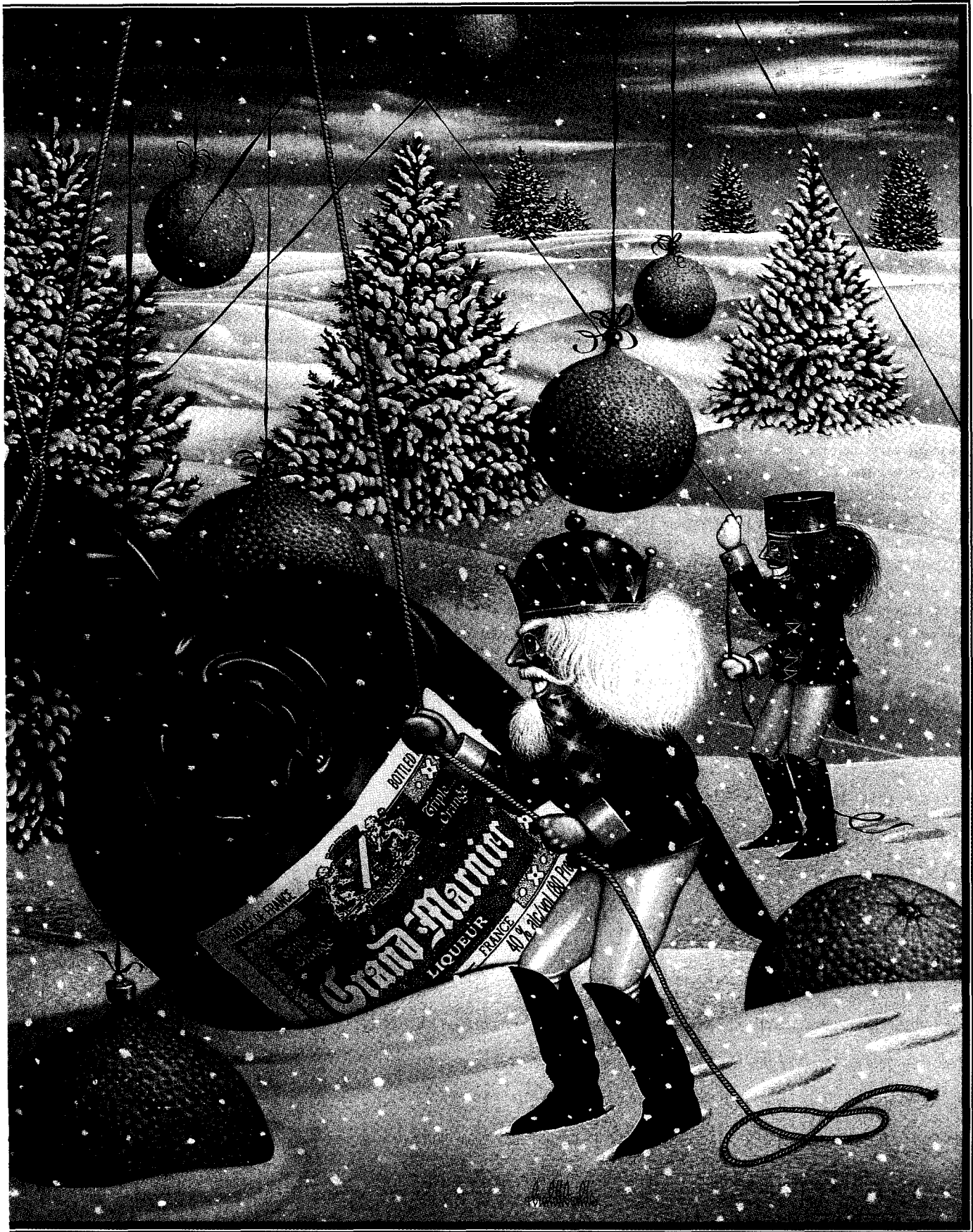


geneticists begin by considering inheritance as if it were accomplished simply by one genetic locus—knowing that it's more complex than that—we began at the simplest level, applying Occam's Razor, as it were. Roland Rust notes that in pure tit-for-tat the response to defection is defection, not sanctions. He is right, and here is one of the areas in which we must go further, as his own work demonstrates. More-complex analyses of reciprocity, and how it may apply to complex international systems, include Richard Alexander's *The Biology of Moral Systems*, Robert Keohane's *After*



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be instructive to watch the health-care debate, because health care shares many characteristics with environmental problems: we got ourselves into a mess by shortsighted local selfishness; we are now, at the personal level, convinced that we have to do something, but we are worried about getting our fair share—so for many of us it is important to be sure that no one else gets a better deal. Thus the package that results may be very different from the proposal. We discount the future even on very personal issues like health care, and still more on global environmental issues.

Amory Lovins, a leader in developing and publicizing labor-, resource-, and money-saving ways to do things, is correct that many such techniques exist, and that using them can feel good too. If he were also right that information is all that's needed to get everyone to do the right thing, the world's problems would have been solved long before now.

Information is obviously necessary—but, sadly, apparently seldom sufficient. Social incentives work best in small, close-knit communities (the same sort

that typically do best in setting up long-term nontragic commons systems). We think social incentives are underutilized, and it's there that we see some hope.

Okinawa

George Feifer's article "After the Volcano" (September *Atlantic*) was an excellent piece. But in one respect it calls for clarification. Okinawans do indeed have a well-deserved reputation for gentleness and courtesy. But it is not accurate to say that traditional Okinawa had an absence of weapons or was unfamiliar with combat arts.

After all, Okinawa is the birthplace of modern karate, the art of empty-handed fighting, which enables a man to kill without weapons. Okinawans had trained in karate for generations, long before the Japanese occupation.

Because of past edicts (in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries) forbidding the bearing of arms, the Okinawans developed such weapons as the *sai* (a two-pronged truncheon), the *tonfa* (a sort of

side-handled baton), and the *nunchaku*, based on farm implements.

Indeed, it was an Okinawan, Gichin Funakoshi, who introduced karate to Japan by arranging a karate demonstration for the then Crown Prince Hirohito at Shuri Castle in 1921. Later that year Funakoshi gave another karate demonstration in Tokyo. After that he spent the rest of his life in Japan teaching karate.

Actually, Funakoshi long ago made the same point that Feifer did. In his 1956 book *Karate-Do: My Way of Life* he mentioned the Gate of Courtesy at Shuri Castle and wrote, "How ironic it is that American military bases now occupy the ground adjacent to that where once stood the gate that symbolized peace!"

David Isenberg
Washington, D.C.

I spent two years in the late 1980s as a military officer stationed on Okinawa, and I would suggest that the U.S. military presence there is not quite as onerous and unyielding as George Feifer suggests. Base rights are the subject of ongoing negotiations; many facilities have been

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closed or consolidated over the years. A naval air station became the international airport in the 1970s, and naval aviation now shares facilities with the Air Force at Kadena Air Base. All property owners are compensated by the Japanese government, and the payments are more than fair. I remember some farmers being allowed to farm acreage that was under military control, thus having their rice and eating it too. Our forces go to great lengths to minimize disruptions—aircraft operations, field exercises, and road use are all undertaken with consideration given to the impact on the civilian community. Finally, all U.S. personnel are given cultural-awareness training upon arrival, so even the most junior soldier would know better than to refer condescendingly to his hosts as “docile, inoffensive islanders,” as Feifer does.

John T. Kemper
Mount Pleasant, S.C.

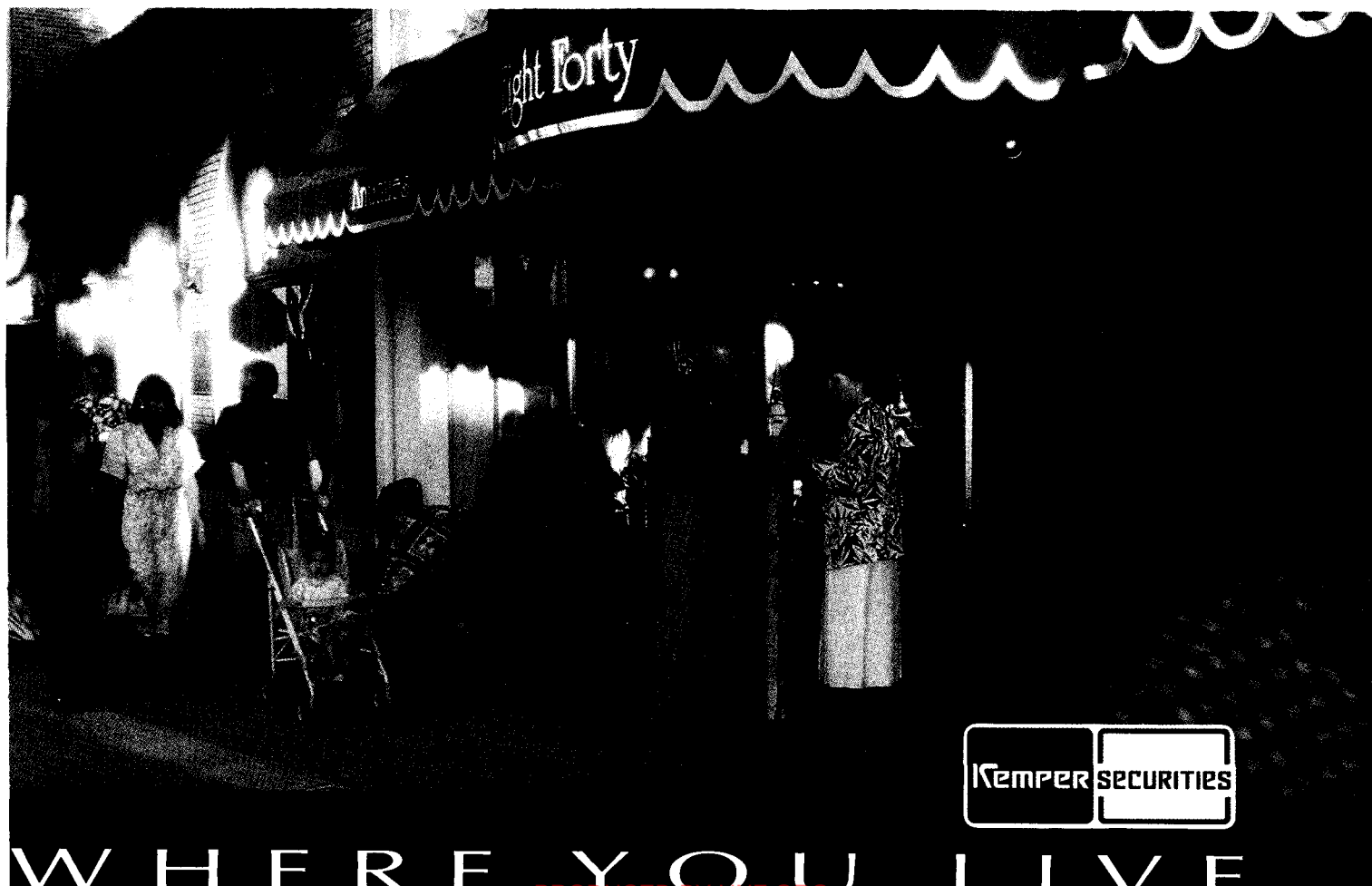
George Feifer replies:

Okinawa is indeed the birthplace of modern karate. Originally borrowed from China, it was adopted for local use specif-

ically against Japanese invaders—a means developed “by the small and weak to deal with a larger, better-armed adversary,” as a devotee recently wrote. In light of this, it was disingenuous of Gichin Funakoshi to call it ironic that American bases occupied so much of the island, since Japanese exploitation of peace-loving Okinawa was merciless for centuries. And if blame can be apportioned for the damage wreaked in the 1945 battle, Japan deserves far more of it than America. The behavior of its 32nd Army there, from the headquarters staff to combat troops, was often appalling, as I tried to point out in my book *Tennozan: The Battle of Okinawa and the Atomic Bomb*.

As for John Kemper’s suggestion that my description of Okinawans as “docile, inoffensive islanders” is condescending, I fail to see how. On his larger point that the U.S. military presence on Okinawa is not as onerous and unyielding as I indicate, I must report that almost all of the many Okinawans I spoke with disagree about this with the American servicemen on the immense bases. (Incidentally, the naval air station that became the interna-

tional airport was an airport well before we made it an American station. And whatever cultural-awareness training U.S. military personnel are given before arrival, many of them—again according to the random sample I interviewed—seem to spend entire tours on the island without any contact whatever with Okinawans or Okinawan culture.) Even during the worst of the American occupation of 1945–1972, when most Okinawans were reduced to terrible sickness and poverty after the destruction of so much of their economy and culture, the occupiers believed that they were being generous to the natives. A small percentage of Okinawans do prosper from the bases, but the polls speak for themselves: the overwhelming majority want the installations closed or substantially reduced. The truth will be found not in Mr. Kemper’s opinion or mine but by consulting the Okinawans themselves, who have been so little consulted during centuries of use of their island—chiefly by the Japanese, but now also by us—for expansionist powers’ “larger” economic and military purposes.



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Color Consciousness

In his article "Unfairly Convicted" (July *Atlantic*), a review of the recordings of Jelly Roll Morton, William H. Youngren demonstrated his ignorance of color consciousness as it relates to class consciousness within some African-American communities.

It is true that by the time of Jelly Roll Morton racial boundaries in Louisiana were firm, but the time when those boundaries were blurred was still within the living memory of the community. Creoles of color were accorded an elevated status when the Louisiana Territory was under French rule. When the territory was bought by the United States, in 1803, the rest of the colonies or states had experience with nearly 200 years of strict racial demarcation. By 1840 the American regime had eliminated any vestige of legal privilege in Louisiana for anyone with so much as a drop of African blood. History and social tradition within the African-American community, however, were not wiped out so easily.

New Orleans is one of the most color-conscious communities in the country. There, no matter what you achieve in life, certain business clubs, political clubs, and social groupings administer the "paper-bag test" or the "blue-vein test" as a prerequisite for admission. If your veins do not appear blue under your skin or if you are darker than a standard paper bag, you are simply rejected. Although the most recent New Orleans mayors have been "black" (look real hard at the photos of Ernest Morial and Sidney Barthelemy), they, as creoles of color, pass the tests easily.

Jelly Roll Morton was not only denying the African side of his heritage, he was doing so because class status was assumed by virtue of skin color. His status as a creole of color was as important to him as being white is important to Americans of European descent. Contrary to Youngren's assertions, division, separation, and stratification are the *essence* of racism. In this context it is unreasonable to require Morton to attempt to pass as white before his racism is exposed. Also, it is utter nonsense to say that proof of his self-identification is his work with black (that is, dark-skinned) musicians. Do we now assert that Benny Goodman thought

he was black because he worked with Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Charlie Christian, and Fletcher Henderson?

George F. Bailey
Bridgewater, N.J.

William H. Youngren replies:

George Bailey is wrong in alleging that I denied that "division, separation, and stratification are the *essence* of racism." I did not do so, nor would I. But how one defines "racism" in a given context depends on where one chooses to draw the relevant lines of division. The phrase "creole of color" does not occur in the script of *Jelly's Last Jam*. What the Jelly Roll Morton of the show repeatedly (though most improbably) claims to be is a "creole," pure and simple. And what he denies being is a "nigga" or "coon" or "shine." Therefore the show seems to be saying, and reviewers took it to be saying, that the real Jelly Roll Morton had denied he was a member of the black race and had attempted to pass as white. Since I was writing about *Jelly's Last Jam*, and not about the recent mayoral politics of New Orleans, I used the term "racism" in the sense applicable to the show.

Mr. Bailey's attempt to draw an analogy between Morton and Benny Goodman is absurd. When Morton appeared with black musicians, he did so in forced compliance with prevailing custom, and thereby tacitly acknowledged his own blackness. When Goodman appeared with black musicians, he did so in public defiance of prevailing custom, in an admirable (and ultimately successful) attempt to change it.

Economic Forecasting

Charles R. Morris ("It's Not the Economy, Stupid," July *Atlantic*) is correct in suggesting that economic science is sufficiently imprecise that a shift in economic policy discourse "toward 'stewardship' and away from 'management'" is warranted and that the United States must "endure some pain in order to bring the appetites of government back into line with its resources." However, Morris places too much of a burden on the economics profession and not enough on the political decision-making process.

First, the same data that Morris de-

scribes as “deceptively precise numbers” that are in fact “crude approximations compounded from a slag heap of samples, surveys, estimates, interpolations, seasonal adjustments, and plain guesses” also contribute mightily to observed forecast error. Research currently being conducted by the statistics committee (which I chair) of the National Association of Business Economists shows that more than two thirds of forecast error is a result of data-measurement error and less than a third is due to prediction error. Further, the committee has been able to show that the measurement error is a result of economic statistics programs that have been underfunded by a succession of Administrations and Congresses and, as a result, have not kept pace with structural change in the U.S. economy. While “plain guesses” is too strong a term, our work has shown that each quarter more than 50 percent of the GDP estimate is a result of informed judgment.

Second, by publishing semi-annual or annual interest-rate forecasts, such as those in *The Wall Street Journal's* semi-annual survey, we are doing ourselves a disservice about which we should know better. If, for instance, interest rates are forecast to fall or exchange rates are forecast to rise, economic theory would suggest, and the workings of the financial markets confirm, that in efficient markets the rational investor will use all current information and will benefit by buying today in anticipation of future profit. If enough investors share the expectations of economists, then interest rates and exchange rates will adjust rapidly, economic activity will respond, and within six months financial markets could well be off in another direction to begin

the whole process again. Incorrect forecasts of financial variables over very long time horizons could well be almost unavoidable. Economists would do themselves justice if they limited the forecast horizon for financial variables to a few weeks.

Third, Otto Eckstein was fond of saying that an economic forecast will be accurate only by accident. Notwithstanding the lack of precision of economists' forecasts, consider the alternative. Experience in many corporate organizations suggests that economic forecasting pro-

minimal, professional forecasters can often outforecast their colleagues.

Martin Fleming
Vice President
Cahners Publishing Company
Newton, Mass.

Charles Morris replies:

Martin Fleming concedes my main points about the misuse of economics in politics, but seems to plead that “the politicians made us do it”—which is more than a little disingenuous. The fact is that for every economist doing solid work on, say,

untangling computer sales statistics, there are a gaggle of professors elbowing for the limelight with their pet prescriptions for ratcheting up growth or “restoring competitiveness” or whatever. Witness the cacophony of contradictory advice from Nobel laureates in economics during the past presidential campaign.

Mr. Fleming occupies an influential position in the profession. Perhaps he will take the lead in some truth-in-packaging reforms. His statistics committee could insist, for example, that the Commerce Department modify its reporting proto-

cols to something like “There is a 60 percent chance that the economy grew by between 1.5 percent and 2.5 percent last quarter, and only a 10 percent chance that growth was less than one percent or more than three percent.” Long-term forecasters could be required to state that their forecasts are personal opinions only and beyond the competence of their science. Such truthfulness might inject some healthy skepticism into political debate about economic policy; it would be hard on some economists' professional egos, but surely good for the country.

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professionals—be they economists or other analysts—are generally more accurate predictors of future business trends than are product managers, marketing managers, or financial managers. Professional forecasters can generally also provide forecasts more accurate than those provided by staff at the division management level. Having achieved their positions as a result of keen business sense, CEOs can generally give forecasting professionals a run for their money. However, inside corporate organizations where data-measurement error is very



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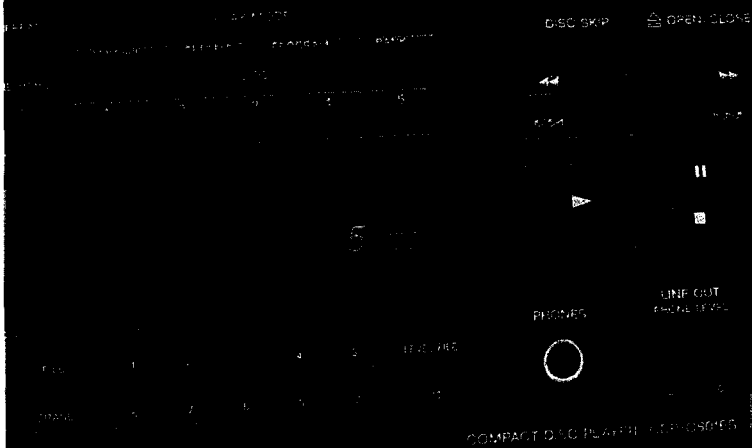
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THE DECEMBER ALMANAC



Arts & Letters

Year-end donations of art to American museums may be considerably heftier this December than last, owing to a new provision of the tax code that restores a law—repealed in 1986 and temporarily in effect for 18 months in 1991–1992—allowing art donors to deduct the current market value of their donations. The legislation it replaces, prompted by steep federal revenue losses in an era of rapidly inflating art prices, specified that only the amount paid for the art could be deducted. Except during the grace period, donations of art dwindled dramatically after 1986, and works that had appreciated considerably were typically sold rather than donated. One casualty: Van Gogh's *Portrait of Dr. Gachet*, which was on loan to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and was thought to be intended for donation. It was instead sold to a Japanese industrialist for \$82.5 million.



The Skies

December 7, for much of the country—all along the 40th parallel, the latitude of Philadelphia and Denver—the year's earliest sunset occurs today, at 4:35 P.M. With sunrise continuing to come later each morning, the days are still growing shorter, but because more of us notice sunset than sunrise, it may seem that they are starting to lengthen after today. **13**, the Geminid meteor shower, one of the most consistently spectacular, peaks tonight. The Moon is new and will not interfere with evening viewing. **21**, the Winter Solstice, the shortest day of the year. **28**, Full Moon, also known this month as the Yule, Long Night, and Popping Trees Moon.

Health & Safety

Buyers of over-the-counter smoking deterrents will find sparse supplies on drugstore shelves this month, owing to a ban on their shipment which begins on December 1 (though merchants may sell off any remaining stock). The Food and Drug Administration decided to bar the products after studies failed to prove claims that their key ingredients—in most cases, substances said to mimic nicotine's stimulating effect on the body—reduce the urge to smoke. Prescription products, such as nicotine patches and Nicorette gum, are unaffected by the ruling. The FDA hopes the ban will encourage pharmaceutical companies to find effective over-the-counter smoking deterrents and has offered to help speed approval of such products. The ban is one of several to result from an ongoing FDA study of approximately 75 categories of over-the-counter products. Substances claimed to be aphrodisiacs were barred from drugstore shelves in 1989; nail-biting and thumb-sucking deterrents will be eliminated next March.

Environment

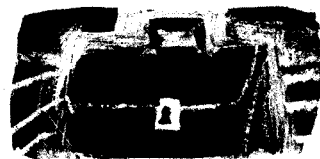
December 22, by today all 1.7 million federally or commercially owned underground storage tanks, most of which store fuel at gas stations and airports, must have a leak-detection system. Since 1988, when the Environmental Protection Agency issued leak-detection requirements, more than 227,000 defective

tanks have been identified. Estimates of the cost of cleaning up the resulting contamination run as high as \$32 billion. According to a recent study by Friends of the Earth, gas-station tanks alone may leak 528 million gallons of gasoline each year—equivalent to 50 *Exxon Valdez* spills. Polluted soil is most often simply dumped into landfills. If gasoline seeps into the groundwater, the environmental consequences are especially severe: a single gallon of petroleum can contaminate a million gallons of drinking water. Water treatment, which can take several years, can perhaps never remove all trace of the contaminants.



Demographics

Some 72 million trees will be trimmed this holiday season, slightly more than half of them artificial. After years of steadily gaining ground in the Christmas-tree market, artificial trees finally nudged out real ones in 1991. Reasons cited for choosing a plastic tree include lower long-term cost, convenience, fear that a real tree will catch fire, allergies, and the increased difficulty of disposing of trees, which are no longer accepted in some landfills. Despite a slight dip last year in the number of real trees sold, purveyors of them may find some comfort in the fact that a sizable number of households seem to be choosing artificial trees to supplement, not substitute for, real ones: a recent survey indicated that at least 6 percent of families who set up trees decorate two, perhaps putting a real tree in the family room and an artificial one in the living room, where the shedding of needles is considered more of a burden.



Government

December 1, by today the directors of all federal executive departments and agencies must outline plans to streamline their bureaucracies. As part of the Clinton-Gore "Reinventing Government" initiative, they are charged with halving the ratio of managers to workers, increasing workers' authority, and minimizing red tape. The goal is the reduction of the executive-branch civilian work force by 252,000, or not less than 12 percent, by 1999.

100 Years Ago

Woodrow Wilson, writing in the December, 1893, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "There is more of a nation's politics to be gotten out of its poetry than out of all its systematic writers upon public affairs and constitutions. Epics are better mirrors of manners than chronicles; dramas oftentimes let you into the secrets of statutes; orations stirred by a deep energy of emotion or resolution, passionate pamphlets that survive their mission because of the direct action of their style along permanent lines of thought, contain more history than parliamentary journals. It is not knowledge that moves the world, but ideals, convictions, the opinions or fancies that have been held or followed; and whoever studies humanity ought to study it alive, practice the vivisection of reading literature, and acquaint himself with something more than anatomies which are no longer in use by spirits."

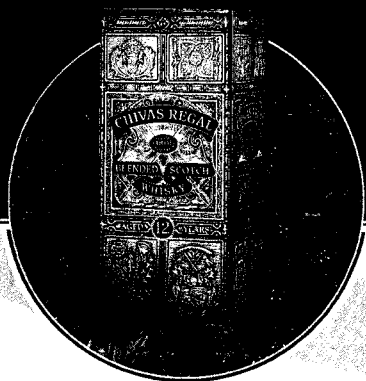


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Survivors

Still in evidence, but a shadow of their former selves

A FEW months ago, finding myself in the vicinity, I called at Poplar Forest, the house Thomas Jefferson built near Lynchburg, Virginia, as a refuge from the crush of visitors at Monticello. The house, a brick octagon, was in private hands until a decade ago, when it was acquired by a group intending to restore it. Poplar Forest has neither the grandeur of the University of Virginia nor the quirky intelligence of Monticello. The house is elegant but simple, and one can imagine oneself actually living in it.

For the time being, one can also appreciate the building in a state of minimalist purity. As part of the restoration process the interior walls have been stripped of plaster and trim, and the entire house is now a bare brick shell. Looking closely at the walls, though, one can see signs of how the house has been altered since Jefferson's day. Certain features in the brickwork indicate that many of the windows were once higher. A fireplace set in a wall now looks small, but the faint outline around it of a much larger mantelpiece shows that the design once made it grander. Throughout the house, patterns of small gouges in the mortar hold the secret of lost details of the original interior woodwork. In an odd way, the house Thomas Jefferson knew still exists inside this shell. I was pleased to learn that all those faint but unmistakable indications of a building's former state are known to architectural historians as "ghosts."

The tides of time and history can be as capricious in what they preserve as in what they carry off. At the end of the Second World War the tides mysteriously swept from its repository in Berlin the hoard of treasure unearthed by Heinrich Schliemann at the site of ancient Troy, in 1873. Last summer they suddenly tossed the treasure back into public view. (The Russians had it all along.) One can only be grateful for such acts of restoration, and for other instances of unbidden bounty—the revelation of a Tut's tomb, a Tara brooch, a Boswell's di-

ary. But the acts of preservation I appreciate most are less stunning and complete, more delicately indirect, and have above all a certain aloofness: the things being preserved come a certain distance forward and no further. One may think of them, like the masonry lineaments at Poplar Forest, as ghosts.

by Cullen Murphy

A possibly fanciful but widely discussed recent example was provided by Michael Crichton in his book *Jurassic Park*, in which he held out the possibility that if, many millions of years ago, an insect bit a dinosaur and was then trapped and preserved in amber, the DNA of that dinosaur might yet be extracted from the blood in the insect's thorax. Scientists have not gotten as far as the blood in an insect's thorax, but they have amplified and sequenced DNA from an extinct species of weevil, entombed in amber some 120 million years ago, and have done the same for bees and termites entombed in amber 25 to 40 million years ago.

Most of the dwellings occupied by people in prehistoric and imperial Roman times have long since disappeared from the European countryside. But remnants of structures survive beneath the surface—walls and foundations, filled-in pits and ditches

—and affect the retention of moisture, which in turn may retard or enhance the rate of growth of grain directly above relative to that of the grain all around. On some mornings, when the sun is strong and low, the taller stalks cast shadows on the shorter. If the field is viewed from above, the outlines of buildings and enclosures stand out clearly, as if in an architectural drawing. The apparitions vanish as the sun climbs toward midday, and then reappear before sunset.

In cities and towns throughout Europe buildings down the centuries have been erected abutting major structures that themselves were slowly eaten away. A precisely shaped vacancy preserves the soul of the departed: the oblong Piazza Navona, in Rome, once a stadium; the elliptical Piazza del Mercato, in Lucca, once an amphitheater. In their way these public spaces evoke the private cavities in the hardened volcanic ash at Pom-



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peii, which, injected with plaster, reveal ghosts of their own: the recumbent forms of the victims of Vesuvius.

Ghosts come in many mediums. Johannes Brahms wrote a composition for two pianos called "Variations on a Theme by J. Haydn," which is the only place where this theme from Haydn, if it ever truly existed, can now be found. In the museum at the Los Alamos National Laboratory a test tube holds sand from a beach on an island in the Pacific that no longer exists, having been destroyed during the testing of a thermonuclear device. Of the handful of signatures that there are grounds for believing may be authentically Shakespeare's, one can be recognized as such only because it bled through the page to the underside, from recto to verso. The mirror-image version—the signature as seen from behind—is the only version now legible.

By their very nature the visual arts provide an abundant supply of ghosts. In his book *The Lost Museum* the historian Robert Adams devotes himself to "the work of art that is no longer around to speak even stutteringly for itself, but which speaks nonetheless through a secondary veil or mirror." He notes, to give one example, that while only the Wailing Wall survived the razing of the temple in Jerusalem by the Romans in A.D. 70, we do actually know something about what the temple's furnishings looked like, because images of plundered objects were sculpted in bas-relief on the Arch of Titus, in Rome. Another example from Adams: Sir Anthony van Dyck's famous triple portrait of Britain's King Charles I—left profile, full face, and right profile, all on one canvas—may be admirable in its own right, but it was originally intended to serve merely as "notes" for the sculptor Bernini, who was working in Italy on a bust of the king. It is now our only link to that bust, which was destroyed in a fire in 1698.

In a category of their own are paintings that survive only inside other paintings. We no longer have the Franz Hals picture titled *Woman With a Pipe*, for example, but it appears hanging on a wall in the background of two different paintings by Jan Steen. The genre of painting known as gallery painting is a rich secondary source. Prominent collectors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would commission artists to paint pictures of their galleries, whose walls were closely hung with works of art. Not surprisingly, some of the paintings in those galleries—real works for which there is documentary evidence—were somehow later destroyed or can no longer be found. The only record of what they looked like is their depiction in gallery paintings. Willem van Haecht's *The Picture Gallery of Cornelis van der Geest* ("Geest," appropriately enough, means "ghost") contains several pictures of lost art works, including *Marriage Bath*, by Jan van Eyck. There is something especially haunting about the sit-

uation of these paintings within paintings. Visitors from a three-dimensional world, they are now stranded for eternity in two dimensions, accessible to the touch and yet impossibly remote.

■ ■ ■

One does not need to look to the world of architecture or archaeology or fine art in order to find ghosts. This, to my mind, is one reason why they have such resonance. They can be vestiges of a distant past, but they are also a presence in daily life. They are pervasive, of course, in our speech. In metaphor and simile, and in the very building up of words, we preserve prior meanings and carry forward a record of conditions and concepts that may no longer be current. "Mad as a hatter." "Hold your horses." "Rake over the coals." The science of etymology amounts, in a way, to tracing the genealogy of ghosts.

Ghosts crop up elsewhere. Think of unfaded rectangles on the wall where pictures used to be, or the small depressions in the carpet that the removal of furniture leaves behind. Driving down a country road that has been straightened once or twice, I notice how the curves of the old route occasionally braid in and out of the new one. When I open a book I haven't read in many years, I'm sometimes surprised, even chagrined, by ghosts in the form of my marginal notations—evidence of reactions to the text ("!!??") that must once have been pregnant and powerful but that now elude full apprehension. Often when riffling through old photocopies, I come upon pages in which a person's fingertips or the ball of a hand can be seen along an edge, surely belonging to someone I know.

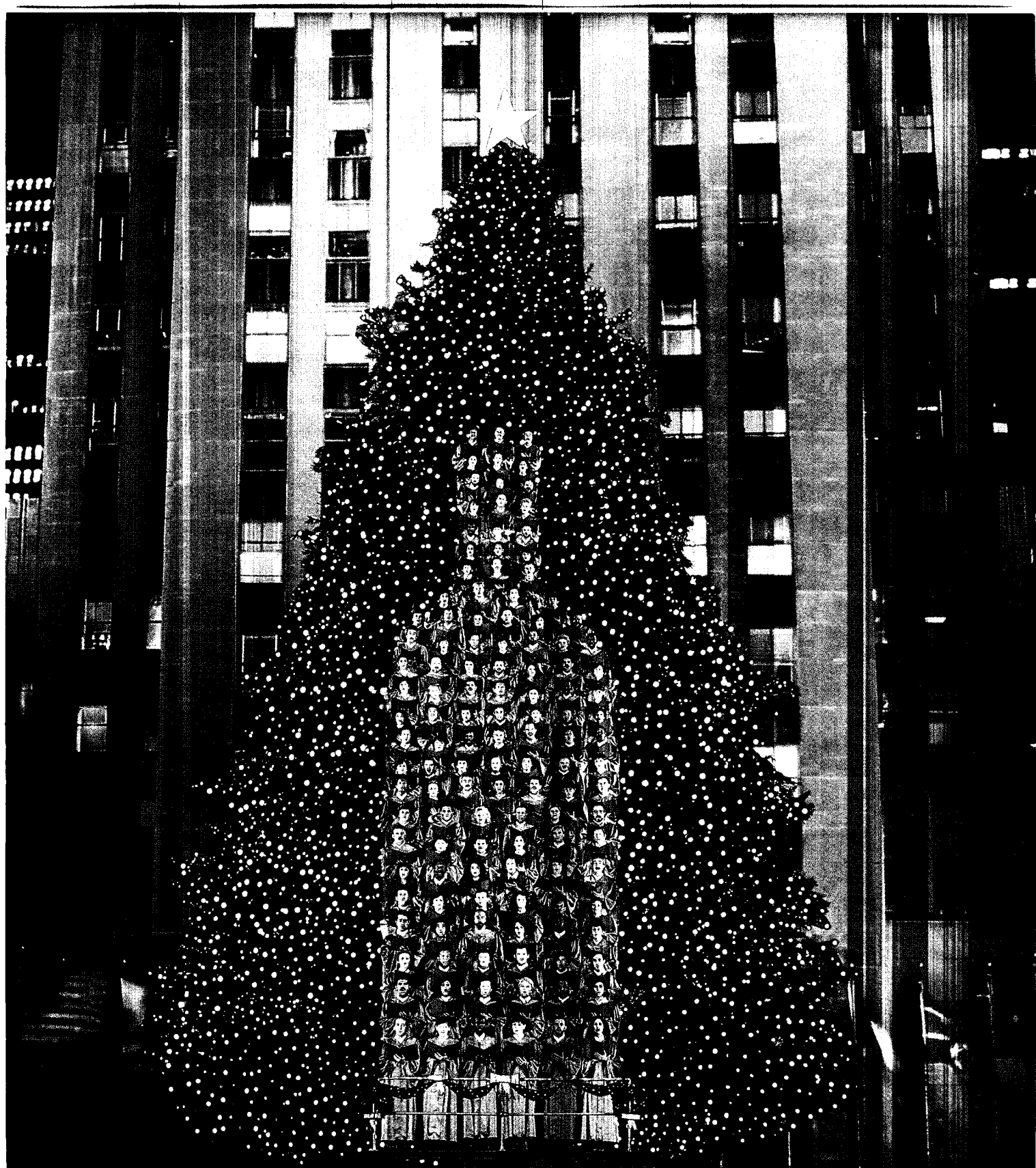
I worry that ghosts are becoming too common, losing some of their magic, as methods of secondhand preservation proliferate. In 1961 Goya's celebrated portrait of the Duke of Wellington was stolen from the National Gallery in London. The movie *Dr. No*, which appeared a year later, shows James Bond doing a sub-

tle double take when he sees the painting on an easel in Dr. No's undersea lair. Of course, the only reason the picture could be shown is that copies of it existed, by the thousands. Photographs and computers have enhanced the prospects for the survival of almost anything. Broadcasting sends messages into infinity.

Even so, as I was reminded one day recently, the role of serendipity remains. I was walking through a park, absorbed in thought and obli-

vous of the world, when I heard a faint "click" to my left followed by nervously polite laughter to my right. I looked up to see that I had strayed at exactly the wrong moment between a prosperous Asian man with a camera and his carefully posed family. At least part of me is now playing the role of *Woman With a Pipe* in an album far away. It's good to know, in case something happens to the original. ☺

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HOWARD ROSENBERG



In Search of Monster

In a chilling autobiography a former gang member portrays himself as the inevitable product of a hellish environment. The truth is more interesting

DURING the 1970s and 1980s every Los Angeles street gang had its trademark. The Hoovers, or at least one contingent of them, were known for their ritualistic gang rapes. The Eight-Tray Gangster Crips were said to favor stealing guns and cars over drug dealing. And the Rollin' Sixties are still legendary for their

by Mark Horowitz

ruthless perfectionism: Sixties hit squads would circle back after a drive-by shooting to make sure the intended victim was really dead, and if he was not, they would open fire again, even if the paramedics had already arrived.

It is now much in fashion to go to gang members in Los Angeles for the authentic voice of black experience—or at least

the experience of the black underclass. The phenomenon is perhaps most visible on television, as in Ted Koppel's interviews with gang members in the wake of last year's Los Angeles riots. But it is by no means confined to television. When Morgan Entrekin, the publisher of Grove/Atlantic (which has no connection with this magazine), announced at the Frankfurt Book Fair last year that he had acquired world publication rights to the autobiography of Monster Kody, a twenty-eight-year-old former gang member who shot his first victim at the age of eleven, the news spread rapidly through the exhibition halls. A buyer from Sweden tried to explain the excitement to Entrekin: "We see so much of the violence of the American inner city; now here's a voice that comes from inside that can explain it to us." The first chapters of the then-unfinished manuscript, written entirely in prison, circulated quickly through the halls, and within two days Entrekin had sold the foreign rights to publishers in seven countries.

Kody Scott, also known as Sanyika Shakur, and still best known on the streets of South Central Los Angeles as Monster, a member of the Eight-Tray Gangster Crips, is currently serving a seven-year sentence in Pelican Bay State Prison, a steel-and-concrete fortress in northern California. Inmates are subjected to extensive video surveillance designed to minimize direct contact with guards. Monster is in the Security Housing Unit, a prison within the prison, where he must serve out his full sentence in near total isolation. He has no telephone privileges, and is allowed only one package a year. He can be interviewed by journalists only once every ninety days.

The word after the Frankfurt Book Fair was that Monster had received an advance of at least \$150,000, with more to come from the paperback sale (Penguin later paid around \$60,000) plus future royalties. How did a handful of pages written in pencil in a windowless cell in a northern-California prison end up on the auction block at the Frankfurt Book Fair?

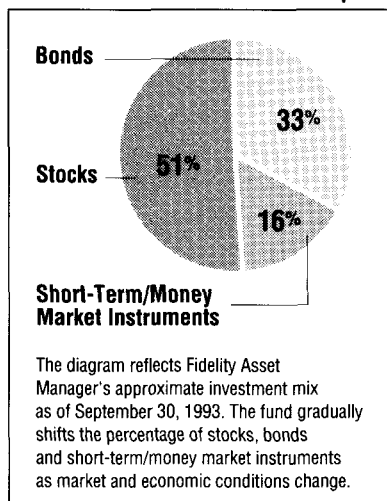
Kody Scott (a.k.a. Monster, a.k.a. Sanyika Shakur), between prison terms, poses in a Los Angeles studio for the jacket of a book

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LÉON Bing, a fashion model turned journalist, was the first to bring Monster Kody to the attention of the world beyond South Central—in a book about gangs called *Do or Die*. She became the woman to call when the media needed an authentic gang member. In 1991 William Broyles Jr., a journalist and Vietnam veteran who was writing for television, needed help researching an ABC pilot script set in South Central. He got in touch with Bing, and she took him to meet Monster Kody in the southern-California jail where he was then being held. “He reminded me so much of some of my Vietnam-veteran friends,” says Broyles, a tall, soft-spoken Texan who has served as the editor of *Newsweek* and *Texas Monthly*. “He was like a combat vet, but of a very different kind of war.” The network never filmed the pilot, but Broyles began encouraging Kody to write down some of his experiences.

In the book Monster lovingly describes how he shot at least a dozen rivals, killing more than a few.

Broyles sent him paper and pencils and reading materials, from Michael Herr’s *Dispatches* to the *Paris Review* “Writers at Work” interviews. The first chapter, meticulously printed in an angular hand on yellow legal paper, arrived in Broyles’s Burbank office in April of last year, just days before the verdict in the first trial of the officers accused of beating Rodney King, and the riots that verdict occasioned. More chapters soon followed, and Broyles gave a copy of the work in progress to Terry McDonell, then the editor of *Esquire*, who passed it to Morgan Entrekin. McDonell decided to print an excerpt, and Entrekin eventually decided to publish the book.

Entrekin scheduled *Monster: The Autobiography of an L.A. Gangmember* for publication last spring, but the manuscript arrived later than expected, and plans to have the publication date coincide with the first anniversary of the Los

Angeles riots fell through. The release was pushed back to June. It was a rush job but, Entrekin says, the book got enough editing. “I didn’t want the voice of some white upper-middle-class publishing editor to be imposed on it. I wanted his voice. My rule was, the less editing the better, and honestly I don’t think it needed it. . . . He’s such a talented, natural writer.” Early promotional material described “the most remarkable and important book of the black experience since Eldridge Cleaver’s *Soul on Ice* and George Jackson’s *Soledad Brother*.”

“There are no other gang experts except participants,” Monster Kody writes in the preface.

Our lives, mores, customs, and philosophies remain as mysterious and untouched as those of any “uncivilized” tribe in Afrika. . . . I have pushed people violently out of this existence and have fathered three children. I have felt completely free and have sat in total solitary confinement in San Quentin state prison. I have shot numerous people and have been shot seven times myself. I have been in gunfights in South Central and knife fights in Folsom state prison.

On the book’s cover Kody is stripped to the waist, except for dark glasses and gang tattoos, and holds a MAC-11-type assault pistol. In the book he lovingly describes how he shot at least a dozen rivals, most or all of them black, killing more than a few. He confesses to drug dealing, countless robberies and brutal assaults, an automobile hit-and-run attack, and the humiliation of a prison mate by forcing him to drink a cup of urine. He claims his crew once captured and dismembered by machete one unfortunate “enemy.” Half the time he was under the influence of alcohol or PCP. Though he has spent almost half of his life in jail, Monster has never been convicted of murder.

The first printing was 50,000 copies. Media response has been slow but favorable. The review in *The New York Times* compared the author to Richard Price and Tom Wolfe. Steve Kroft interviewed Monster for CBS’s *60 Minutes*. For better or worse, Kody Scott—young, violent, unemployed—has become the latest spokesman from the war zone of South Central Los Angeles.

Leonce Gaiter, a writer who lives in Los Angeles and works as a legal assis-

tant, saw two prepublication articles about the book and was infuriated by the thought that the most highly publicized black male author of 1993 might be a murderous thug. In an article for the June-July issue of *Buzz*, a Los Angeles magazine, he accused Morgan Entrekin, Terry McDonell, Léon Bing, and William Broyles of participation in a white media establishment incapable of concealing its innate racism. Gaiter reacted to Entrekin’s early characterization of Monster Kody as a “primary voice of the black experience.”

“Another fascinating choice of words,” Gaiter wrote.

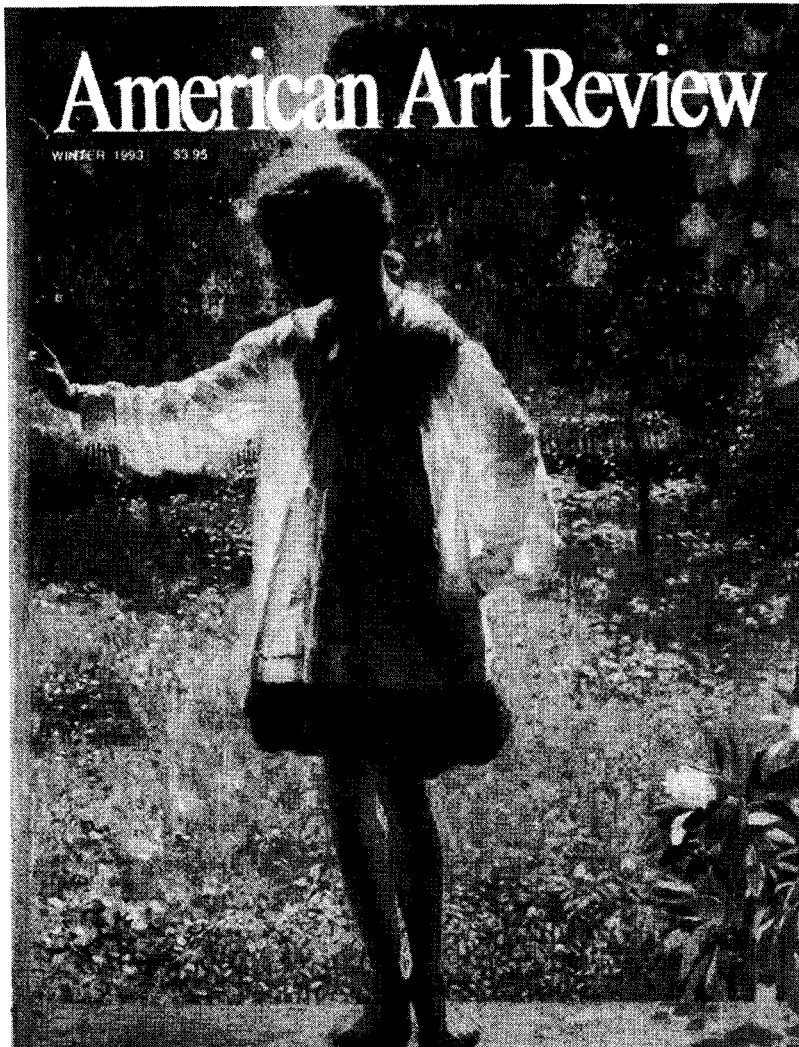
To me, this is a white man who thinks that a monster who butchers African-Americans is a major voice for all African-Americans, a white man who thinks of all blacks as less than human, as a murderous sub-species. . . . Why? There is no conspiracy here, just ignorant, racist minds at work. I am an African-American man, and I have killed no one. My parents worked, educated themselves, and raised their children. I graduated from Harvard. . . . *This* is the black experience.

Morgan Entrekin concedes that his use of the phrase was ill-advised, and he has stopped using it. Now he prefers to describe Monster as “a primary voice coming out of the black underclass.” “My personal opinion of Sanyika is mixed,” Entrekin says. “You read the book and see what he’s done and it’s frightening. On the other hand, you see the extraordinarily keen and subtle intelligence at work and it’s impressive.”

But Gaiter is still angry. “It would be one thing if every year there were five books by African-American males published with the same degree of hoopla, but there are not. . . . Since the white audience in general has preconceptions about African-Americans, they want those preconceptions satisfied, and the media are more than happy to oblige.” He’s sick of the focus on one side of the inner city. “There are a helluva lot of problems in an inner-city environment such as his, and yes, it’s hard, but there are people who don’t go his way. About them you hear nothing.”

Entrekin agrees. Next year he will publish a book about the black middle class. “You know it will be harder for me to get attention for that book than it was for this

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one," he says. "The quieter stories that are not dramatically evil or violent or good or sentimental are harder to sell. That's just the nature of the beast."

TO be in a gang in South Central when I joined," Monster writes, "is the equivalent of growing up in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, and going to college: everyone does it." This is one of his central points, and it has been repeated uncritically in reviews. Law-enforcement sources seem to bear out the assertion. A May, 1992, district attorney's report estimated that there were 125,000 to 130,000 gang members in Los Angeles County, but it made no distinction between active, hard-core gang members and anyone who ever hung out with gang members, or was arrested once as a juvenile in the company of gang members, or even briefly flirted with joining a gang before pulling back. The reality of life in a gang-infested neighborhood is that every boy and girl must by necessity associate with gang members, because gang members are their classmates, their neighbors, their relatives. Though anxious parents have been known to bus their children to schools outside the neighborhood, sequestering them at home the rest

of the time, these exceptions only prove the rule.

The police have their reasons for inflating the numbers, as do gang members and their supporters, but there are fewer active gang members than either the gangs or the police want us to believe—which makes their destructive power all the more impressive. Gang-related homicides in Los Angeles have risen steadily, from 212 in 1984 to 771 in 1991. Gang-related deaths as a percentage of the total homicide figure have also been rising: in 1991 they accounted for 36 percent of the total. But

one thing is certain: in a county the size of Los Angeles, not every young man is an active gang member—not even in South Central and not even, for that matter, in Kody Scott's own house.

At an early stage in the writing of *Monster*, William Broyles urged Kody to delve more deeply into his personal motivations, but Kody's book contains almost no information about his early childhood. Kody starts with his entry into the gang at age eleven, and he tells us little more about his home life than that his family lived in conditions of "economic destitution" and that his parents had violent fights. Home was just one in a long string of "man-made hell[s]" that turned him into a

person who "didn't care one way or another about living or dying" and who "cared less than that about killing someone." Joining a gang was the only possible response to life in South Central, according to Monster, so further details about his past were irrelevant.

Interviews with Kody's family, however, suggest otherwise.

In 1957 Birdie Canada was working in a beauty parlor in Houston, Texas, when a customer introduced her son, who was visiting from Los Angeles. About a month later the young man—his name was Ernest Scott—telephoned

Birdie and proposed marriage. She was twenty-one, with two young children, Kevin and Kim, but no husband, and she was restless, so she said yes. Kevin and Kim stayed behind with their grandparents, and Birdie moved to Los Angeles.

Ernest Scott was twelve years older than his wife. The marriage was rocky, but it lasted thirteen years. A daughter, Kendis, was born in 1959, and a son, Kerwin, two years later. In November of 1963 Kody arrived. In Los Angeles, Birdie met an old friend from Houston who had married the pianist and singer Ray Charles. Della and Ray Charles were Kody's godparents, and the Scott family frequently visited their home.

Scott earned a good living as a chef, but he was proud of his physique and yearned for more-strenuous work, so when there was an opening at the discount warehouse store Smart & Final—a well-paid union job at that—he grabbed it. In 1965 the growing family moved to a two-bedroom house with a large backyard on Hillcrest Drive. Birdie's sixth and last child, Kershaun, was born that summer, just weeks before the Watts riots.

Kody was always the daredevil. "He was like a demolition derby," his sister Kendis says, "reckless, wild, and intriguing." "He had no fear," says his older brother Kerwin. Kody built wooden ramps on the street and raced his bike at top speeds, jumping crates like a junior Evel Knievel. "No one else would do it," Kerwin says, "but he would."



Today Kendis lives in the Jordan Downs projects in Watts with three daughters and a newborn grandson. She is a trim, attractive woman, tastefully dressed, with a husky, animated voice. When I visited, her brother Kerwin had stopped by before heading off to work, and they were seated in the narrow living room of her small duplex apartment. Kerwin is a tall, warm man with the pumped-up physique of a body builder: he competes in amateur body-building events, and once won a title at the Orange County Muscle Classic. At the time of my visit, because of a recent truce between the Bloods and the Crips in Watts, children were playing outside and no gunfire punctuated their laughter as it used to before the truce.

Kendis remembers that when her parents were together, they fought. "All of us would be crying whenever they started," she says, "and Kody just couldn't take it. He'd break out the front door, running to the neighbors, screaming for help." Kerwin recalls being beaten by his father because he stole a bite out of Ker-shaun's hamburger. "He had an orange extension cord, a real long one, and he beat us with it—over a hamburger."

By 1969 the Scott marriage was unsalvageable. Birdie asked Ernest to leave, and he did. She threw herself into work to support her family, holding down two jobs for three years, and then three jobs for another two years. For a while she worked for the Department of Recreation and Parks, but usually she was bartending at places like the Pied Piper and the Sports Lounge. When Kevin and Kim came from Texas to live with her, Birdie had six children, a German shepherd, a Persian cat, and a cockatoo—all in a two-bedroom house. Only once, she says, when she was ill, did Birdie ever take government assistance. "Seemed like she didn't have to sleep," Kerwin says. "It seemed like Mom never slept."

IN 1972 Birdie bought a three-bedroom house on Sixty-ninth Street. She put a Ping-Pong table and a refrigerator in the large, three-car garage and converted it into a playroom. "I never really minded other children coming over to play, because that way I knew my children were home—that was my biggest concern. But then of course they still got away from me."

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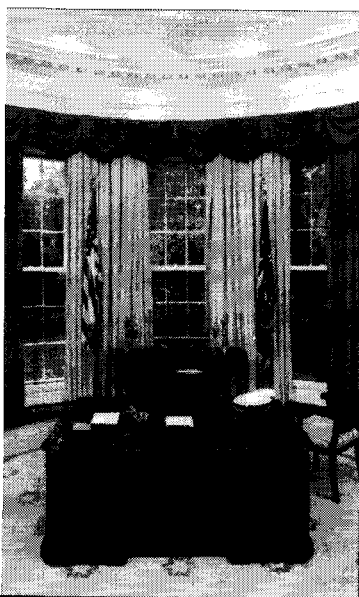


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The new house was located in what would eventually be the southern end of Eight-Tray Gangster Crip territory. Kerwin was the first to hear the call. During the seventh grade he got caught trying to steal leather jackets from kids at a school in Westchester, near the Los Angeles International Airport. He spent the night in Eastlake Juvenile Hall. When Birdie arrived the next morning, he was the only one crying. "You want to be a Crip," she said, "I'll break both your damn legs and that's what you'll end up being, a crip." Kerwin didn't need persuading. The night behind bars made an indelible impression, and he never joined a gang. Two years later Kody was initiated into the Eight-Trays. He shot his first victim that night.

"One day I see Kody and he's wearing these plaid pants and he's jumping ramps on his bike," Kendis recalls. "And the next time I see him, his collar is buttoned up, he's wearing these nets on his head

"Girl," he blurted out, "you should have said something! I could have shot you."

Kendis recalls just sitting there frozen, tears rolling down her cheeks.

With Kody as his role model, Kershaun, the youngest, also joined the Eight-Trays, calling himself Li'l Monster. Before he was out of his teens, Li'l Monster had already shotgunned at least one rival to death. But Kerwin and Kevin stayed out of the gang.

"Kerwin just seemed more into wanting to have things," Kendis says. "Kody was less materialistic. Kerwin's always been working. He doesn't seem to be a follower into things that don't seem right to him. But since Kody was a daredevil, running with the gangs and stealing cars seemed more like something he could handle better. I'm not saying Kerwin is scared, because Kerwin is not. But a challenge to Kerwin was going to work every day and seeing his paycheck."

"It's really a trip," Kerwin says. "Because, you see, we all slept in the same room. We slept closer than four feet apart, we ate at the same table, we came from the same mom."

They didn't come from the same dad, though, and that is one of the very few personal revelations in *Monster*. As a child Kody was never told that his biological father was Dick Bass, a professional football player with the L.A. Rams with whom Birdie had had a brief affair. As a child Kody didn't know why Scott treated him more coolly than the other children. Kody felt more alone, which explains a great deal, but Kerwin was also without a father in the home after 1969. The biggest difference in the two boys' lives may have been a man named Morrie Notrica.

THE 32nd Street Market is on Hoover Street across from the University of Southern California. It is one of four supermarkets owned by the Notrica family. Morrie Notrica was born down the street and has been running the market since his father died, in 1963. It began with a tiny convenience store located near where the parking lot is now, and expanded from there. The neighborhood is an ever shifting jumble of ethnic diversity: right now there are Cubans, Salvadorans, and Guatemalans to the north, Mexicans to the east, and African-Americans to the west.

Fifteen years ago Kerwin Scott went into the 32nd Street Market and Notrica gave him a job as a box boy. "In the beginning I used to spend a lot of time talking to him," Notrica says. "He used to come up with some of the funniest things. I would say, 'Kerwin, you should write this down, it would be better than a TV show.' He told me where he lived, and I was always concerned for his safety." One time Notrica was driving down Century Boulevard at midnight and passed a murder scene at a gas station, all lit up by police lights. As he slowed, he caught sight of Kerwin on his bike, checking out the unfolding events. Notrica put him on the night shift for a while, to keep him off the streets. He bought Kerwin his first car, and when the teenager got into arguments with some of his other employees, Notrica would pull them aside and firmly lay down the law: "Leave Kerwin alone."

The 32nd Street Market was untouched during the riots last year, though every grocery store around it was burned to the ground. Notrica has no theory to account for that. "Just lucky, I guess," he says. Kerwin says it's because the market is well known in the community for being fair. Kerwin still works for Morrie Notrica, at the Carson store. "Kerwin just went and took him a father," Birdie observes, "and Morrie took him a son. You know, I think they both had needs."

Standing in front of the two-story house where she lives, on a quiet, tree-lined street in South Central, Birdie Canada points to a solitary rosebush that was planted decades ago by the current owner's grandmother. "Isn't it something," she says, "how things survive?" At the other end of the street residents have erected barriers to try and stem the flow of drug dealers who drive through the neighborhood at night.

Apart from a few brief mentions, Kevin, Kim, Kendis, and Kerwin are nowhere to be found in *Monster*. There's no childhood, and there's very little about Kody's mother. They don't fit *Monster*'s version. Kevin became an actor and lives in Burbank. Kim joined the Air Force and is currently stationed in Japan. Kendis raised her family and is studying to be a data processor. Kerwin went to work for the 32nd Street Market. Only Kody and Kershaun became gang members.

"It was something they wanted to do,"

*Kevin, Kim, Kendis,
and Kerwin are hardly
to be found in Monster.
They don't fit
Monster's version.*

and dark [glasses]—and he's Monster." Kendis loves Kody and came to respect his rigorous commitment to gang life. One time they were watching a movie on television featuring an outlaw who blasts away with a gun in each hand. Afterward, Kendis remembers, Kody "went outside in the back with two guns and started practicing. And I just looked at him, and I said, 'You're really into them.' And he said, 'Because they were O.G.'s [original gangster, the highest rank in the gang].' So being an O.G. was something he was really working hard to achieve. He put in plenty of work. He put in overtime."

But another time, when Kendis and Kody were alone in the house, Kody came into the room twirling a gun on his finger. Kendis was lying on her mother's bed, pregnant, and the lights were off, so Kody didn't see her. She made a noise, and Kody spun around and aimed the gun at her head.

A CLERGYMAN TORN BETWEEN VENGEANCE AND FORGIVENESS.

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An intensely passionate work from Verdi's prolific mid-career, *Stiffelio* thrusts a clergyman into an unforeseen tragedy caused by his wife's adultery.

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Birdie Canada says of the choice her two youngest sons made. "Because they didn't have to. My children are very strong-minded, very strong-willed."

THERE are other omissions in *Monster*. Here, for example, is the description of Kody's last arrest in its entirety:

In January of 1991 I was captured by the L.A.P.D. for assault and grand theft auto. These charges stemmed from a healthy beating I had given a stubborn crack dealer who had refused to stop selling his product on my corner. His van was confiscated because of his stubborn insistence, which led to the GTA charge. I make no excuses for this, and I have no regrets. When the police and other government agencies don't seem to care about what is going on in our communities, then those of us who live in them must take responsibility for their protection and maintenance. As it turned out, this specific dealer was also a paid police informant.

Kody had been paroled from state prison in 1988 after serving almost five years of a seven-year sentence for assault with a firearm. He had converted to Islam, changed his name to Sanyika Shakur, joined a black-separatist movement called the New Afrikan Independence Movement, and renounced gang membership for revolution. After his release from prison he was arrested twice on weapons charges and did some prison time for possession of an AK-47, a parole violation. He married his longtime girlfriend in 1990 and afterward divided his time between Los Angeles, where his parole officer was, and suburban Moreno Valley, where his wife and children lived.

During the late 1980s Moreno Valley was one of the fastest-growing communities in southern California. A decade ago this hot and arid way station, seventy miles east of Los Angeles, more than halfway from Hollywood to Palm Springs, didn't exist. Today it is a city of 135,000. For years it was a magnet for refugees from Los Angeles. You could get almost twice the home for the same price, and thousands of families made the move, including residents of South Central, who hoped to get their children out of the reach of gangs. But the plan often

backfired, because the kids brought the gangs with them. Recently there was a gang-related shooting at a local high school, grim proof that gangs may start in depressed environments, but they can spread through the culture, metastasizing in the unlikeliest directions.

Kody's wife, Tamu, had moved away from South Central and was renting near the oldest part of Moreno Valley, the Edgemont district, a hodgepodge of older housing and cramped apartment complexes. Edgemont was rife with gangs and drugs, and that's where Monster Kody beat up Roderick Saunders on the night of January 27, 1991.

The attack took place behind some apartments on a service road known to local police as Crack Alley. It is an open drug market even during daylight hours. If Kody was worried about drug dealers, there were plenty to choose from. Why he waylaid Saunders (who was not known by the police to be a drug dealer), beat him severely, took his wallet, and stole the blue Dodge Caravan that belonged to Saunders's mother is still not clear. One witness says that Saunders insulted the Eight-Tray Crips.

Several hours later the van was spotted in Los Angeles County, and after a chase through residential streets Kody was arrested. Kody told the police his name was Kevin Canada, the name of his law-abiding older brother. He gave his occupation alternately as "journalist" and "rapper."

Kody was charged with assault, robbery, and grand theft auto. Because of his prior record he faced a sentence of up to seventeen years if found guilty, but when he was offered a five-year plea bargain, he turned it down. He probably assumed that Saunders would not testify.

The trial date arrived, and a jury was selected. To everyone's surprise—even the prosecutor's—Roderick Saunders did show up at the county courthouse in downtown Riverside. Minutes later Kody agreed to plead guilty to the robbery charge in exchange for a seven-year sentence. There would be no trial. The prosecutor, Bambi Moyer, could recall few cases in which she had offered a defendant a five-year term and then had him come back and agree to seven, but Saunders's appearance undoubtedly had altered the defense strategy. There is no evidence that Saunders was a paid police informant.

As to Kody's ability to stay out of prison after he is released, his family is guardedly optimistic, but whatever the future holds, they will stand by him. Others are so heavily invested in Monster's redemption that they are less well prepared for disappointment.

"I would like to think that the act of writing the book itself is in some way an act of redemption," Morgan Entrekin says. "I've seen him change in the process of doing it. I've asked him, 'What did you think about this? Do you have regrets?' He's really been thoughtful about it and faced it in some of the book."

Back in 1989 Léon Bing introduced Thomas Wright, a Harvard-educated Hollywood screenwriter with a special interest in the black underworld (he co-wrote *New Jack City*) to Kody's brother Kershaun, a.k.a. Li'l Monster. Wright recently completed a documentary film about Kershaun Scott. Wright is convinced that the newly politicized Scott brothers will become important community leaders. "Everybody whose lives they touched seems to have been elevated by them," Wright says without the slightest hint of irony. "I never could have directed a film before I met 'Shaun. . . . That's what these guys do. They inspire you to become better than what you are."

"I think Sanyika's book does leave gangsterism behind in a literary way," William Broyles says. "Now, whether he has in fact done that in his real life, I think, is going to be the struggle of his life."

In August, *Buzz* printed Sanyika Shakur's response to Leonce Gaiter's critical opinion piece. "In the nineties, unlike the sixties, we are rolling on the Uncle Toms *first*," Shakur wrote from prison. "So Uncle Gaiter should pack his shoe-shine rag, 'cause no Tom will escape the wrath of the New Afrikan independence movement!" After reading this, Gaiter observed that Kody has merely traded acts of violence for the language of violence. "And not only that," he added. "The destruction of black people still seems to be an obsession with this man."

THERE was something else that Monster Kody left out of his autobiography concerning his last arrest. When assaulting Roderick Saunders and steal-

ing his money and his mother's van, Monster had an accomplice with him, an eighteen-year-old kid named Delbert Jackson, who helped him beat, kick, and choke Saunders and then rode along in the stolen van to Los Angeles, where he, too, was arrested.

Delbert was born in Long Beach and lived in Moreno Valley. He told the police he worked as a cook at McDonald's. He was an odd companion for Kody to take along when Kody decided to rid his neighborhood of crack dealers, because Delbert himself had recently been arrested for selling crack cocaine.

Kody was almost ten years older than Delbert—ten years being a lifetime on the streets. Delbert had gotten into trouble in the past, but he was still young and the police did not consider him a hardcore gang member. He lived with his mother in Moreno Valley and was probably there for the same reason many other kids were—because their families wanted to get them out of harm's way. Monster Kody was supposed to be Sanyika Shakur now, a reformed man who had left gangsterism behind and was going to be a role model for a younger generation of kids in his community. But that night, when eighteen-year-old Delbert Jackson could have used a role model, he didn't find Sanyika Shakur—he found Monster Kody, and he followed Monster Kody to jail.

At the end of June, 1991, in the Riverside County Courthouse, Judge Edward Webster sentenced Kody Scott to seven years in prison—as agreed in the plea bargain. Six days later Kody's teenage companion, Delbert Jackson, stood alone before the same judge, who gave the usual speech, the kind that has been given thousands of times in hundreds of courts, and is in most instances forgotten immediately afterward.

"You are a young man, Mr. Jackson, and I believe it's going to be difficult to disassociate yourself from people like Kody Scott and others that you probably grew up with. . . . It has got to be a decision you make for yourself. . . . I just want to wish you good luck."

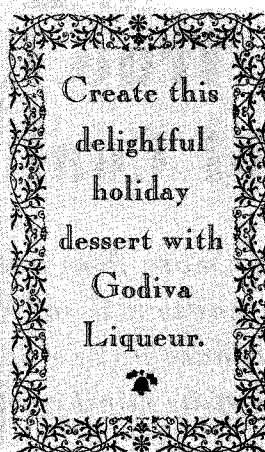
Delbert Jackson was charged as an adult, and was sentenced to two years in state prison. Jackson should be out by now.

Sanyika Shakur, a.k.a. Monster, should be free in September of 1995. ♀

I N N O V A T I V E S P I R I T S

Enjoying Godiva Liqueur this holiday season involves much more than sipping. As good as Godiva Liqueur is in a glass, it shows itself to dramatic advantage in these sophisticated, densely chocolaty bars studded with Godiva Liqueur-soaked cherries. Dorie Greenspan, pastry chef and

author of "Sweet Times" and the new "Waffles," has devised this irresistible holiday recipe that is polished and festive—perfect for Yuletide parties. The cake is moist and rich without being too sweet, and the frosting is so delicious that it can easily disappear from the bowl by the fingerful.



Godiva Liqueur Chocolate-Cherry Bars

Cherry Bars:

1/2 pound dried cherries
3 tablespoons Godiva Liqueur
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup cocoa
Pinch of salt
1 stick unsalted butter at room temperature
3/4 cup sugar
1 1/2 tablespoons light corn syrup
1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
2 large eggs

Icing:

2 ounces unsweetened chocolate, chopped
2 ounces bittersweet chocolate, chopped
3 tablespoons unsalted butter at room temperature
1 large egg
1 egg yolk
1 1/2 tablespoons Godiva Liqueur
Whipped cream (optional)

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Place the cherries and Godiva Liqueur in a bowl to macerate. Whisk together the flour, cocoa, and salt in another

mixing bowl; reserve.

With an electric mixer, beat together the butter, sugar, corn syrup, and vanilla until light. Add the eggs and beat 2 minutes until fluffy. Add the reserved dry ingredients and mix at low speed only until incorporated. Stir the cherries and Godiva Liqueur into the mixture with a rubber spatula.

Pour the batter into a buttered 8" x 8" pan and bake 30 minutes. Cool on a rack 5 minutes before removing from pan; cool to room temperature before icing.

For the icing, melt the chocolates together. Whisk in the butter, one tablespoon at a time. One by one, add the egg, yolk, and Godiva Liqueur. Beat until the icing is glossy. Pour the icing over the center of the cake and smooth with a long metal spatula.

Allow the icing to set before cutting the cake into bars and serving either at room temperature or chilled. Topped with a little whipped cream, these are wonderful.

Makes 12 bars.



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The True Cost of Coal

Coal accounts for more than half of America's electricity because it is so cheap—and it remains cheap because no one pays the very large hidden costs of its mining and burning

SHORTLY after six o'clock on the morning of December 7, 1992, as James Mullins prepared to fire up an illicit Viceroy Ultra-Light in a mine called Southmountain No. 3, in Wise County, Virginia, he probably did not realize that he was about to figure in a debate about the true cost of coal to American society. Almost certainly Mullins did

by Robert Cullen

not realize that the operators of Southmountain No. 3 would in the future be charged with thirty-three violations of mine-safety rules, or that by the time he lit up, eight of those violations had allowed a dangerous concentration of odorless methane to accumulate in the shaft where he was working, some 1,000 feet under the surface. The spark from his

lighter touched off the methane, which in turn touched off the coal dust floating in the air near the mine's machinery. The force of the explosion leveled a building just outside the mine at the end of a mile-long tunnel. And it killed eight miners, including Mullins. One of them had his skull fractured; the others smothered in a cloud of carbon monoxide.

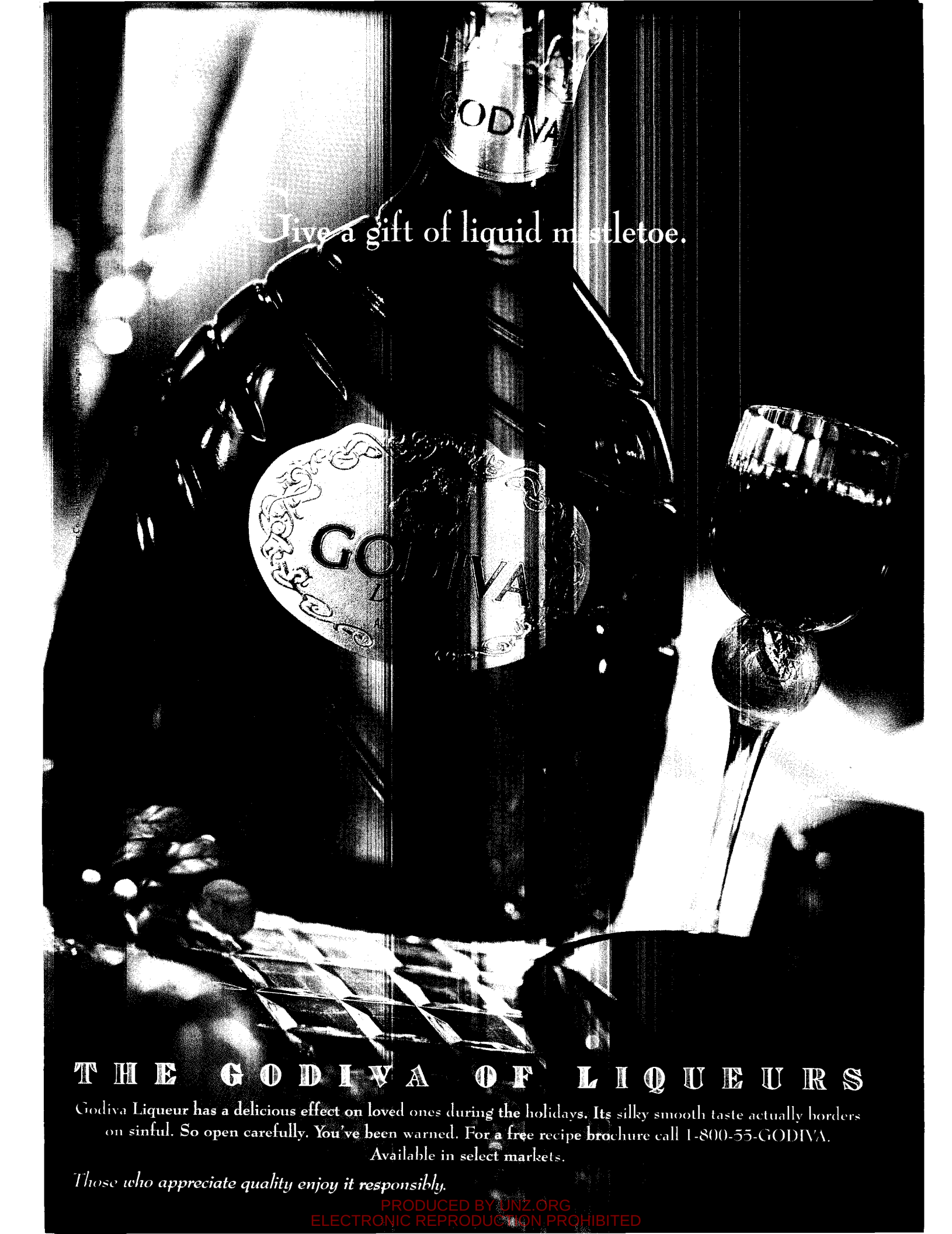
The national media covered the disaster for a few days, until the bodies were recovered and it was clear that there would be no dramatic rescue story from Southmountain No. 3. No one pointed out to viewers or readers the link between the miners' deaths and the television they were watching or the light that illuminated their newspapers. The fact is, though, that today coal provides more than 55 percent of the electricity generated in the United States. In a high-tech society much rests on the shoulders of men like James Mullins, who descend into dark tunnels, crouch under six-foot ceilings, rip coal from the bowels of the earth, and occasionally die.

Twenty years ago few people figured that as the new millennium approached, America would be so dependent on a source of energy that was banned in the city of London in 1273 for being injuri-



KAREN KASMAUSKI/MATRIX; TOP: RAY PFORTNER/PETER ARNOLD, INC.

A strip mine in Appalachia: when environmental damage is factored in, "coal's price advantage erodes"



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ous to public health. In 1973 the Federal Power Commission predicted that coal's share of U.S. electricity generation would decline from 46 percent to 30 percent by 1990. Then came the Arab oil embargo and Three Mile Island. Oil became too costly, and too foreign, for extensive use in the generation of electricity. Nuclear power, which had been expected to surpass coal as an electricity generator, was frightening. Coal had the virtue of being widely available inside the United States. And at a cost of less than two cents per kilowatt-hour of power, it was cheap. It was, in fact, so much cheaper than renewable resources like wind and solar energy that it all but eliminated them as commercial sources of electricity.

years one statistic has remained constant: for every five million man-hours worked in the mines, one miner dies. Last year that meant fifty-four deaths.

Society has contrived to place severe limits on the amount of money that miners' widows and children can collect for these casualties. In Virginia, as in most coal-producing states, the law makes it all but impossible to sue mine owners—even in cases like that of Southmountain No. 3, where federal investigators established that safety violations contributed to the miners' deaths. Instead the survivors get a workmen's-compensation benefit calculated on the basis of the dead man's salary and paid by insurance the mine owner must carry. For the survivors

dangerous industries. In Wise County, for instance, workers in furniture factories make an average of about \$7.50 an hour; the miners who died in Southmountain No. 3 made \$11 or \$12. But the argument that miners consciously calculate that an extra three or four dollars an hour is worth risking their lives for assumes careful, long-term thought on the part of men who are prepared to smoke inside a coal mine. It seems more likely that the extra money they earn compensates them for the immediate travail, the darkness and the dirt and the backaches, of work in the mine. The difference between workmen's-compensation benefits and the market value of a wrongful death—roughly three quarters of a million dollars per case—should be counted as an external cost that the mining industry and the consumers of coal slough off on the miners' families. So should the disparity between workmen's compensation and the market value of the more than 9,000 serious injuries coal miners suffer each year.

In the past twenty years the system has internalized at least some of the costs of the miners' occupational disease, black lung. In 1969 federal legislation required that mine operators reduce the amount of coal dust in the air inside the mine to three milligrams per cubic meter, a standard lowered to two a few years later. The operators met the goal by improving mine ventilation and by installing new machinery that sprays a mist of water onto the coal seam while a drill bit gouges out the coal. The legislation imposed a tax of \$.55 to \$1.10 per ton of coal to pay compensation to miners who had already developed black lung, and it required mine owners to carry insurance to compensate miners who would develop it. To a degree, the legislation has succeeded. In 1969 some 40 to 60 percent of the miners examined had black lung. Among miners who began their careers after 1969, the incidence of black lung has dropped to between five and 15 percent. Still, the compensation to victims of black lung is stingy: a disabled miner with dependent children gets about \$200 a week.

A CALCULATION of the full cost of coal needs to take into account damage to the environment around the mine. Until the mid-1960s coal-mine owners were from an environmental standpoint

(Continued on page 48)

KAREN KASMAUSKI/MATRIX



One cost that has been internalized: measures to reduce coal dust

Or at least coal seemed cheap, until environmentalists, state utility regulators, and some economists began to argue that the market price of coal does not reflect a wide range of "external" costs that society, or some segment of society, will eventually pay. The economists maintain that the coal James Mullins was digging, which cost about \$20 a ton at the mouth of Southmountain No. 3, would be much more expensive if these costs were added on, or "internalized."

TO begin with, there is the cost of lives lost and health damaged among the miners. The number of deaths tends to decline a bit each year, but that is in part because automation keeps reducing the number of miners. Over the past three

of Southmountain No. 3 victims this tops out at \$434 a week for 500 weeks, or a total of \$217,000. Were the survivors of the Southmountain No. 3 miners able to sue the mine owners, a jury would no doubt place a much higher value on the lost lives. According to a Pennsylvania group called Jury Verdict Research, which tracks such things, \$217,000 is about the going rate for damages for a broken leg in American lawsuits. The average jury in a wrongful-death suit awards \$941,700 to the family of a forty-year-old man making \$25,000 a year.

Some economists in the external-costs debate would argue that the dead miners were compensated for their deaths by the wages they earned while they were alive, which were higher than wages in less

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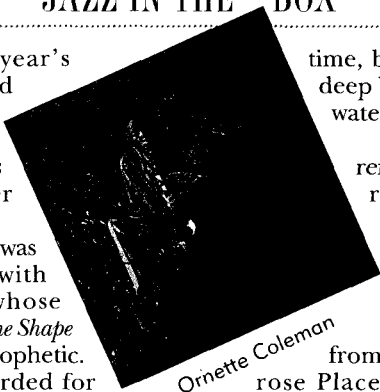
Popular Music and Jazz

BY CHARLES M. YOUNG AND BOB BLUMENTHAL

JAZZ IN THE BOX

Two of this year's best boxed sets let us hear how a pair of alto saxophonists redefined jazz after Charlie Parker.

Ornette Coleman was the revolutionary with the plastic horn whose debut on Atlantic, *The Shape of Jazz to Come*, was prophetic. Everything he recorded for the label from 1959 to 1961 is collected on *Beauty Is a Rare Thing: The Complete Atlantic Recordings* (Rhino/Atlantic). Coleman dispensed with the recurring chord sequences that previously defined jazz improvisation, and over six CDs we hear him apply this concept in his classic original quartet, in the "double quartet" that created the totally improvised landmark *Free Jazz*, and in two Gunther Schuller chamber compositions. Coleman's music was considered angry and chaotic at the



Ornette Coleman

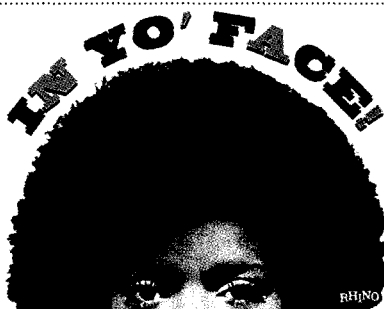
time, but its muscular swing and deep blues feeling identify it as a watershed in jazz.

Jackie McLean was the reformer, the modernist who responded to Coleman's message by liberating his own style. On *The Complete Blue Note 1964-66 Jackie McLean Sessions*, available by mail order only from Mosaic Records (35 Melrose Place, Stamford, CT 06902), bebop conventions merge with static harmonies, jagged rhythms, and angular melodic structures. McLean created this visceral music with the help of Lee Morgan, Herbie Hancock, Bobby Hutcherson, Jack DeJohnette, and others.

Nice complements to these deluxe boxes are *Ornette Coleman: A Harmolodic Life* (Morrow), John Litweiler's comprehensive biography, and *The Jackie Mac Attack Live* (Verve), recorded proof circa 1991 that McLean still wields a torrid, genre-spanning alto.

—B.B.

DEFINITIVE FUNK



On the reissue front, Rhino has again produced the indispensable anthology—indispensable if you're throwing a party and want to get the tail end of the Baby Boom and its twentysomething younger siblings to dance. *In Yo' Face! The History of Funk Volumes 1-5* collects most of the important nondisco dance-oriented songs from the 1970s. A black slang term meaning "body odor," funk was defined by its propulsively choppy bass lines, tight musicianship, and flamboyant presentation—so flamboyant that the pre-MTV mass white audience cared for it only intermittently when it was originally released. Compared with current rap, it seems almost quaintly friendly, which contributes to its growing popu-

larity today. Curtis Mayfield, Rufus, Kool & the Gang, Cameo, Brick, Sly & the Family Stone—you can't find a lame cut.

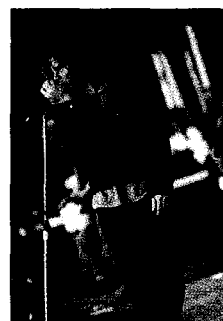
The history of funk continues to this day, of course. One of its most creative exponents, as the leader of Parliament and Funkadelic (well represented on *In Yo' Face!*), George Clinton has released his strongest album in many years. *Hey Man...Smell My Finger* (Paisley Park) revives Clinton's radical but open vision—full of outrage at racism but hopeful for a united front of hippies, punks, blacks, and anyone else with countercultural tendencies. With help from a stalwart of Motown (Barrett Strong) and the best of his musical descendants (Flea and Anthony Kiedis, from Red Hot Chili Peppers), Clinton's demand that we "paint the White House black" should find a receptive audience —C.M.Y.



George Clinton

MESMERIZING GLOOM

At the MTV Video Music Awards, Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder sounded almost as depressed as the teen suicide in "Jeremy," the song and video for which he was winning so many statues. Vs. (Epic), Pearl Jam's follow-up to the hugely successful *Ten*, leaves a similar impression—not so much that Vedder is suicidal but that he's afflicted by ennui, despair, and rage, in roughly that order. This album could have been called *Ecclesiastes: Revised Grunge Version*. Having had the



Pearl Jam's Vedder

role of wise presence for a new generation thrust upon him, Vedder has undercut any appearance of preaching by burying his words under the guitars and letting the album graphics take a folk-art approach (they look like they were designed by a schizophrenic waiting for the millennium). When you can understand him, he's pleading for loss of consciousness ("Animal") or regretting its inevitable loss ("Elderly Woman Behind the Counter in a Small Town"). If that's a contradiction, he addresses it in the final song, "Indifference": "How much difference does it make?"

Pearl Jam's inventive guitarists—Mike McCready and Stone Gossard—continue on their creative ways. One of the main reasons their first album worked so well was that they not only created catchy riffs but were generous with them as well, doling out several hot ones per song. Where most bands would be happy to trail off with something you've heard before, they had and have an instinct for throwing in a novel twist where you'd least expect it, thus rewarding multiple listenings and justifying the expense of buying something you'll hear a lot on the radio. This is not the revolutionary statement of *Ten*, but you can't call it nothing new under the sun either. —C.M.Y.

Bob Blumenthal is a jazz critic for The Boston Globe and CD Review.

Charles M. Young is a writer living in New York.

LANCE MERCER

SCOTT MORGAN

Film

BY ELLA TAYLOR

LEADING WOMEN: ON THE SCREEN AND BEHIND THE CAMERA

Women stir up all kinds of creative trouble in two of the season's strongest films. *The Piano* is the first film by a woman (Jane Campion, who made *Sweetie* and *An Angel at My Table*) to win the Palme D'Or for best picture at the Cannes Film Festival. A pale and tense Holly Hunter stars as Ada, a mysteriously mute young 19th-century English-woman who arrives in New Zealand, with her daughter in tow, to marry a stuffy bachelor (Sam Neill, would you believe?). When he jettisons her piano on the beach, Ada enters

From *The Piano*

into a bargain with his illiterate neighbor (Harvey Keitel): she will teach him to play the piano while earning it back key by key, by showing him more and more of her body. Their love, at once soaringly romantic and craftily erotic, overlays a 19th-century repressed desire with a frank 20th-century carnality, infused with Campion's twisted comedy.

In Stephen Gyllenhaal's *A Dangerous Woman*, Debra Winger plays a homely small-town girl-woman with a lethal habit of telling the truth under all circumstances. Barbara Hershey plays

her glamorous aunt, and Gabriel Byrne a kind but feckless drifter who brings them both up to sexual speed. But the film belongs to a touchingly open Winger, who also stars (with Anthony Hopkins) in *Shadowlands*, Richard Attenborough's adaptation of the British play about C. S. Lewis, the Christian scholar who wrote *The Chronicles of Narnia*.

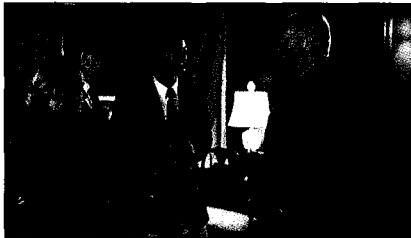


Debra Winger and Barbara Hershey



SERENDIPITOUS FROM THE STUDIOS

This winter's studio releases are a veritable talent contest for stars expanding their skills in unexpected directions. Nick Nolte sings (briefly) in *I'll Do Anything*, a musical comedy. Nolte plays a waning movie star who is unexpectedly saddled with the young daughter he hasn't seen in years. Having exhausted the outer reaches of good and evil while still a beardless nipper, Macaulay Culkin dances the Prince in Emile Ardolino's *The Nutcracker*, with choreography by New York City Ballet master Peter Martins. (Other kids' movies are *Addams Family Values*—the same crowd plus wonderful Joan Cusack as a nasty nanny and the hilariously adenoidal Carol Kane as Granny [pictured below]—and *Batman: The Animated Movie*.) In Jonathan Demme's *Philadelphia*, Tom Hanks plays a gay

*Six Degrees of Separation*

lawyer who hires a homophobic defense attorney (Denzel Washington) to help him regain the job he lost when he got AIDS. *Philadelphia* is an obvious last-minute Oscar contender, along with Steven Spielberg's *Schindler's List* (based

on Thomas Keneally's bio-novel about the Nazi war profiteer who saved hundreds of Jews from death camps), Oliver Stone's latest counter-myth *Heaven and Earth* (which revisits Vietnam through the mem-

oir of a young Vietnamese woman who escaped to America), and, if there is any justice, *The Piano*. Also worth seeing is Fred Schepisi's film of John Guare's wonderful play (adapted by the author) *Six Degrees of Separation*, in which *Fresh Prince*'s Will Smith plays a young black man who charms his way into the cushioned lives of a wealthy Manhattan couple (Stockard Channing and Donald Sutherland) and opens them to the city they have tried to ignore.

BRITISH INVASION

The season's most desolate—and accomplished—greeting comes from the British director Mike Leigh (*Life Is Sweet*), whose new film, *Naked*, took top prizes at Cannes and at the Toronto Film Festival, where it won the critics' Metro Media Award. David Thewlis is searing as Johnny, an articulate but enraged young drifter who arrives in London to prey on his former girlfriend. After a casually brutal fling with her roommate, Johnny takes off on an odyssey around a dreary London wasteland, collaring other losers to listen to his mordantly funny monologues on



David Thewlis

man's irrelevance in the cosmos. Though hardly a stocking stuffer, *Naked* comments brilliantly on the collapse of city life. Funnier but equally tough-minded is *The*

Snapper, a sequel of sorts to *The Commitments*. Roddy Doyle, who adapted his own novel for the screen, and director Stephen Frears (*My Beautiful Laundrette*) team beautifully for this boisterously tender comedy about a Dublin worker whose teenaged daughter announces that she is pregnant by an unknown man. Propelled by antic glee and accelerating chaos, *The Snapper* may be your most literate ticket to yuletide fun.

Ella Taylor is a film columnist for *Mirabella*.

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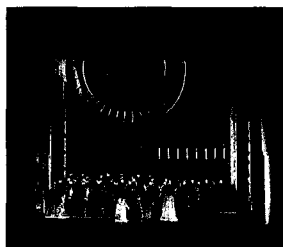
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Classical Music

BY AUSTIN BAER

A COMING OUT FOR VERDI'S ORPHANS

The Metropolitan Opera is reverberating with Verdi these days. Business as usual, you say? Not quite. Of the season's six new productions, no fewer than three are of the peerless Giuseppe. Of the works so favored, two have never before been mounted at the Met. On December 2 the house unveils the early *I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata* (*The Lombards in the First Crusade*). What sense can be made of the story? Probably not much. Hinging on fratricide, it is as action-crammed as it is messy. No more so, however, than other operas in which the towering emotional truth of song carries all before it—and that is what we can hope for from a cast led by Luciano Pavarotti, Aprile Millo, and Samuel

Set designs for the Metropolitan Opera's *I Lombardi*

Ramey, under the baton of James Levine. Levine presided, too, over the October premiere of *Stiffelio*, starring Plácido Domingo as a man of the cloth whose gospel of forgiveness is put to the test by his wife's infidelity. Daring in its time, the opera ran afoul of the censors and disappeared, not to resurface until the 1960s. Leading Verdians account it the master's most unjustly neglected score, but recent history tells its own tale. Despite committed advocates, the opera has still not caught on. Maybe this time ... A PBS telecast on December 27 will afford home audiences a chance to judge for themselves. Third in line, an urgently needed fresh look at *Otello*, in March. (Met box office: 212-362-6000.)

YULETIDE ALTERNATIVE

For orchestras that have declared a moratorium on *Messiah*, a radiant alternative is *L'Enfance du Christ*. A tenor narrator recalls the evangelists of Bach's Passions, but like the better-known *Roméo et Juliette* and *La Damnation de Faust*, this "sacred trilogy" finds Hector Berlioz in a region between opera and symphonic poem. His effects are achieved not by storytelling but through a suite of musical pictures, painted in bewitching splendor. The first tableau centers on Herod. Tormented by dreams of the child come to undo him, he consults a coven of wild soothsayers, who egg him on to slaughter. (Berlioz was a great Shakespearean; the parallel to Macbeth's second encounter with the witches may be deliberate.) In the second tableau Mary and Joseph flee for Egypt; in the third they arrive in the inhospitable city of Sais, where they find refuge in the house of an infidel. The Orchestra of St. Luke's performs the work on December 12 at Lincoln Center (Avery Fisher Hall, 212-721-6500). In the conductor Roger Norrington (pictured at left) Berlioz has an ardent and poetic champion. (In John Eliot Gardiner, who has recorded *L'Enfance* for Erato, he has another.)

CLEVELAND CELEBRATES ITS DIAMOND JUBILEE

All over the country pundits are predicting the demise of the symphony as we know it. Outreach, diversity, and political correctness are the order of the day. How refreshing, amid these frenzies, to encounter an institution that knows itself. Under its music director, Christoph von Dohnányi, The Cleveland Orchestra is such a one. This sea-

son, the 75th, brings a characteristically substantial survey of the symphonic literature, from the three Bs to Mahler, Ives, and Kodály, and on to our contemporaries Corigliano, Erb, and Birtwistle. On December 12 Maestro Dohnányi and the orchestra celebrate the anniversary with a free performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the obvious choice for such an occasion. Obvious, yes, but fitting. The humanistic traditions that the work supremely represents are beyond fashion. Their challenge to hearts and minds endures. (For information call 216-231-7300.)

SO THE MUSIC ENDURES



Ruth Ann Swenson

Dedicated to the development of American operatic talent, the Richard Tucker Music Foundation works year round scouting, raising funds, and, lately, commissioning new music. (Its top award, more than \$30,000, is the singers' Nobel Prize.) Once a year stars rally in force to top off the coffers. This year's gala, at New York's Avery Fisher Hall on December 12, showcases the most recent prizewinner: the bel canto enchantress Ruth Ann Swenson, a lyric coloratura soprano as warm and engaging as she is precise. The basses James Morris and Samuel Ramey face off in a spine-tingling confrontation from Verdi's *Don Carlos*. Plus much more. (For tickets call 212-757-2218.)

Austin Baer is a writer living in New York.



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(Continued from page 40)

barely regulated. The waste from their mines drained into local streams. When strip-mining came along, they began tearing the tops off green Appalachian ridges, gouging out as much coal as they could easily get to and leaving great unhealed brown gashes. When a young biologist named Phil Shelton arrived in Wise to teach at Clinch Valley College, in 1970, he found some of the streams running black with mine wastes. The fish in a nearby reservoir had all died from high acidity. The local residents, taking their cue from the mine operators, seemed

*Coal was so much
cheaper than renewable
resources that it all
but eliminated them as
sources of electricity.*

to have lost all sense of land stewardship.

As with black lung, federal legislation forced mine operators to internalize some of the costs to the environment. Mine operators nowadays have to dig ponds to catch the water running off from their operations, and they must let sediment and heavy metals settle to the bottom rather than pollute the watershed. Strip-mine operators are required to try to restore the original contour of the land, replace the topsoil as best they can, seed it with grass and legumes, and return to plant trees.

Seen from a distance, these reclamation efforts look impressive. After a few weeks grass starts to sprout at a reclaimed strip-mine site. After a few years the grass is knee-high, and scrubby trees begin to grow. After fifteen years a properly reclaimed site might be covered with fescue, occasional wild daisies, and spindly pines. But this is not, of course, the vegetation of the original hillside, which might have combined oaks, hickories, and tulip poplars. And when Shelton scoops up a handful of dirt at a fifteen-year-old reclamation site, it is gray and gritty, unlike the black soil, thick with

worms and roots, that naturally occurs on an Appalachian ridge.

The streams also look better than they did twenty years ago. Bee Branch and the Guest River, the creeks that drain the hill-sides around Southmountain No. 3, sparkle in the sun. Their waters are clear and tasteless, and recent studies by biologists from Virginia Polytechnic Institute found that they have no acidity problem. But the streams support almost no fish. Shelton speculates that during spring rains enough settling ponds briefly overflow to fill the creeks temporarily with sediment, stuffing the gills of any fish and killing them off. The records of the local office of the Virginia Department of Mines, Minerals and Energy support his hypothesis. The office receives about ninety complaints a year about mines that have drainage problems or that illegally discharge effluent. Generally, if the mine operator fixes the problem, no further action is taken. By then, of course, the damage may be done.

But how to assess that damage? Shelton has heard from his father that before the First World War—that is, before ex-



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tensive mining—the mountain streams in southwestern Virginia ran so thick with bass that his Boy Scout troop, on a camping expedition, could poke sticks into a pool and gig them. But there are no records of a commercial fishing industry in the local histories Shelton has read and no lost revenues that an economist could confidently charge to coal mining. “The cost of lost fish?” he asks. “How do you count that sort of thing?”

As a ton of coal leaves Southmountain No. 3, the costs associated with it mount—and most of these costs do appear in the selling price. Trucks take the coal to a preparation plant that crushes it and washes away some of the sulfur and dirt. Then the owner of the preparation plant mixes it with coal from other mines, loads it into trains, and ships it to any of more than half a dozen utilities on the East Coast. The cost of preparation and shipment will more than double the internalized cost of the coal, to about \$46, by the time it reaches its customers.

Transport adds external costs as well. No one keeps statistics on the number of people hit by coal trains, but coal fills 27

percent of U.S. railroad freight cars and in 1991 there were 423 deaths involving freight trains at public grade crossings. Perhaps 200 trespassers on the tracks died when struck by freight trains. So, roughly gauged, coal’s external costs might include about 170 transport deaths a year.

TAKEN together, though, the external costs associated with mining and transporting coal would probably add no more than a dollar or two to the price per ton. It is after the coal arrives at a typical generating plant, like Potomac Electric Power Company’s Chalk Point Generating Station, in Maryland, that the external costs rise dramatically.

Chalk Point is a vast complex of buildings and conveyors, cooling towers and smokestacks, holding ponds and railroad tracks, designed to pulverize coal and blow it into a huge boiler, where it burns. The heat changes water from the Patuxent River into steam that turns generators that, among other things, help keep the lights burning in the White House.

Since opening Chalk Point, in 1964, Pepco has, under prodding from federal

*Emissions assessments
diminish coal’s attractive-
ness when utilities
weigh how to meet new
power demands.*

legislation, made two major changes that internalized some of the coal’s environmental costs. It added electrostatic precipitators to the boiler’s exhaust system. These capture more than 99 percent of the fly ash before it can escape, and Pepco buries the ash in a landfill. The utility also retired the original smokestacks and replaced them with higher stacks that disperse the exhaust over a wide area and reduce the risk to the health of those living in the immediate vicinity. But the high stacks do not reduce Chalk Point’s annual emissions: 50,000 tons of sulfur dioxide, 25,000 tons of nitrogen oxides, and five million tons of carbon dioxide. Debate



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rages over the assignment of costs to these gases.

Sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides are important precursors of acid rain, and electricity generation accounts for about a third of the nitrogen oxides and two thirds of the sulfur dioxide America emits each year. This means that coal causes about half the nation's acid rain. But whose coal? Pepco maintains that most of Chalk Point's sulfur dioxide blows over the ocean. Specific sources of sulfur dioxide cannot be tied to specific acidic raindrops.

Even if that were possible, it would be difficult to assess damages. The National Acid Precipitation Assessment Program, in an exhaustive survey completed in 1991, looked for damage ranging from

The cost of carbon dioxide is still more difficult to pinpoint. It is a greenhouse gas, and there is 25 percent more of it in the atmosphere than there was before the use of coal as a boiler fuel became widespread. But will that 25 percent significantly warm the global climate? And if it does, what damage will that cause? There is no consensus on those questions.

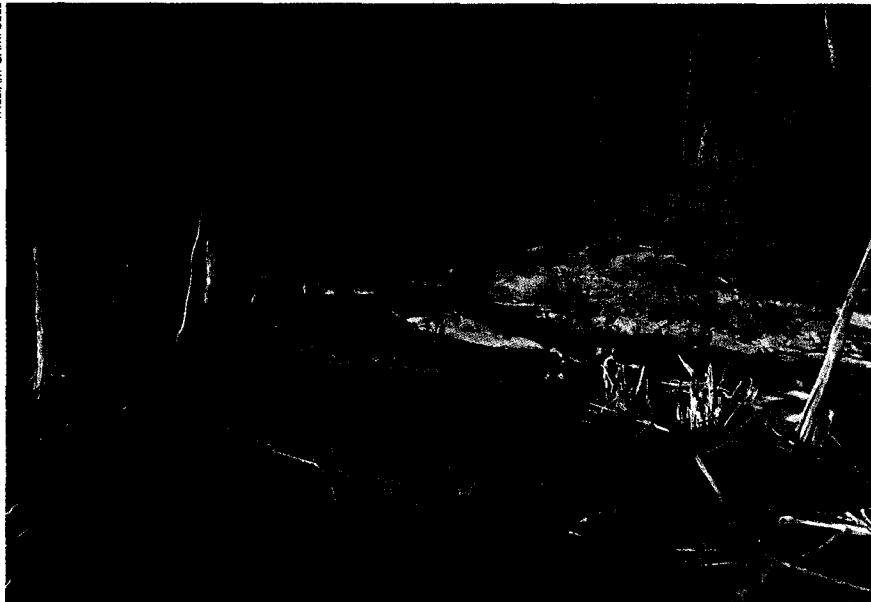
Nevertheless, beginning in the late 1980s the utilities commissions of several states decided that they wanted to take coal's external costs into account in their decisions about future sources of power. They used a cost that was calculable: the cost to reduce or eliminate a given emission. In a perfectly rational economic universe the damages caused by a particular

least fourteen other states have also tried to assess external costs. None has tried to add external costs directly to the consumer price. But they have directed the utilities in their areas to consider external costs, at least on paper, as they choose among possible new sources of power and present costs per kilowatt-hour to state review boards. Southern California Edison, for example, has been told by the California Public Utilities Commission to assume that in the unlikely event it wished to build a coal-fired plant in the area it serves, each ton of sulfur dioxide emitted would be assessed at \$23,490, each ton of nitrogen oxides at \$31,448, and each ton of carbon dioxide at \$33. Assessments are based on how far within the state's air-quality standards a region is; since southern California is already violating those standards, virtually all emissions from a new plant would have to be significantly reduced, and the costs would be very high. In Massachusetts the external-cost assessments are lower: \$1,700 per ton of sulfur dioxide, \$7,200 per ton of nitrogen oxides, and \$24 per ton of carbon dioxide.

Such assessments dramatically diminish coal's attractiveness as a generating fuel when utility companies weigh how to meet new demands for power. If Massachusetts external-cost assessments are used in an example, the ton of coal that costs \$20 at Southmountain No. 3 and \$46 delivered to the Chalk Point station will be priced instead at roughly \$200. Robin Walther, a senior economist at Southern California Edison, calculates that if the state utilities commission's highest external-cost estimates were added in, coal would cost seventeen or eighteen cents per kilowatt-hour rather than around 1.8 cents. Not surprisingly, Southern California Edison has taken the position that actual damages, rather than the price of controls, should be the basis for calculating external costs.

Other utilities back an alternative to external-cost assessment which was embodied in the 1990 Clean Air Act limitations on sulfur. Under this system utilities and factories will need federal permits for sulfur emissions that exceed a certain threshold. They can buy and sell the permits, and the market value of a permit to emit a ton of sulfur is deemed by many economists to be a substitute for an external-cost assessment, on the theory that utilities will bid up the price for a

WILLIAM CAMPBELL



Acidic waste from an abandoned mine seeps into its surroundings

crop failures to the corrosion of Civil War monuments. It found relatively little for which the blame could conclusively be placed on acid rain. Some lakes and streams at higher elevations in the East are too acidic to support fish. A few species of trees are suffering, mainly at higher altitudes. But other forest trees seem unaffected, and the fish problem, the study found, can largely be alleviated by periodically spreading lime in the affected lakes. Nitrogen oxides also contribute to the formation of ozone, a known irritant to the respiratory system. But all the diseases related to ozone have many potential causes. No one has devised a precise way to isolate an ozone precursor and attribute to it a definite number of asthma attacks or coughing spells.

source of pollution would always be calculable, and the cost of controlling or eliminating the pollutant would always be less than or equal to the cost of the damages. A utility would not, for instance, spend millions of dollars to overhaul a smokestack that caused paint to peel on a neighboring house. It would simply pay to repaint the house. In the real world, where it is impossible to calculate damages precisely, governments are quite capable of ordering control measures that cost more than the damages they are designed to stop. But for the moment states are using "control costs" to measure the external cost of coal.

California, a state with severe and persistent air-pollution problems, has led the way. New York, Massachusetts, and at

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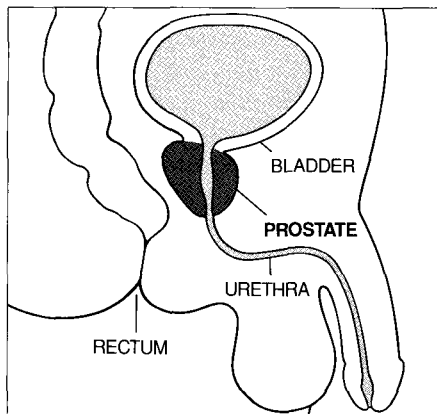
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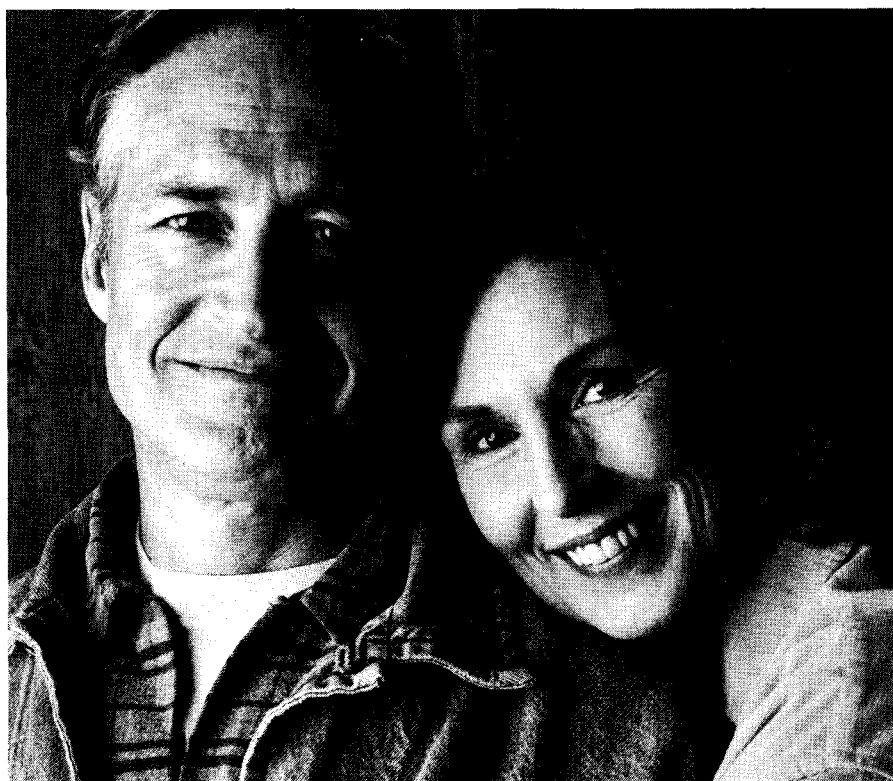
However, it is important to know the following: PROSCAR doesn't work for everyone. Even though the prostate shrinks, you may not see an improvement in urinary flow or symptoms. And you may need to take PROSCAR for 6 months or more to see whether it helps you.

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PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.

Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR if you have a medical condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. This occurs only in men.

Please read this information, as well as the leaflet which accompanies your medication, before you start taking PROSCAR. Also, read the leaflet each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROSCAR when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is BPH?

BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH

There are three main treatment options for BPH:

• **Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.

• **Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See "What PROSCAR does" below.

• **Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does

PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
- You may need to take PROSCAR for six (6) months or more to see whether it helps you.
- Even though you take PROSCAR and it may help you, it is not known whether PROSCAR reduces the need for surgery.

What you need to know while taking PROSCAR

• **You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.

• **About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause side effects. Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

Some men taking PROSCAR® (Finasteride) may have a decrease in the amount of semen released during sex. This decrease does not appear to interfere with normal sexual function.

You should discuss side effects with your doctor before taking PROSCAR and anytime you think you are having a side effect.

• **Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.

• **About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.

• A warning about PROSCAR and pregnancy.

PROSCAR is for use by MEN only.

PROSCAR is generally well tolerated in men. However, women who are pregnant, or women who could become pregnant, should avoid the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

If the active ingredient is absorbed by a woman who is pregnant with a male baby, it may cause the male baby to be born with abnormalities of the sex organs. Therefore, any woman who is pregnant or who could become pregnant must not come into direct contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

Two of the ways in which a woman might absorb the active ingredient in PROSCAR are:

Sexual contact. Your semen may contain a small amount of the active ingredient of the drug. If your partner is pregnant, or if you and your partner decide to have a baby, you must stop taking PROSCAR and talk to your doctor. If your partner could become pregnant, proper use of a condom can reduce the risk of exposing her to your semen (discuss this further with your doctor).

Handling broken tablets. Women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant must not handle broken tablets of PROSCAR.

PROSCAR tablets are coated to prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling. If this coating is broken, the tablets should not be handled by women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant.

If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR, a doctor should be consulted. Remember, these warnings apply only if the woman exposed to PROSCAR is pregnant or could become pregnant.

How to take PROSCAR

Follow your doctor's advice about how to take PROSCAR. You must take it every day. You may take it with or between meals. To avoid forgetting to take PROSCAR, it may be helpful to take it the same time every day.

Do not share PROSCAR with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep PROSCAR and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. IN ADDITION, TALK TO YOUR PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.



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permit to emit a ton of sulfur to a level just below the cost of eliminating that emission. Partly because sulfur emissions below the threshold level are free, the permit system promises to cost utilities far less than the external costs calculated by California and Massachusetts.

But under any external-cost scenario, coal's price advantage erodes. Natural gas becomes a more cost-efficient generating fuel, since it emits less sulfur. More important, renewable resources like geothermal energy, wind, and solar energy, at five to twelve cents per kilowatt-hour, suddenly become competitive, because they carry few or none of the external costs associated with coal.

FOR the moment the impact of these calculations remains theoretical. Demand for power has not grown much in the past few years, and utilities have met their needs largely by encouraging reductions in demand with programs that pay consumers to buy efficient light bulbs or sometimes forgo air-conditioning. Over time, though, the situation will change, as generating stations come due for replacement. A recent study by The AES Corporation, a consulting firm in Arlington, Virginia, predicted, using Massachusetts's external-cost estimates, that renewable resources could by the year 2010 account for as much as 50 percent of the country's new generation capacity, with coal dropping to 10 percent.

Much will depend on whether the federal government imposes on the states some kind of uniform requirement for external-cost calculations. If it does not, individual state utilities commissions will have to ponder the economic and political consequences of forcing their utilities to use more-expensive forms of power while neighboring states continue to rely on coal. The Reagan and Bush Administrations spent several billion dollars trying to develop new technologies to burn coal more cleanly. But a 1991 General Accounting Office study of that effort found major components over budget, behind schedule, and a long way from having an appreciable impact. The Clinton Administration's proposal for a Btu tax suggested a recognition of the principle that fossil fuels, particularly coal, have external costs. The rapid demise of the proposal suggests how difficult it will be to persuade the public to pay them wittingly. ♣

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Beyond Santa Fe

*An Apache-owned ski resort and
other surprises in a part of New Mexico
few visitors ever see*

FOR most of us, the word “Apache” does not immediately bring to mind snow and skiing. Or hospitality either, given the Apaches’ legendary reluctance a century and more ago to yield their homeland to aggressive newcomers. But today, on a tribal reservation in south-central New Mexico, Apaches are building a reputation in both areas.

It is just one of many agreeable sur-

prises in a little-known section of the state, 250 miles and fifty years away from the bustle of Albuquerque and the hustle of Santa Fe. Local people still like

by Les Daly

to refer to the Mescalero Apache Reservation and its environs as their “secret corner of the world.” On the map the area I’m talking about embraces Lincoln and Capitan on the north, and Ruidoso, Mescalero, Alamogordo, and Cloudcroft

on the south, and it reaches down to touch the dazzling White Sands National Monument. The variety and range of attractions here is exhilarating—and unexpected, because for the most part popular opinion holds that southern New Mexico is a motorists’ moonscape, a flat, hot desert stretch between Texas and Arizona. However, the area boasts two gracious hotels, each distinctive. There is the expansive, spectacularly set Inn of the Mountain Gods, owned, operated, and aptly named by the Mescalero Apaches. Just over the mountains to the south is the comfortably quirky Victorian-era Lodge at Cloudcroft, built by railroaders who came to explore and exploit the region.

The Inn of the Mountain Gods is a quietly sophisticated 250-room resort set 7,200 feet into the sky, where it is overlooked by the sacred 12,000-foot Sierra Blanca. Here you can ski all day in winter, play golf or tennis in the summer, ski

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and golf in the same day in the spring, and hunt elk and bear in the fall. You can also swim, ride a horse, or have a descendant of the tribe of Geronimo teach you how to use a bow and arrow. And you can dance, or gamble electronically in the casino, late into the night.

Most intriguing is something intangible: the quality of the hospitality. Yes, on occasion the staff may lack the cool efficiency you might expect in such a well-appointed place. Instead they show a disarming shyness, more a personal than an institutional softness around the edges.

"It's like wrapping a real pretty Indian blanket around you," Fredda Draper says. She is the inn's gentle general manager, one-fourth Choctaw, a former rodeo rider, who is possessed of a voice that can calm wild horses, not to mention the occasional unhappy guest. When I asked Fredda what separates the Inn of the Mountain Gods from other places to stay, she didn't talk about the big bright rooms, the ski slopes nearby, the six tennis courts, or the 6,800-yard par-seventy-two golf course, which has been rated one of the top twenty-five resort courses in the country. She didn't talk about the man-made trout-stocked lake that mirrors the inn and the Sierra Blanca. No, she just said softly, "Go around out there with Frizzell Frizzell and you'll know."

"What gets me is when I come to work on the golf course, I can sit here among the ducks and the birds and see all the wildlife out there," Frizzell Frizzell told me when I saw him later. The course's only boundaries are forests of Ponderosa pine and Douglas fir, white oak and juniper, with wild roses tangled at their feet. The world was silent except for Frizzell and a gallery of birds in the branches. After a reflective pause Frizzell continued, "The elk challenging each other to claim their harem tear up the greens so bad we sometimes can't even mow it. And in the hot summer months, out there on the fifth hole and the twelfth hole, you can see a bear that wants to cool off and take a swim. The wildlife have the right-of-way on this course. The golfers just stand and watch them and wait."

"We're all just competing with Mother Nature," he added, and in the air hung the

thought that trying for a tie would be enough. Born just down the road in Ruidoso (locally pronounced "Reea-doe-sah"), Frizzell is quietly proud to be the only Native American golf-course superintendent in the country, as far as he



knows, just as Fredda Draper is proud that half the thirty-six hotel departments she runs are managed by Native Americans. (For more information about the Inn of the Mountain Gods, where room rates range from \$95 to \$115 a night, call 800-545-9011.)

The tribe also owns and operates Ski Apache, about twenty miles from the inn and just 130 miles from the Mexican border. Despite its southern situation, Ski Apache gets about 180 inches of snow a year. "This mountain stops a lot of weather," says Roy Parker, who has run the facility for twenty-five years and who helped develop the fifty-three runs lacing the slopes. There are nine lifts and the only gondola in the state. The weather is supplemented by snow-making equipment on a third of the mountain, and the facility operates from Thanksgiving to Easter.

THIRTY miles from the Inn of the Mountain Gods is the village of Cloudcroft, in the pine forests of the Sacramento Mountains, which boasts the southernmost ski area in the country. Having made that point, the villagers will readily concede that the skiing is on a smaller scale than it is at Ski Apache; Cloudcroft is more a place for family fun. Its 9,200-foot altitude helps produce about 125 inches of snow a year; snow-making equipment has just been installed. There are twenty-six ski runs, a few miles of cross-country trails laid out across the lodge's nine-hole golf course, and ice-skating, among other winter sports, nearby.

But the leading attraction is the area's second fine hotel, the Lodge at Cloudcroft, a creaky, comfortable old inn, Bavarian on the outside, English on the inside, with wooden staircases, unexpected landings, and wandering floors all choosing their own levels. It also has an outdoor sauna and a heated pool with a whirlpool tub.

The lodge has just forty-seven rooms, and no two rooms, stairways, or hallways are alike. The staff likes to tell visitors that Clark Gable and Judy Garland stayed here; Agatha Christie would have felt right at home. The rooms are cozy, and some, cuddled up under the eaves, afford a view of the sun as it sets into the White Sands. This would be a nice place to have to endure a three-day snowfall. Snow, rain, or sunshine, some might choose the Governor's Suite, which is supposedly the favorite room of the lodge's resident spirit, Rebecca. She is said to have been red-haired, beautiful, and unfortunate enough to be found by her lumberjack lover in the arms of another man. Rebecca never stayed in this suite when she was alive—but all the governors of New Mexico have done so. (For more information about the Lodge at Cloudcroft, where room rates range from \$70 to \$110 and suites go for \$169–\$179, call 800-395-6343.)

IF you can bring yourself to leave these seductive settings, outside lies a varied world that, unlike many tourist areas, never offers the same kind of photo opportunity two days in a row. On a fifty-mile drive you can browse among pre-Columbian art works and space-age artifacts, learn legends of cowboys and criminals, witness Apache traditions, and partake of the natural beauty of white snowfields, White Sands, and wildlife.

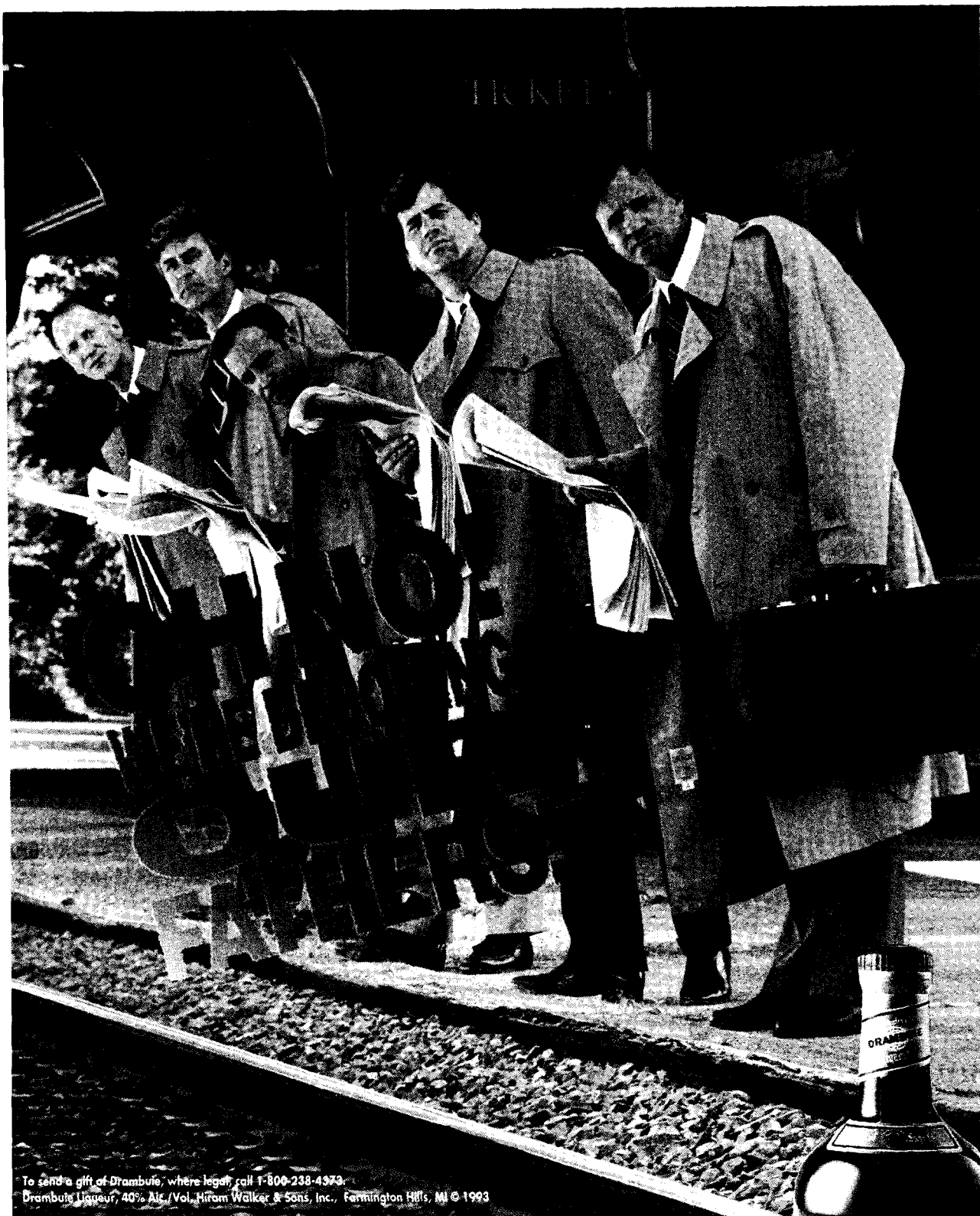
A visit to the Apache Cultural Center, in Mescalero, offers informal insight into the lives and times and traditions of the Apaches. When I stopped by, Ellyn Lathan, the curator, mentioned that over the next few days a young woman's coming-

of-age ceremony would be taking place in an isolated meadow known as White Tail. The elaborate family festival involves rituals early in the morning and late at night for four days; visitors are welcome to attend so long as they do not ask questions and do not take pictures. When I turned up at the

ceremony the next morning, the Apaches took no notice of me, but allowed me, like their tribal guests, to observe the ritual and even to share in the ceremonial feast that followed.

In Lincoln there's another culture. This





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one-street cowboy town was a shooting range for Billy the Kid, the patron saint of gang warfare. The five-day Lincoln County War was a clash in 1878 between gangs working for rival merchants. Billy was a hired gun for one side. He killed “a number” of people, among them at least two lawmen, and then made a famous escape from the county courthouse. His path remains well marked with bullet holes and speculative descriptions. The town is quiet now, and the lore of the war is served up in an oddly non-commercialized way, the point of which seems simply to be the prompting of a visitor's imagination.

Just up the road a few miles, at Capitan, is a lovely state park honoring another kind of American folk hero, Smokey Bear, who is now celebrating his fiftieth anniversary as the national symbol of wildfire prevention. The two-and-a-half-month-old cub that became Smokey was found here, in the Lincoln National Forest, clinging to a tree after a forest fire. When he recovered from his burns, he was drafted to represent the mythical Smokey, a patriotic Second World War-era character invented to help protect timber needed for the war effort. The small, neat museum in the park incorporates a surprising array of material, including garish wartime propaganda posters warning, “Careless Matches Aid the Axis.” Smokey Bear is buried here in a quiet garden.

Ruidoso, where West Texans come to escape the heat in the summer and to ski in the winter, could, if it tried, introduce the world to a lifestyle that might be called Tex-Swiss. It is full of alpine-looking motels and lodges to appeal to every budget, and cooking that is down-home, no matter where home might have been. It is also the site of Ruidoso Downs, the country's premier quarter-horse race-track. Here the right horse can sprint a quarter mile in twenty seconds or so and earn a million-dollar purse. Next door is the Museum of the Horse, dedicated to the role that the horse has played in the evolution of the West.

By visiting the Three Rivers Petroglyph Site, you can get an interesting view of what the West looked like before the horse got here. This desert outpost



lies along a well-marked ridge where Native Americans overlooking the valley about a thousand years ago seem to have passed the time by sketching on the rocks. Archaeologists haven't quite figured out the meanings of all the pictures.

As I stood on the ridge, I reflected that the mountains and the deserts around me probably looked much like what the earlier inhabitants saw when they sat in the same place and began to draw. The art includes etched masks, sunbursts, animals, strange geometric shapes, and some unknown human beings' very personal signatures, handprints, to remind us that they were here once too.

To the south, in a place called Sunspot, visitors can see a different kind of sunburst. The National Solar Observatory/Sacramento Peak is here; unlike star-watching observatories, it does most of its work in the daytime. There is a small, self-explanatory display, but more intriguing is that visitors can see what the telescope is showing—the continuously flailing activity on the surface of the sun. Then there is the International Space Hall of Fame, in the missile-testing community of Alamogordo, and, nearby, the breathtaking White Sands National Monument. (The New Mexico Department of Tourism has more information on all the various attractions of the region: write to the department at 491 Old Santa Fe Trail, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87503, or call 800-545-2070.)

An easy self-guided sixteen-mile driving tour will take you through the undulating dunes of snowlike gypsum at White Sands. The dunes, some of which are thirty feet high, are inviting to climb, and it is fascinating to wander among the surrealistic plant life that has adapted to this strange environment. In the heart of the dunes area the road itself is pure-white hard-packed gypsum, plowed in banks along the roadside like any winter highway. The park closes a half hour after sunset during the winter months. But from Memorial Day until Labor Day you may picnic among the dunes at sunset and tour the park until ten at night. It is, I thought, the place God must have been imagining when He created moonlight. ☼

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SINCE 1845

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CELEBRATE
A DAY.
GUARANTEED
TO LAST A
LIFETIME.

*Merry, merry, merry, merry,
merry, merry 12.25.93*



*Americans persist in thinking
that Adam Smith's rules for free trade are the
only legitimate ones. But today's fastest-growing economies are
using a very different set of rules. Once, we knew them—
knew them so well that we played by them, and won.
Now we seem to have forgotten*

How the World Works

by JAMES FALLOWS

IN Japan in the springtime of 1992 a trip to Hitotsubashi University, famous for its economics and business faculties, brought me unexpected good luck. Like several other Japanese universities, Hitotsubashi is almost heartbreaking in its cuteness. The road from the station to the main campus is lined with cherry trees, and my feet stirred up little puffs of white petals. Students glided along on their bicycles, looking as if they were enjoying the one stress-free moment of their lives.

They probably were. In surveys huge majorities of students say that they study “never” or “hardly at all” during their university careers. They had enough of that in high school.

I had gone to Hitotsubashi to interview a professor who was making waves. Since the end of the Second World War, Japanese diplomats and businessmen have acted as if the American economy should be the model for Japan's own industrial growth. Not only should Japanese industries try to catch up with America's lead in technology and production but also the nation should evolve toward a standard of economic maturity set by the United States. Where Japan's economy differed from the American model—for instance, in close

alliances between corporations which U.S. antitrust laws would forbid—the difference should be considered temporary, until Japan caught up.

Through the 1980s a number of foreign observers challenged this assumption, saying that Japan's economy might not necessarily become more like America's with the passing years. Starting in 1990 a number of Japanese businessmen and scholars began publicly saying the same thing, suggesting that Japan's business system might be based on premises different from those that prevailed in the West. Professor Iwao Nakatani, the man I went to Hitotsubashi to meet, was one of the most respected members of this group, and I spent the afternoon listening to his argument while, through the window, I watched petals drifting down.

On the way back to the station I saw a bookstore sign advertising Western-language books for sale. I walked to the back of the narrow store and for the thousandth time felt both intrigued and embarrassed by the consequences of the worldwide spread of the English language. In row upon row sat a jumble of books that had nothing in common except that they were published in English. Self-help manuals by Zig Ziglar. Bodice-rippers from the Harlequin series. A Betty Crocker cookbook. The complete works of Sigmund Freud. One book by, and another about, Friedrich List.

Friedrich List! For at least five years I'd been scanning used-book stores in Japan and America looking for just these books, having had no luck in English-language libraries. I'd scoured stores in Taiwan that specialized in pirated reprints of English-language books for about a tenth their original cost. I'd called the legendary Strand bookstore, in Manhattan, from my home in Kuala Lumpur, begging them to send me a note about the success of their search (it failed) rather than make me wait on hold. In all that time these were the first books by or about List I'd actually laid eyes on.

One was a biography, by a professor in the north of England. The other was a translation, by the same professor, of a short book List had written in German. Both were slim volumes, which, judging by the dust on their covers, had been on the shelf for years. I gasped when I opened the first book's cover and saw how high the price was—9,500 yen, about \$75. For the set? I asked hopefully. No, apiece, the young woman running the store told me. Books are always expensive in Japan, but even so this seemed steep. No doubt the books had been priced in the era when one dollar was worth twice as many yen as it was by the time I walked into the store. I opened my wallet, pulled out a 10,000-yen note, took my change and the biography, and left the store. A few feet down the sidewalk I turned around, walked back to the store, and used the rest of my money to buy the other book. I would always have regretted passing it up.

WHY Friedrich List? The more I had heard about List in the preceding five years, from economists in Seoul and Osaka and Tokyo, the more I had wondered why I had virtually never heard of him while studying economics in England and the United States. By the time I saw his books in the shop beneath the cherry trees, I had come to think of him as the dog that didn't bark. He illustrated the strange self-selectivity of Anglo-American thinking about economics.

I emphasize "Anglo-American" because in this area the United Kingdom and the United States are like each other and different from most of the rest of the world. The two countries have dominated world politics for more than a century, and the dominance of the English language lets them ignore what is being said and thought overseas—and just how isolated they have become. The difference shows up this way: The Anglo-American system of politics and econom-

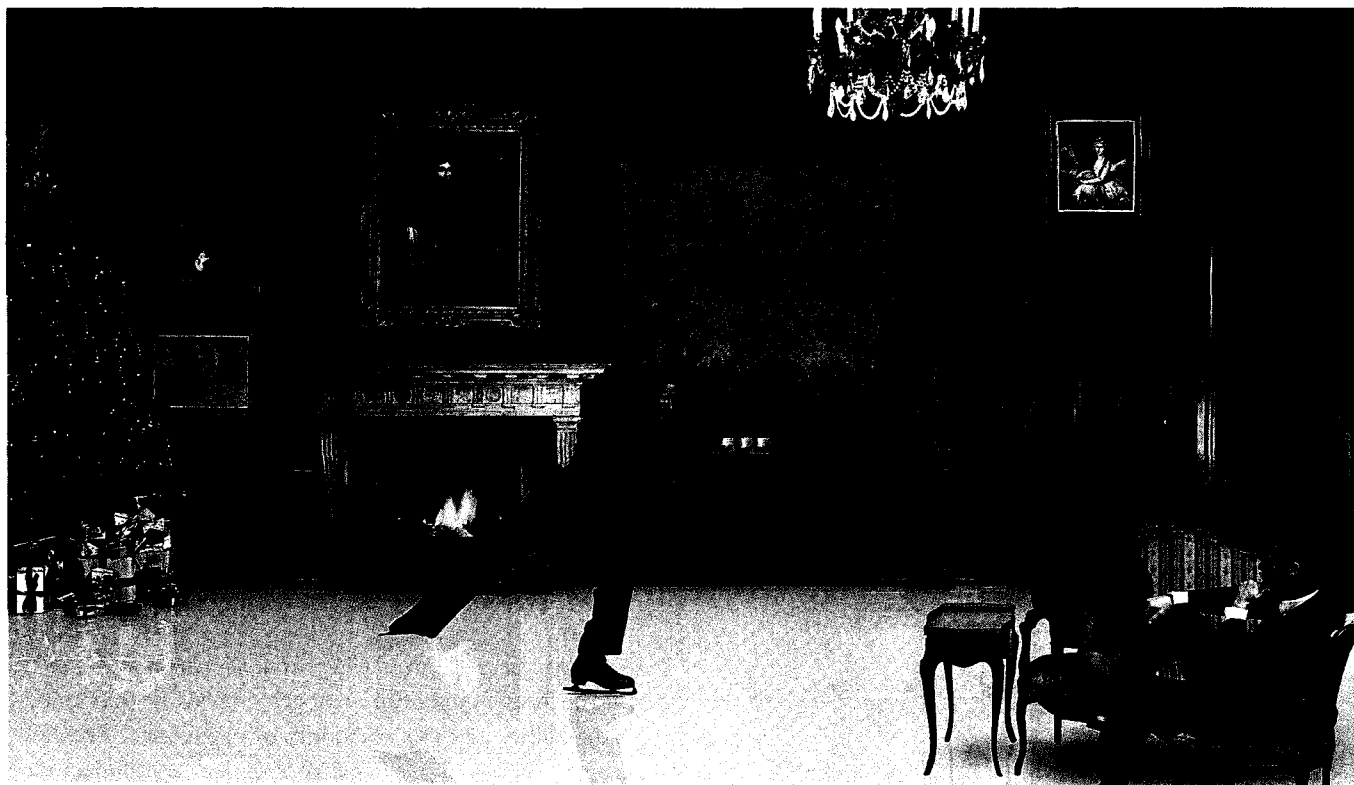
ics, like any system, rests on certain principles and beliefs. But rather than acting as if these are the best principles, or the ones their societies prefer, Britons and Americans often act as if these were the *only possible* principles and no one, except in error, could choose any others. Political economics becomes an essentially religious question, subject to the standard drawback of any religion—the failure to understand why people outside the faith might act as they do.

To make this more specific: Today's Anglo-American world view rests on the shoulders of three men. One is Isaac Newton, the father of modern science. One is Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the father of liberal political theory. (If we want to keep this purely Anglo-American, John Locke can serve in his place.) And one is Adam Smith, the father of laissez-faire economics. From these founding titans come the principles by which advanced society, in the Anglo-American view, is supposed to work. A society is supposed to understand the laws of nature as Newton outlined them. It is supposed to recognize the paramount dignity of the individual, thanks to Rousseau, Locke, and their followers. And it is supposed to recognize that the most prosperous future for the greatest number of people comes from the free workings of the market. So Adam Smith taught, with axioms that were enriched by David Ricardo, Alfred Marshall, and the other giants of neoclassical economics.

The most important thing about this summary is the moral equivalence of the various principles. Isaac Newton worked in the realm of fundamental science. Without saying so explicitly, today's British and American economists act as if the economic principles they follow had a similar hard, provable, undebatable basis. If you don't believe in the laws of physics—actions create reactions, the universe tends toward greater entropy—you are by definition irrational. And so with economics. If you don't accept the views derived from Adam Smith—that free competition is ultimately best for all participants, that protection and interference are inherently wrong—then you are a flat-earthier.

Outside the United States and Britain the matter looks quite different. About science there is no dispute. "Western" physics is the physics of the world. About politics there is more debate: with the rise of Asian economies some Asian political leaders, notably Lee Kuan Yew, of Singapore, and several cautious figures in Japan, have in effect been saying that Rousseau's political philosophy is not necessarily the world's philosophy. Societies may work best, Lee and others have said, if they pay less attention to the individual and more to the welfare of the group.

But the difference is largest when it comes to economics. In the non-Anglophone world Adam Smith is merely one of several theorists who had important ideas about organizing economies. In most of East Asia and continental Europe the study of economics is less theoretical than in England and America (which is why English-speakers monopolize Nobel Prizes) and more geared toward solving business problems.



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In Japan economics has in effect been considered a branch of geopolitics—that is, as the key to the nation's strength or vulnerability in dealing with other powers. From this practical-minded perspective English-language theorists seem less useful than their challengers, such as Friedrich List.

Two Clashing World Views

BRITONS and Americans tend to see the past two centuries of economics as one long progression toward rationality and good sense. In 1776 Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations* made the case against old-style mercantilism, just as the Declaration of Independence made the case against old-style feudal and royal domination. Since then more and more of the world has come to the correct view—or so it seems in the Anglo-American countries. Along the way the world has met such impediments as neo-mercantilism, radical unionism, sweeping protectionism, socialism, and, of course, communism. One by one the worst threats have given way. Except for a few lamentable areas of backslid-

ing, the world has seen the wisdom of Adam Smith's ways.

Yet during this whole time there has been an alternative school of thought. The Enlightenment philosophers were not the only ones to think about how the world should be organized. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the Germans were also active—to say nothing of the theorists at work in Tokugawa Japan, late imperial China, czarist Russia, and elsewhere.

The Germans deserve emphasis—more than the Japanese, the Chinese, the Russians, and so on—because many of their philosophies endure. These did not take root in England or America, but they were carefully studied, adapted, and applied in parts of Europe and Asia, notably Japan. In place of Rousseau and Locke the Germans offered Hegel. In place of Adam Smith they had Friedrich List.

The German economic vision differs from the Anglo-American in many ways, but the crucial differences are these:

■ “Automatic” growth versus deliberate development.

The Anglo-American approach emphasizes the unpredictability and unplannability of economics. Technologies change. Tastes change. Political and human circumstances change. And because life is so fluid, attempts at central planning are virtually doomed to fail. The best way to “plan,” therefore, is to leave the adaptation to the people who have their own money at stake. These are the millions of entrepreneurs who make up any country's economy. No planning agency could have better information than they about the direction things are moving, and no one could have a stronger incentive than those who hope to make a profit and avoid a loss. By the logic of the Anglo-American system, if each individual does what is best for him or her, the result will be what is best for the nation as a whole.

Although List and others did not use exactly this term, the German school was more concerned with “market failures.” In the language of modern economics these are the cases in which normal market forces produce a clearly undesirable result. The standard illustration involves pollution. If the law allows factories to dump pollutants into the air or water, then every factory will do so. Otherwise, their competitors will have lower costs and will squeeze them out. This “rational” behavior will leave everyone worse off. The answer to such a market failure is for the society—that is, the government—to set standards that all factories must obey.

Friedrich List and his best-known American counterpart,

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Alexander Hamilton, argued that industrial development entailed a more sweeping sort of market failure. Societies did not automatically move from farming to small crafts to major industries just because millions of small merchants were making decisions for themselves. If every person put his money where the return was greatest, the money might not automatically go where it would do the nation the most good. For it to do so required a plan, a push, an exercise of central power. List drew heavily on the history of his times—in which the British government deliberately encouraged British manufacturing and the fledgling American government deliberately discouraged foreign competitors.

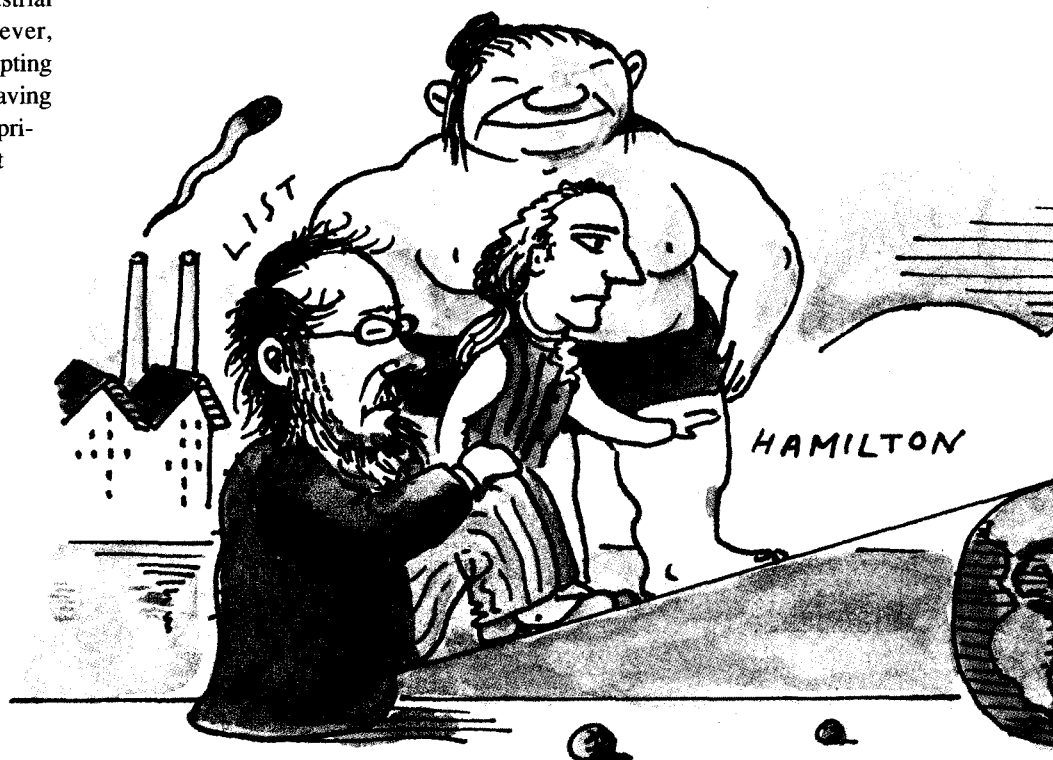
This is the gist of List's argument, from *The Natural System of Political Economy*, which he wrote in five weeks in 1837:

The cosmopolitan theorists [List's term for Smith and his ilk] do not question the importance of industrial expansion. They assume, however, that this can be achieved by adopting the policy of free trade and by leaving individuals to pursue their own private interests. They believe that in such circumstances a country will automatically secure the development of those branches of manufacture which are best suited to its own particular situation. They consider that government action to stimulate the establishment of industries does more harm than good. . . .

The lessons of history justify our opposition to the assertion that states reach economic maturity most rapidly if left to their own devices. A study of the origin of various branches of manufacture reveals that industrial growth may often have been due to chance. It may be chance that leads certain individuals to a particular place to foster the expansion of an industry that was once small and insignificant—just as seeds blown by chance by the wind may sometimes grow into big trees. But the growth of industries is a process that may take hundreds of years to complete and one should not ascribe to sheer chance what a nation has achieved through its laws and institutions. In England Edward III created the manufacture of woolen cloth and Elizabeth founded the mercantile marine and foreign trade. In France Colbert was responsible for all that a great power needs to develop its economy. Following these examples every responsible

government should strive to remove those obstacles that hinder the progress of civilisation and should stimulate the growth of those economic forces that a nation carries in its bosom.

■ *Consumers versus producers.* The Anglo-American approach assumes that the ultimate measure of a society is its level of consumption. Competition is good, because it kills off producers whose prices are too high. Killing them off is good, because more-efficient suppliers will give the consumer a better deal. Foreign trade is very good, because it means that the most efficient suppliers in the whole world will be able to



compete. It doesn't even matter why competitors are willing to sell for less. They may really be more efficient; they may be determined to dump their goods for reasons of their own. In either case the consumer is better off. He has the ton of steel, the cask of wine, or—in today's terms—the car or computer that he might have bought from a domestic manufacturer, plus the money he saved by buying foreign goods.

In the Friedrich List view, this logic leads to false conclusions. In the long run, List argued, a society's well-being and its overall wealth are determined not by what the society can buy but by what it can make. This is the corollary of the fa-

miliar argument about foreign aid: Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day. Teach him how to fish and you feed him for his life.

List was not concerned here with the morality of consumption. Instead he was interested in both strategic and material well-being. In strategic terms nations ended up being dependent or independent according to their ability to make things for themselves. Why were Latin Americans, Africans, and Asians subservient to England and France in the nineteenth century? Because they could not make the machines and weapons Europeans could.



In material terms a society's wealth over the long run is greater if that society also controls advanced activities. That is, if you buy the ton of steel or cask of wine at bargain rates this year, you are better off, as a consumer, right away. But over ten years, or fifty, you and your children may be stronger as both consumers and producers if you learn how to make the steel and wine yourself. If you can make steel rather than just being able to buy it, you'll be better able to make machine tools. If you're able to make machine tools, you'll be better able to make engines, robots, airplanes. If you're able to make engines and robots and airplanes, your children

and grandchildren will be more likely to make advanced products and earn high incomes in the decades ahead.

The German school argued that emphasizing consumption would eventually be self-defeating. It would bias the system away from wealth creation—and ultimately make it impossible to consume as much. To use a homely analogy: One effect of getting regular exercise is being able to eat more food, just as an effect of steadily rising production is being able to consume more. But if people believe that the reason to get exercise is to permit themselves to eat more, rather than for longer-term benefits, they will behave in a

different way. List's argument was that developing productive power was in itself a reward. "The forces of production are the tree on which wealth grows," List wrote in another book, called *The National System of Political Economy*.

The tree which bears the fruit is of greater value than the fruit itself. . . . The prosperity of a nation is not . . . greater in the proportion in which it has amassed more wealth (ie, values of exchange), but in the proportion in which it has more *developed its powers of production*.

■ *Process versus result.* In economics and politics alike the Anglo-American theory emphasizes how the game is played, not who wins or loses. If the rules are fair, then the best candidate will win. If you want better politics or a stronger economy, you should concentrate on reforming the rules by which political and economic struggles are waged. Make sure everyone can vote; make sure everyone can bring new products to market. Whatever people choose under those fair rules will by definition be the best result. Abraham Lincoln or Warren Harding, Shakespeare or *Penthouse*—in a fair

system whatever people choose will be right.

The government's role, according to this outlook, is not to tell people how they should pursue happiness or grow rich. Rather, its role is that of referee—making sure no one cheats or bends the rules of "fair play," whether by voter fraud in the political realm or monopoly in the economic.

In the late twentieth century the clearest practical illustration of this policy has been the U.S. financial market. The government is actively involved—but only to guard the process, not to steer the results. It runs elaborate sting operations to try to prevent corporate officials from trading on in-

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These are all ways of ensuring that the market will “get prices right,” as economists say, so that investments will flow to the best possible uses. Beyond that it is up to the market to decide where the money goes. Short-term loans to cover the budget deficits in Mexico or the United States? Fine. Long-term investments in cold-fusion experimentation? Fine. The market will automatically assign each prospect the right price. If fusion engines really would revolutionize the world, then investors will voluntarily risk their money there.

The German view is more paternalistic. People might not automatically choose the best society or the best use of their money. The state, therefore, must be concerned with both the process and the result. Expressing an Asian variant of the German view, the sociologist Ronald Dore has written that the Japanese—“like all good Confucianists”—believe that “you cannot get a decent, moral society, not even an efficient society, simply out of the mechanisms of the market powered by the motivational fuel of self-interest.” So, in different words, said Friedrich List.

■ *Individuals versus the nation.* The Anglo-American view focuses on how individuals fare as consumers and on how the whole world fares as a trading system. But it does not really care about the intermediate levels between one specific human being and all five billion—that is, about communities and nations.

This criticism may seem strange, considering that Adam Smith called his mighty work *The Wealth of Nations*. It is true that Smith was more of a national-defense enthusiast than most people who now invoke his name. For example, he said that the art of war was the “noblest” of the arts, and he approved various tariffs that would keep defense-related industries strong—which in those days meant sailcloth making. He also said that since defense “is of much more importance than opulence, the act of navigation is, perhaps, the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England.” This “act of navigation” was, of course, the blatantly protectionist legislation designed to restrict the shipment of goods going to and from England mostly to English ships.

Still, the assumption behind the Anglo-American model is that if you take care of the individuals, the communities and nations will take care of themselves. Some communities will suffer, as dying industries and inefficient producers go down, but other communities will rise. And as for nations as a whole, outside the narrow field of national defense they are not presumed to have economic interests. There is no general “American” or “British” economic interest beyond the

welfare of the individual consumers who happen to live in America or Britain.

The German view is more concerned with the welfare, indeed sovereignty, of people in groups—in communities, in nations. This is its most obvious link with the Asian economic strategies of today. Friedrich List fulminated against the “cosmopolitan theorists,” like Adam Smith, who ignored the fact that people lived in nations and that their welfare depended to some degree on how their neighbors fared. In the real world happiness depends on more than how much money you take home. If the people around you are also comfortable (though, ideally, not as comfortable as you), you are happier and safer than if they are desperate. This, in brief, is the case that today’s Japanese make against the American economy: American managers and professionals live more opulently than their counterparts in Japan, but they have to guard themselves, physically and morally, against the down-and-out people with whom they share the country.

In the German view, the answer to this predicament is to pay explicit attention to the welfare of the nation. If a consumer has to pay 10 percent more for a product made by his neighbors than for one from overseas, it will be worse for him in the short run. But in the long run, and in the broadest definitions of well-being, he might be better off. As List wrote in *The National System of Political Economy*,

Between each individual and entire humanity, however, stands the NATION, with its special language and literature, with its peculiar origin and history, with its special manners and customs, laws and institutions, with the claims of all these for existence, independence, perfection, and continuance for the future, and with its separate territory; a society which, united by a thousand ties of mind and of interests, combines itself into one independent whole.

Economic policies, in the German view, will be good or bad depending on whether they take into account this national economic interest. Which leads to

■ *Business as peace versus business as war.* By far the most uplifting part of the Anglo-American view is the idea that everyone can prosper at once. Before Adam Smith, the Spanish and Portuguese mercantilists viewed world trade as a kind of battle. What I won, you lost. Adam Smith and David Ricardo demonstrated that you and I could win at the same time. If I bought your wine and you bought my wool, we would both have more of what we wanted, for the same amount of work. The result would be the economist’s classic “positive sum” interaction. Your well-being and my well-being added together would be greater than they were before our trade.

The Germans had a more tragic, or “zero sum”—like, conception of how nations dealt with each other. Some won; others lost. Economic power often led to political power, which in turn let one nation tell others what to do. Since the Second World War, American politicians have often said that their trading goal is a “level playing field” for competition around the world. This very image implies a horizontal relationship

among nations, in which they all good-naturedly joust as more or less equal rivals. "These horizontal metaphors are fundamentally misleading," the American writer John Judis has written in the magazine *In These Times*.

Instead of being grouped horizontally on a flat field, nations have always been organized vertically in a hierarchical division of labor. The structure of the world economy more accurately resembles a pyramid or a cone rather than a plane. In the 17th century, the Dutch briefly stood atop the pyramid. Then, after a hundred year transition during which the British and French vied for supremacy, the British emerged in 1815 as the world's leading industrial and financial power, maintaining their place through the end of the century. Then, after about a forty-year transition, the U.S. came out of World War II on top of the pyramid. Now we are in a similar period of transition from which it is likely, after another two decades, that Japan will emerge as the leading industrial power.

The same spirit and logic run through List's arguments. Trade is not just a game. Over the long sweep of history some nations lose independence and control of their destiny if they fall behind in trade. Therefore nations must think about it strategically, not just as a matter of where they can buy the cheapest shirt this week.

In *The Natural System of Political Economy*, List included

a chapter on this theme, "The Dominant Nation." Like many other things written about Britain in the nineteenth century, it makes bittersweet reading for twentieth-century Americans. "England's manufactures are based upon highly efficient political and social institutions, upon powerful machines, upon great capital resources, upon an output larger than that of all other countries, and upon a complete network of internal transport facilities," List said of the England of the 1830s, as many have said of the United States of the 1950s and 1960s.

A nation which makes goods more cheaply than anyone else and possesses immeasurably more capital than anyone else is able to grant its customers more substantial and longer credits than anyone else. . . . By accepting or by excluding the import of their raw materials and other products, England—all powerful as a manufacturing and commercial country—can confer great benefits or inflict great injuries upon nations with relatively backward economies.

This is what England lost when it lost "dominance," and what Japan is gaining now.

■ *Morality versus power.* By now the Anglo-American view has taken on a moral tone that was embryonic when Adam Smith wrote his book. If a country disagrees with the Anglo-American axioms, it doesn't just disagree: it is a "cheater." Japan "cheats" the world trading system by protecting its rice farmers. America "cheats" with its price supports for

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gowns. Her buried body

has no use for it and those
who dissect it will never find
what interrupted its perfect beat.
That part is caught elsewhere
in the unknown, like the mystery
of why she bound herself

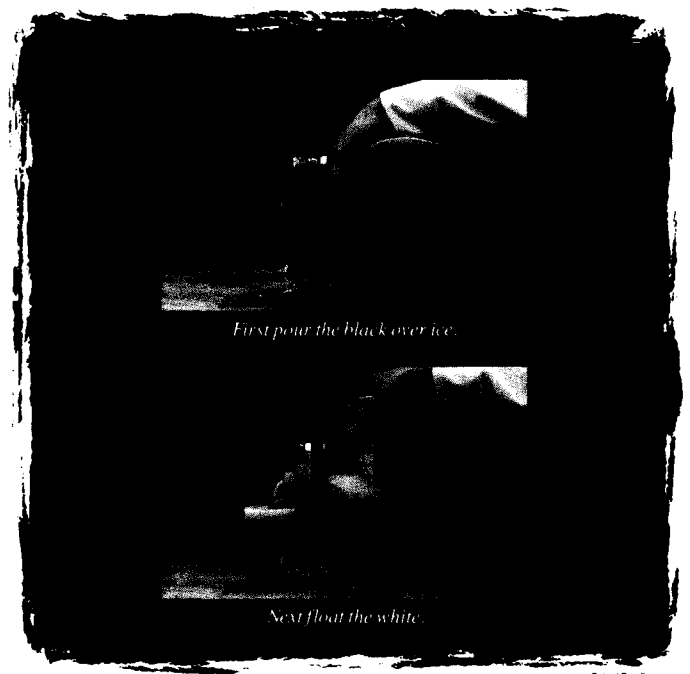
to the phone, dialed his number
over and over. How flushed
she was against the flat rings,
and when he finally answered—
out of breath from the rush
of someone else's touch—

there was nothing left
for him to give into
the receiver, and her heart
lost the rhythm it possessed
before she ever knew his voice.
Now it thaws

in the laboratory
as if it will share
its secret, and a pathologist
cuts into it—eager,
like a lover whose dream has died
and who keeps looking
for what killed it.

—SUSAN HAHN

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**IN ECONOMICS AND POLITICS ALIKE ANGLO-AMERICAN THEORY
EMPHASIZES HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED, NOT WHO WINS OR LOSES.
IF THE RULES ARE FAIR, THE BEST CANDIDATE WILL WIN.**

sugar-beet growers and its various other restrictions on trade. Malaysia “cheated” by requiring foreign investors to take on local partners. And on and on. If the rules of the trading system aren’t protected from such cheating, the whole system might collapse and bring back the Great Depression.

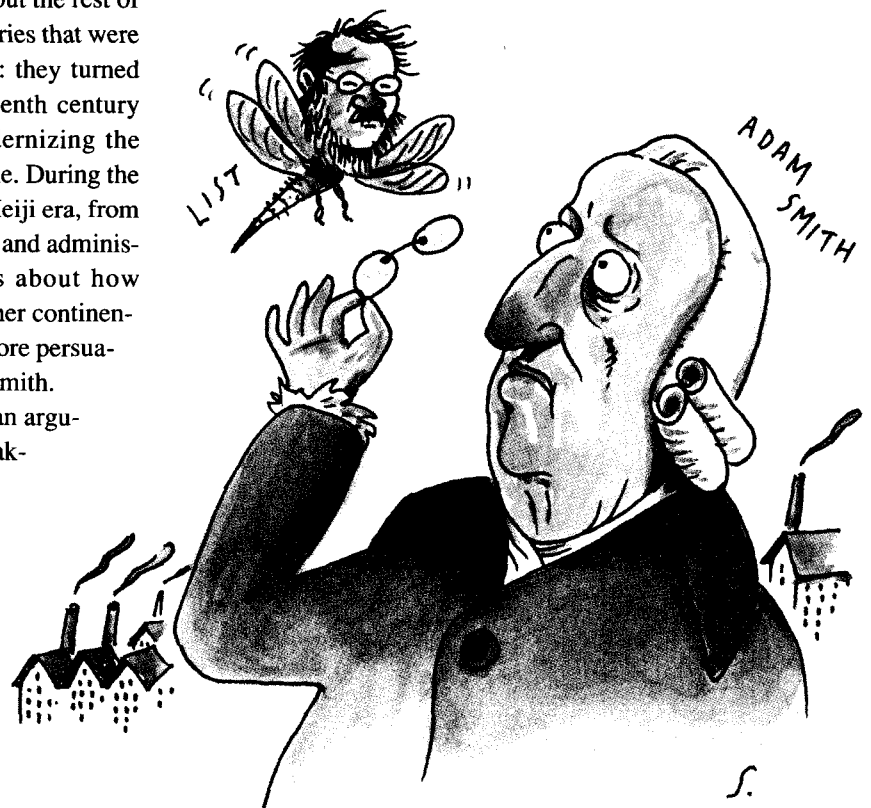
In the German view, economics is not a matter of right or wrong, or cheating or playing fair. It is merely a matter of strong or weak. The gods of trade will help those who help themselves. No code of honor will defend the weak, as today’s Latin Americans and Africans can attest. If a nation decides to help itself—by protecting its own industries, by discriminating against foreign products—then that is a decision, not a sin.

Wishing Away Reality

WHY bring the Germans into it? Because they had a lasting effect—outside the Anglo-American bloc. With the arrival of Commodore Matthew Perry and his American warships in 1853, the Japanese realized that the Western world had far outstripped them in both commercial and military technology. Throughout the rest of Asia were examples of what happened to countries that were weaker than the Europeans or the Americans: they turned into colonies. Through the rest of the nineteenth century Japan’s leaders devoted themselves to modernizing the country, so that it would no longer be vulnerable. During the decades of sustained creativity known as the Meiji era, from 1868 to 1912, Japanese scholars, industrialists, and administrators carefully studied Western theories about how economies grew. In the writings of List and other continental theorists they found a set of prescriptions more persuasive than the laissez-faire teachings of Adam Smith.

The most important part of the German-Asian argument is its near invisibility in the English-speaking world, especially the United States. The problem is not that Americans don’t accept the German analysis: in many ways it is flawed. The problem is that they don’t know that it exists. For instance, a popular dictionary of economics, edited by American and British economists and published in 1991, has a long explanation of the Laffer curve but no mention of List.

Some “real” economists are not quite so closed-minded. Since at least the early 1980s economists at several American universities have, in essence, rediscovered Friedrich List. (But not at all universities. In 1992 Robert Wade, the author of the influential book *Governing the Market*, went looking in the MIT library for List’s work. Wade previously had been teaching in Korea, and there he had found plenty of copies of List’s works in every campus bookstore. But in the catalogue of MIT’s vast library system Wade found an entry for just a single volume by List, *The National System of Political Economy*, in an edition published in 1885. When Wade finally obtained the book, he found that it had last been checked out in 1966.) They have examined more and more failures in the Anglo-American model. They have found more and more evidence that “cheating,” in the form of protectionism, can increase a nation’s wealth. But very little of this news has trickled down to the realms where economics is usually discussed—newspaper editorials, TV talk shows, and the other forms of punditry that define reasonable and unreasonable ideas. When Americans talk about wealth, poverty, and their





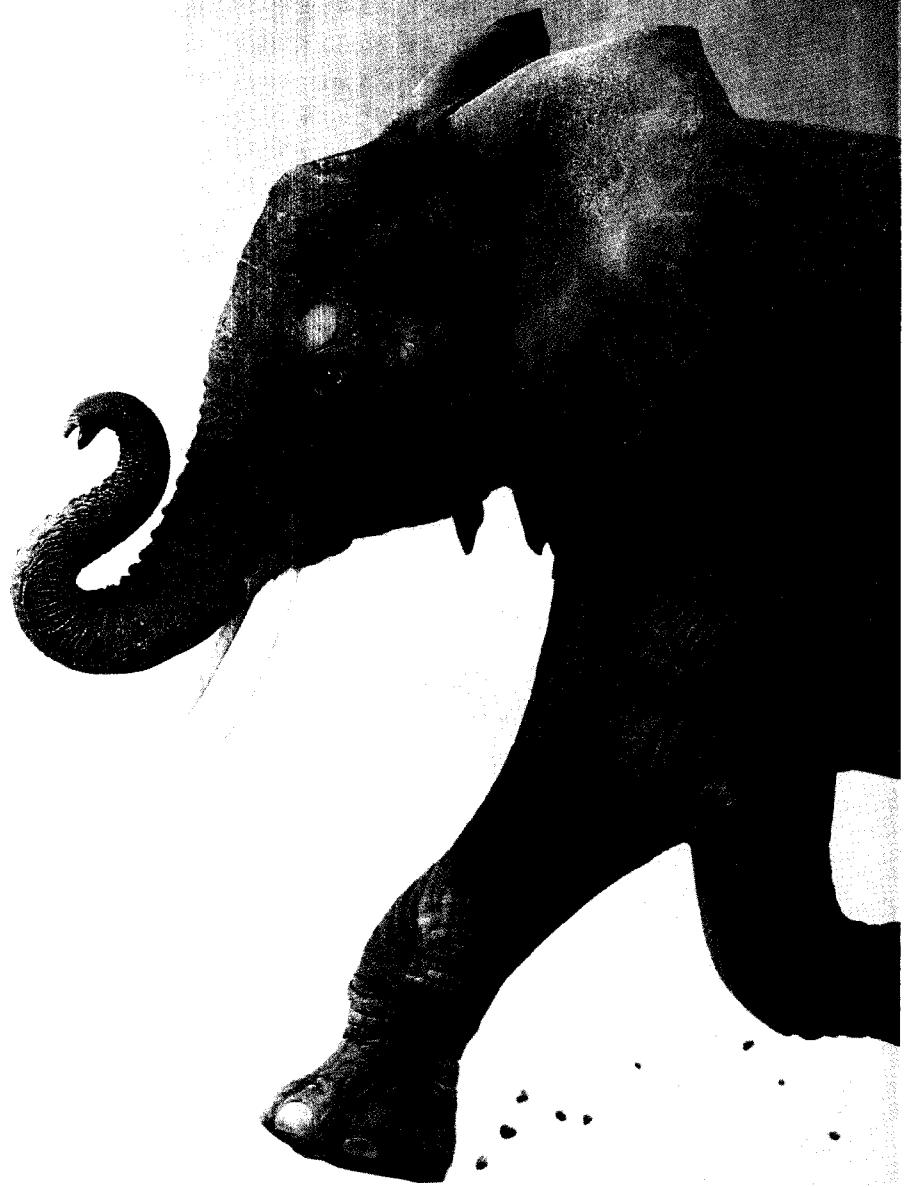
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nation's place in the world, they often act as if Adam Smith's theories were the only theories still in play.

After the World Bank's meeting in Bangkok in 1991 an editorial writer for *The Wall Street Journal* proclaimed that "with a few sickly exceptions, such as the decaying Communist holdouts of China and Vietnam, it seems that the ideas of Adam Smith, of Alfred Marshall, of Milton Friedman, have triumphed. We are all capitalists now."

This is true only if we accept the most vulgar and imprecise statement of what being a capitalist means. The economies that have grown most impressively over the past generation—from Germany to Thailand to Korea to Japan—all certainly believe in competition. Toyota and Nissan grow strong fighting each other. Daewoo and Hyundai compete on products from cars to computers to washing machines. But it would be very hard to find a businessman or an official in these countries who would say, with a straight face, that these industries grew "automatically" or in a "natural" way.

Two years ago another *Wall Street Journal* item, this one a review of a book on trade, said,

[The author] puts it well: "The benefits of unilaterally adopting free trade now are greater than the benefits of multilateral adoption of free trade ten or fifteen years from now." Ask Hong Kong, which has totally shunned retaliation and not coincidentally has had the highest growth rate in the world over the past three decades.

Yes, indeed—ask Hong Kong. Since the end of the Second World War its policy has generally been laissez-faire. Compared with the rest of Asia, Hong Kong interferes less, plans less, and leaves market forces more on their own. What has been the result? During the 1980s the real earnings of Hong Kong's people rose more slowly than those of the people of Korea, Singapore, Thailand, and Taiwan. It is a busy, bustling entrepôt of merchants, especially those handling commerce in and out of China. But as an industrial center it is falling behind its neighbors.

In the mid-1980s David Aikman, a journalist for *Time*, wrote a book about the "miracle" economies of Asia. The successes of Taiwan and Hong Kong, he wrote, "demonstrate just how faithful, consciously or not, the rulers of these two countries have been to American conceptions of free enterprise."

Despite Hong Kong's lack of regulations, though, and despite the small businesses that abound in Taiwan, to say that either of these places behaves in an "American" way is to drain the term of all meaning. For example, as late as 1987 most imports of steel into Taiwan had to be approved by the nation's big steel maker, China Steel. The United States, too, protects its steel industry, but this is presumably not what the author meant in saying that Taiwan had been "faithful" to American concepts of free enterprise.

"There is a great deal of misinformation abroad about the trade regimes of [Taiwan and Korea], misinformation which is cultivated by the governments to conceal how much real

protection there has been," the economist Robert Wade wrote in an exhaustive study that concentrated on Taiwan and rebutted virtually everything in Aikman's book.

East Asian trade regimes are inconsistent in important ways with even a modified version of the standard economist's account of what a good trade regime looks like. . . . It is amazing and even scandalous that the distinguished academic theorists of trade policy . . . have not tried to reconcile these facts about East Asian trade regimes with their core prescriptions [emphasis added]. . . .

Anyone who reads American or British newspapers or listens to political speeches in English could provide other examples. But they're not necessary. The Anglo-American theories have obviously won the battle of ideas—when that battle is carried out in English. The concepts of consumer welfare, comparative advantage, and freest possible trade now seem not like concepts but like natural laws. But these concepts are detached from historical experience.

When We Acted the Way They Do

IN 1991 the economic historian William Lazonick published an intriguing book, *Business Organization and the Myth of the Market Economy*. It examined the way industrial economies had behaved during the years when they became strongest—England in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the United States in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and Japan from the late nineteenth century on.

These countries varied in countless ways, of course. The United Kingdom had a huge empire; the United States had a huge frontier; Japan had the advantage of applying technology the others had invented. Yet these success stories had one common theme, Lazonick showed. None of the countries conformed to today's model of "getting prices right" and putting the consumer's welfare first. All had to "cheat" somehow to succeed.

Friedrich List had railed on about exactly this point in the 1840s, when England was the only industrial success story to observe. The British were just beginning to preach free-trade theory in earnest. They abolished the famous Corn Laws in 1846, exposing their inefficient domestic farmers to competition from overseas. Yet over the previous 150 years England had strong-armed its way to prosperity by violating every rule of free trade. It would be as if Japan, in the 1990s, finally opened its rice market to competition, in the name of free trade—and then persuaded itself that it had been taking a hands-off approach to industry for the previous 150 years. When England was building its technological lead over the rest of the world, Lazonick said, its leaders did not care just about the process of competition. They were determined to control the result, so that they would have the strongest manufacturers on earth.

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◆
Here's to our creditors. Long may they waive.

◆
Here's to living up to our own expectations and not someone else's.

◆
Here's to living it up, as long as we can live it down.

◆
I give you good fortune. May you master it, not be mastered by it.

◆
Here's to lenders. May they take less and less interest in us every day.

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British economists began talking about getting prices right only after they succeeded in promoting their own industries by getting prices wrong. Prices were wrong in that cheap competition from the colonies was forbidden. They were wrong in that the Crown subsidized and encouraged investment in factories and a fleet. They were right in that they made British industry strong.

By the time Adam Smith came on the scene, Lazonick said, the British could start lecturing other countries about the folly of tariffs and protection. Why should France (America, Prussia, China . . .) punish its consumers by denying them access to cheap, well-made English cloth? Yet the British theorists did not ask themselves why their products were so advanced, why "the world market . . . in the late eighteenth century was *so uniquely under British control*." The answer would involve nothing like *laissez-faire*.

The full answer would instead include the might of the British navy, which by driving out the French and Spanish had made it easier for British ships to dominate trade routes. It would involve political measures that prevented the Portuguese and Irish from developing textile industries that could compete with England's. It would include the Naviga-

economic future—a future in which, confronted by far more powerful systems of national capitalism, the British economy would enter into a long-run relative decline from which it has yet to recover.

America's economic history follows the same pattern. While American industry was developing, the country had no time for *laissez-faire*. After it had grown strong, the United States began preaching *laissez-faire* to the rest of the world—and began to kid itself about its own history, believing its slogans about *laissez-faire* as the secret of its success.

The "traditional" American support for worldwide free trade is quite a recent phenomenon. It started only at the end of the Second World War. This period dominates the memory of most Americans now alive but does not cover the years of America's most rapid industrial expansion. As the business historian Thomas McCraw, of the Harvard Business School, has pointed out, the United States, which was born in the same year as *The Wealth of Nations*, never practiced an out-and-out mercantilist policy, as did Spain in the colonial days. But "it did exhibit for 150 years after the Revolution a pronounced tendency toward protectionism, mostly through the device of the tariff."

**ECONOMISTS AT SEVERAL AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES HAVE
FOUND MORE AND MORE EVIDENCE THAT "CHEATING," IN THE FORM
OF PROTECTIONISM, CAN INCREASE A NATION'S WEALTH.**

tion Acts, which ensured a British monopoly in a number of the industries the country wanted most to develop. The answer involved land enclosure and a host of other measures that allowed British manufacturers to concentrate more capital than they could otherwise have obtained.

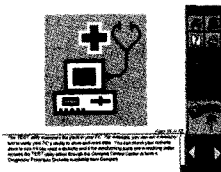
Lazonick summed up this process in a passage that exactly describes the predicament of the United States at the end of the twentieth century.

The nineteenth-century British advocated *laissez-faire* because, given the advanced economic development that their industries had already achieved, they thought that their firms could withstand open competition from foreigners. [They wanted] to convince other nations that they would be better off if they opened up their markets to British goods. . . . [They] accepted as *a natural fact of life* Britain's dominant position as the "workshop of the world" [emphasis added]. They did not bother to ask how Britain had attained that position. . . .

But the ultimate critique of nineteenth-century *laissez-faire* ideology is *not* that it ignored the role of national power in Britain's past and present. Rather, the ultimate critique is that *laissez-faire* failed to comprehend Britain's

American schoolchildren now learn that their country had its own version of the Smith-List debate, when Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton squared off on what kind of economy the new nation should have. During George Washington's first term Hamilton produced his famous "Report on Manufactures," arguing that the country should deliberately encourage industries with tariffs and subsidies in order to compete with the mighty British. Jefferson and others set out a more pastoral, individualistic, yeoman-farmer vision of the country's future. As everyone learns in class, Hamilton lost. He was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr; he is not honored on Mount Rushmore or in the capital, as Jefferson is; he survives mainly through his portrait on the \$10 bill. Yet it was a strange sort of defeat, in that for more than a century after Hamilton submitted his report, the United States essentially followed his advice.

In 1810 Albert Gallatin, a successor of Hamilton's as Secretary of the Treasury, said that British manufacturers enjoyed advantages that could keep Americans from ever catching up. A "powerful obstacle" to American industry, he said, was "the vastly superior capital of Great Britain which

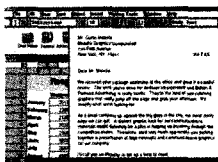


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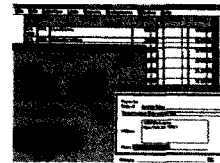
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enables her merchants to give very long term credits, to sell on small profits, and to make occasional sacrifices.”

This, of course, is exactly what American manufacturers now say about Japan. Very little has changed in debates about free trade and protectionism in the past 200 years. If the antique language and references to out-of-date industries were removed from Hamilton’s report of 1791, it could have been republished in 1991 and would have fit right into the industrial-policy debate. “There is no purpose to which public money can be more beneficially applied, than to the acquisition of a new and useful branch of industry” was the heart of Hamilton’s argument—and, similarly, of many modern-day Democratic Party economic plans.

In the years before the American Revolution most leaders in the Colonies supported the concept of British protectionist measures. They were irritated by new taxes and levies in the 1760s and 1770s—but they had seen how effective Britain’s approach was in developing industries. Through the nineteenth century the proper level of a national tariff was on a par with slavery as a chronically divisive issue. Northerners generally wanted a higher tariff, to protect their industries; farmers and southerners wanted a lower tariff, so that they could buy cheaper imported supplies. Many politicians were unashamed protectionists. “I don’t know much about the tariff,” Abraham Lincoln said, in what must have been an aw-shucks way. “But I know this much. When we buy manufactured goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money. When we buy the manufactured goods at home, we get both the goods and the money.” The United States had, just before Lincoln’s term, forced the Japanese to accept treaties to “open” the Japanese market. These provided that Japan could impose a tariff of no more than five percent on most imported goods. America’s average tariff on all imports was almost 30 percent at the time.

In the 1880s the University of Pennsylvania required that economics lecturers not subscribe to the theory of free trade. A decade later William McKinley was saying that the tariff had been the crux of the nation’s wealth: “We lead all nations in agriculture; we lead all nations in mining; we lead all nations in manufacturing. These are the trophies which we bring after twenty-nine years of a protective tariff.” The national tariff level on dutiable goods had varied, but it stayed above 30 percent through most of the nineteenth century. When the United States began to preach or practice free trade, after the Second World War, the average duty paid on imports fell from about nine percent in 1945 to about four percent in the late 1970s.

In addition to the tariff, nineteenth-century America went in heavily for industrial planning—occasionally under that name but more often in the name of national defense. The military was the excuse for what we would now call rebuilding infrastructure, picking winners, promoting research, and coordinating industrial growth. As Geoffrey Perret has pointed out in *A Country Made by War*, many evolutions

about which people now say “That was good for the country” occurred only because someone could say at the time “This will be good for the military”—giving the government an excuse to step in.

In the mid-nineteenth century settlers moving west followed maps drawn by Army cartographers, along roads built by Army engineers and guarded by Army forts. At the end of the century the U.S. Navy searched for ways to build bigger, stronger warships and along the way helped foster the world’s most advanced steel industry.

Just before Thomas Jefferson took office as President, the U.S. government began an ambitious project to pick winners. England surpassed America in virtually every category of manufacturing, and so, to a lesser degree, did France. Wheels turned and gears spun throughout Europe, but they barely did so in the new United States. In 1798 Congress authorized an extraordinary purchase of muskets from the inventor Eli Whitney, who was at the time struggling and in debt. Congress offered him an unprecedented contract to provide 10,000 muskets within twenty-eight months. This was at a time when the average production rate was one musket per worker per week. Getting the muskets was only part of what Congress accomplished: this was a way to induce, and to finance, a mass-production industry for the United States. Whitney worked round the clock, developed America’s first mass-production equipment, and put on a show for the congressmen. He brought a set of disassembled musket locks to Washington and invited congressmen to fit the pieces together themselves—showing that the age of standardized parts had arrived.

“The nascent American arms industry led where the rest of manufacturing followed,” Perret concluded. “Far from being left behind by the Industrial Revolution the United States, in a single decade and thanks largely to one man, had suddenly burst into the front rank.” America took this step not by waiting for it to occur but by deliberately promoting the desired result.

For most of the next century and a half the U.S. government was less interested in improving the process of competition than in achieving a specific result. It cared less about getting prices right and more about getting ahead. This theme runs through the Agriculture Extension Service, which got information to farmers more rapidly than free-market forces might have; the shipbuilding programs of the late nineteenth century, which stimulated the machine-tool and metal-working industries; aircraft-building contracts; and medical research.

What America actually did while industrializing is not what we tell ourselves about industrialization today. Consumer welfare took second place; promoting production came first. A preference for domestic industries did cost consumers money. A heavy tariff on imported British rails made the expansion of the American railroads in the 1880s costlier than it would otherwise have been. But this protec-

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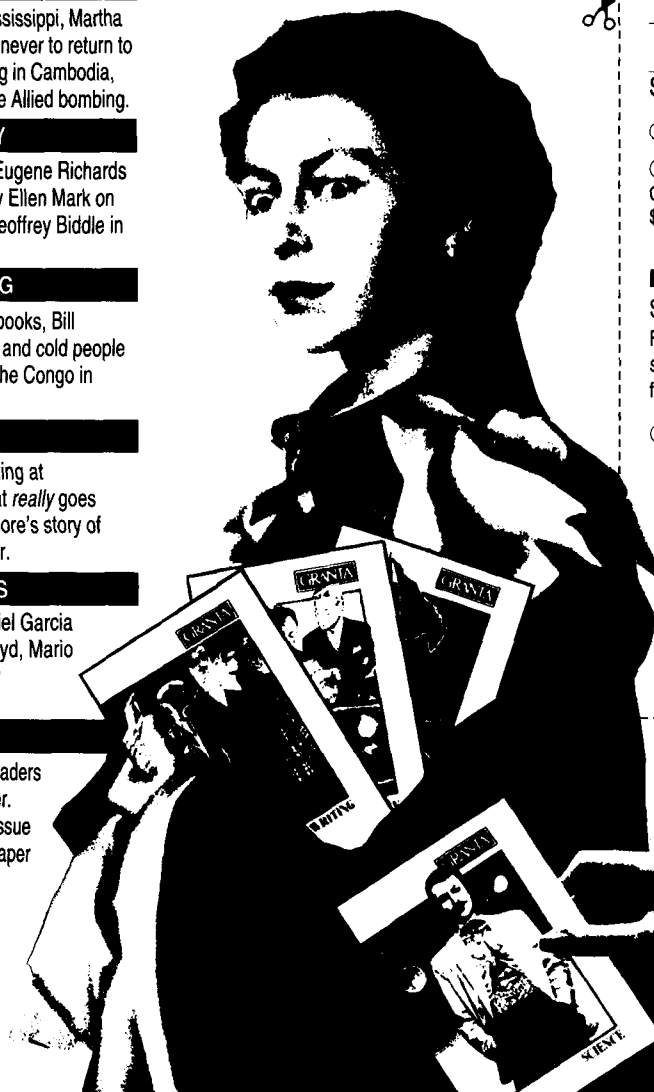
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tionist policy coincided with, and arguably contributed to, the emergence of a productive, efficient American steel industry. The United States trying to catch up with Britain behaved more or less like the leaders of Meiji (and postwar) Japan trying to catch up with the United States. Alexander Hamilton, dead and unmourned, won.

Thomas McCraw says that the American pattern was not some strange exception but in fact the norm. The great industrial successes of the past two centuries—America after its Revolution, Germany under Bismarck, Japan after the Second World War—all violated the rules of *laissez-faire*. Despite the obvious differences among these countries, he says, the underlying economic strategy was very much the same.

Neat Theory, Messy Reality

NEAR the end of his long career the great economist Joseph Schumpeter speculated on what he would do if he were young again. Suppose he woke up as a bright-eyed graduate student in economics rather than a wizened professor. What would he choose to do with his new allotment of years?

Modern economics research followed three main branch-

es: economic theory, statistics, and economic history. By the time Schumpeter wrote, economic theory was clearly the most glamorous of the callings, and statistics seemed the most practical. But, Schumpeter said, he would surely devote his life to studying economic history.

This may seem a boring choice, and if it does, it goes to the heart of how we think about economic life. Since the end of the Second World War, and perhaps since the time of Adam Smith, the glamorous work in economics has been deeply unhistorical. In part this is just a matter of cosmetics. With each passing year since 1945 American economics textbooks have been jammed fuller and fuller of formulas, graphs, mathematical variables, and regression analyses. At the same time, they have lightened the dosage of real examples from the real world. In the mid-1980s researchers surveyed 212 students at the most prestigious American graduate schools of economics, asking them what factors were more or less essential for success as a professional economist. Sixty-five percent of the graduate students said it was very important to be “smart in the sense of being good at problem-solving” in order to succeed as an economist. Only three percent said it was very important to have “a thorough knowledge of the economy.”

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THE LANGUAGE OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITYSM

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Modern economics has become exceedingly precise about one kind of problem but less and less interested in another. Anglo-American economists devote much of their effort to “equilibrium studies” and “constrained optimization”—in essence, laboratory experiments involving economics. In a laboratory you can control many variables—the temperature, the amount of lighting or contamination—so as to focus on the single factor you want to understand. In mathematical economics you can “control” many variables by taking them for granted, and then focus on what you want to understand. You assume, as a given, that some people are owners and others are laborers, that Korea has a semiconductor industry and Mali does not, that women earn less than men. Then you calculate, within these constraints, the best possible outcome—what trade policy Mali should pursue, what rate of inheritance tax will make an economy grow fastest.

Within this set of laboratory conditions the tools of economic analysis are very powerful. By getting prices right Mali will make the best use of the resources it has at hand. But the most interesting and important economic questions concern the assumptions and constraints themselves. Why are some countries chronically so poor? Why have others done so much to pull ahead?

Economic analysis can tell you where you can get the best return on an investment this week. It can tell you how a change in tax rates might affect the unemployment rate this year. It can even tell you how a new tariff level is likely to affect the volume of world trade over the course of this decade. But it has a very hard time accounting for the larger rises and falls in world affairs: why it was England and not France that dominated the nineteenth-century world economy; why it was Germany and not Poland that industrialized so rapidly at the end of that century; why Japan caught up in the early twentieth century and again now. Economics is a wonderful tool for analyzing trends and changes *once nations have assumed their ranks*. But getting prices right is not so good for understanding how they got to those ranks, and why the ranks change.

This would not be a serious failing except that most people believe that getting prices right tells us about the long run as well as the short. Indeed, the long-run evidence suggests that getting prices wrong—that is, violating the rules of Anglo-American economics—may be indispensable for nations that are trying to get ahead.

In the late 1980s the economist Alice Amsden wrote a book about the Korean economy called *Asia's Next Giant*. In that book and subsequent writings she said that Korea's post-Second World War rise had much in common with Japan's industrial miracles and with Germany's industrialization in the nineteenth century. In none of these cases, she said, did the country get prices right, letting investors and

consumers freely decide where they would put their money. The real secret, she said, was that unless a country deliberately rigged the markets so as to get prices wrong, it had no hope of catching up in the industrial race.

THE key to capitalistic development, in this view, is finally capital. If you want to build factories, leapfrog your competitors in efficiency, train your people so that they can outproduce others, you need money. If you are a poor nation, you don't have enough money sitting around to begin with; and if you are a rich nation, you are likely to have committed your extra money to pension and benefit programs, as the United States has now. Still, you need the money—for new factories, for research, for distribution networks. How do you get it?

Historically, Amsden concluded, successful nations have gotten extra money by rigging their markets. The goal is to get people to save more of their paychecks, and banks to lend more money for long-term industrial expansion, than normal market forces would allow. To make its people save, a country needs to jack up interest rates; to allow businesses to invest, it needs to keep the rates low. Under Anglo-American theory the country would just let these two forces fight it out until they reached the natural equilibrium. But that is not how successful development has actually occurred, Amsden said.

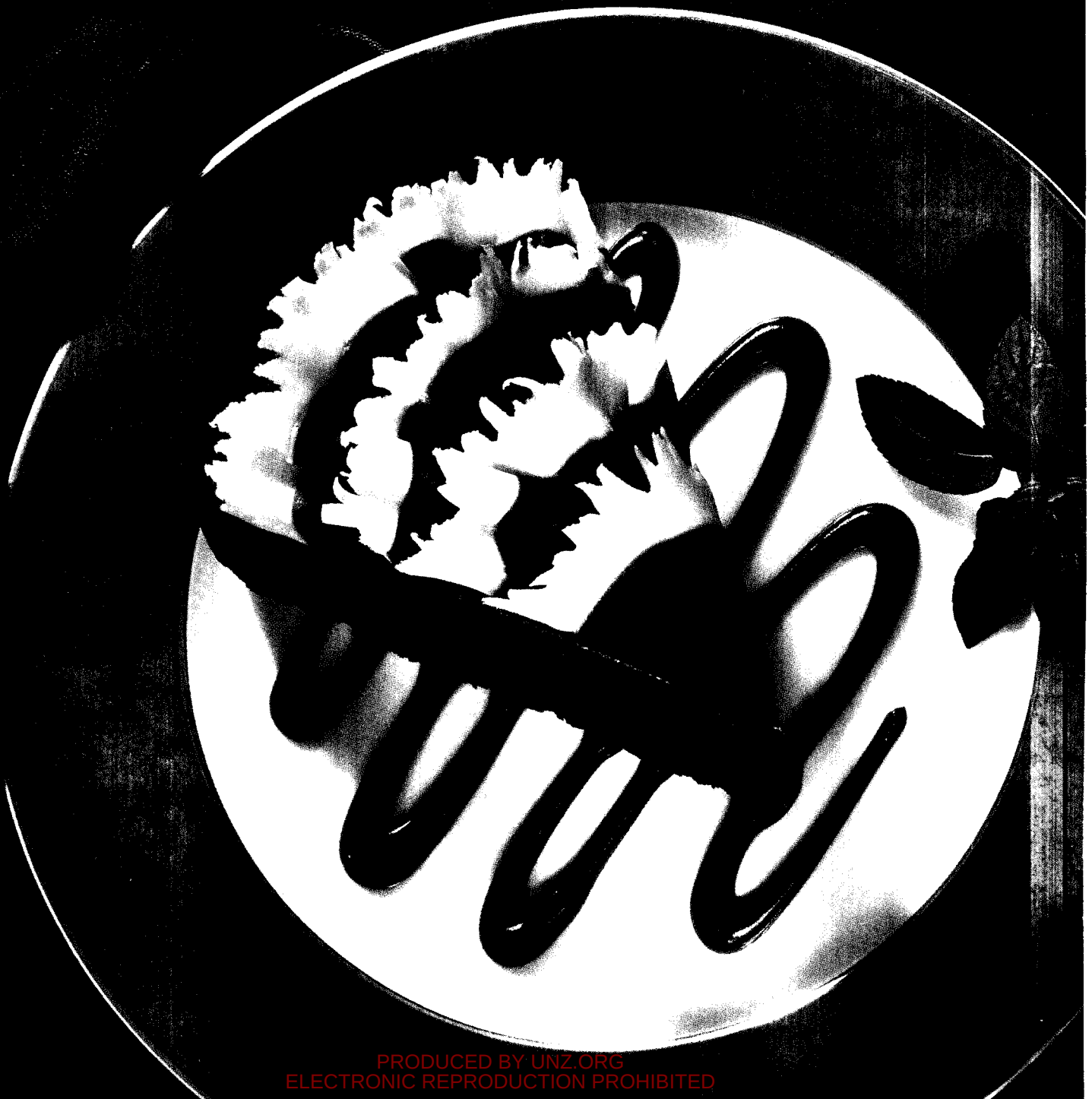
Industrial expansion depends on savings and investment, but in “backward” countries especially, savings and investment are in conflict over the ideal interest rate, high in one case, low in the other. In Korea and other late-industrializing countries, this conflict has been mediated by the subsidy. . . . Thus, the government established multiple prices for loans, only one of which could possibly have been “right” according to the law of supply and demand. Moreover, the most critical price—that for long-term credit—was wildly “wrong” in a capital-scarce country, its real price, due to inflation, being negative.

That is, in order for Korea to get enough money into the hands of its industries, it needed to bend the rules. The crucial thing about this undertaking, Amsden emphasized, is that it was not some Korean quirk. Every country that has caught up with others has had to do so by rigging its rules: extracting extra money from its people and steering the money into industrialists' hands.

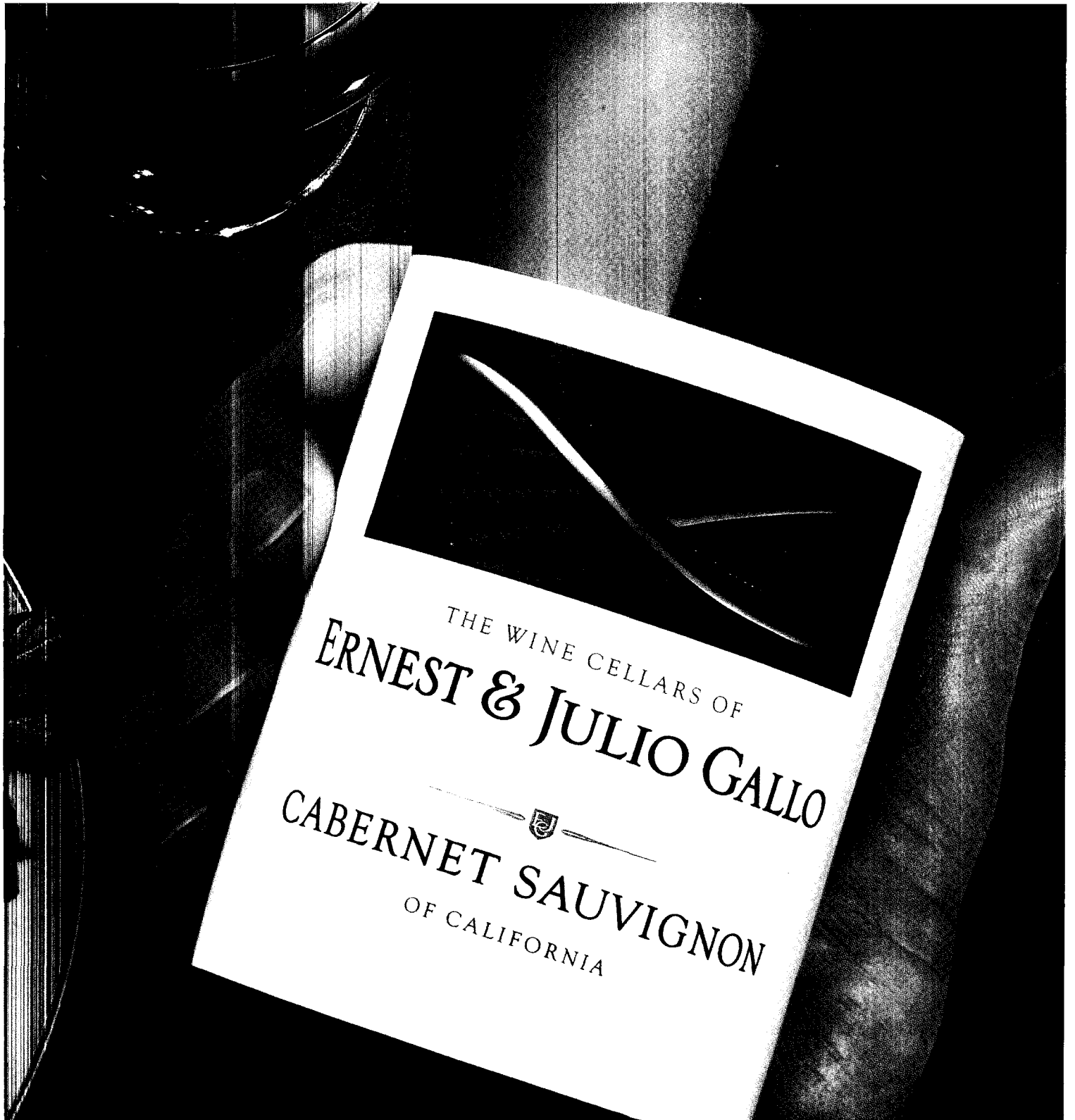
Today's Americans and Britons may not like this new system, which makes their economic life more challenging and confusing than it would otherwise be. They are not obliged to try to imitate its structure, which in many ways fits the social circumstances of East Asia better than those of the modern United States or Britain. But the English-speaking world should stop ignoring the existence of this system—and stop pretending that it doesn't work. ☛

This is the second of three articles. Next month: “What Is an Economy For?”

It's time for a change to Gallo.



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Every Good Boy Deserves Favor

by RALPH LOMBREGLIA

IF you wanted the book on Karl, the official version of his creative life, it went something like this: As a very young man he'd achieved minor fame by writing a suite of chamber works that bounded harmoniously away from the atonal bog where serious music was shrieking and splashing like a sinking dinosaur. Karl's sunny compositions had the sound of a new time beyond great world wars—the innocent, optimistic 1950s. They won a major prize, were recorded by a first-rate quartet, and, for music from the hand of a boy, were surprisingly influential: most experts still listed Karl among the originators of the epochal return to consonance. But Karl himself, it was said, seduced by false muses and beatnik foolishness, abandoned his original inspi-

rations to devote the rest of his career to inferior experiments in chance and randomness.

The critics who made these judgments, he felt, had no talent or imagination, and no respect, and they had utterly missed the significance of Karl's later work. They didn't even know what "chance" and "randomness" meant. Nevertheless, their opinions had shaped his destiny. He was fifty-eight years old, and those precocious chamber pieces were still the only compositions of his that were performed regularly. When he wrote them, only a few players in the world could do them right; today they were played passably well by conservatory students—who were often surprised to learn that Karl was still alive.

He was a first-rate composer, he believed, the real thing. He was not going to throw



One of his own former students, Jennifer, was up in his barn studio as Karl's car crunched down the long gravel driveway through the woods; lights were burning in the barn's second story, and Jennifer's beat-up Japanese sedan was parked in the cul-de-sac. Karl had been on campus the entire day, teaching in the flourishing summer arts program invented by his wife, and he hadn't seen Jennifer since their fight the night before—their third or fourth fight in a week. Jennifer was now Karl's assistant at school, though she hadn't bothered showing up today. She copied parts for him at his studio too, and in her free time she did her own work up there. He pulled his Land Rover into the spot between her car and his wife's Volvo wagon. He was amazed by the

realization that he'd been famous when he was not much older than this young woman in his work space right now. He had been the youngest professor ever to hold an endowed chair at his college, back when the trustees were convinced they had the next Charles Ives on their hands.

Lights were burning in his house as well. He saw the shadows that Gloria cast on the walls as she moved around preparing dinner. When he stepped out of his vehicle, he caught the rich scent of a roast coming through the kitchen's screened windows. He smelled freshly mown grass, too, and looked through the barn doorway to see it on the rubber tires of the tractor. On its ground level the barn still housed heavy equipment for the farmer who worked some of Karl's land

way his discipline just because he'd crossed paths with a self-deceived suburban girl

and mowed the meadows. The vast former hayloft was Karl's music studio. He climbed the stairway up to it.

"And what's this my nose detects?" he called out in his fairy-tale woodsman's voice, flaring his nostrils and sniffing loudly as he entered the cavernous place. "Methinks my nose smells blood."

"Boil and bubble," Jennifer said, her back to him at the distant kitchen counter. "Toil and trouble."

Karl's studio was bigger and better-appointed than the homes of most professors at the college, though he'd kept it, except for the bathroom, one large unbroken space. He stood in front, where picture windows looked into the woods from the walls framing his majestic grand piano, which rested on glossy floorboards beneath the skylight-studded ceiling. In the year since he'd begun his masterpiece, Karl had worked in the barn much of every night, sleeping on the sofa bed for a few hours before dawn. He needed very little sleep these days.

"More blood, my darling?" he said, switching to the voice of a soap-opera husband. "But sweetheart, you've made so much blood already."

"*I need more blood,*" Jennifer replied, doing the vampire voice.

He strode across the gleaming floor to join her at the stove. Three large pots of blood were simmering there, Jennifer stirring them with a wooden spoon. Karl tried to bite her neck like Dracula, but she wouldn't let him. He used to bite her neck all the time. In the blood's bubbling turbulence he saw the chaos that wasn't chaotic, the randomness that wasn't chance. But he saw that in almost everything. Jennifer liked her blood fairly thick, with plenty of clots. She seemed especially pleased with this batch. She had discovered recently that if she reserved some cornstarch until the blood was good and hot, it produced numerous misshapen lumps that looked grotesque sliding down her arms and face.

Jennifer was a performance artist. The blood was a prop in her act. Jennifer's act required many props, but blood was the unifying device. She concealed plastic sacks of the homemade blood in various articles she had with her onstage—a child's fluffy teddy bear, a pearl-encrusted evening bag, the bodice of a white bridal gown. For an hour she paraded about to her own synthesizer score, acting out dysfunctional family relationships and decrying bankrupt, oppressive governments while the Barbie-doll world hemorrhaged around her. Everything she touched turned to blood. For her finale she decorated a wedding cake with a bleeding pastry bag.

In Karl's opinion, her act was an embarrassing, juvenile cliché. It was also a fraud. Jennifer did not genuinely have the elemental fixation on blood that she portrayed herself as having. An obsession with blood was a serious thing. No, it was merely that bodily fluids were good for one's career in the performance game—itself the most depraved development Karl had witnessed in his many years in the arts. He had assumed she would grow out of it, but she was doing

quite the reverse, and now people in New York City were participating in her delusion.

"Why don't you stay for dinner?" Karl said. "Gloria's making a roast. Rare, the way you like it."

Jennifer deigned to chuckle over this, and then turned off the burners on the stove. Her blood was finished boiling. "I was going to clean up in here."

"You can do it later." He pinched her waist. "I'll help."

She created her blood in his studio because her own apartment had a useless kitchenette, and Karl, in his prosperity, had a full set of professional pots and pans, not to mention a six-burner Viking restaurant range—and that was just in the barn.

"Karl, I don't really feel like having dinner with you and Gloria."

"You've had dinner with me and Gloria before."

"I'm trying to concentrate. I don't feel like feeling stress."

This batch of blood was for Jennifer's biggest engagement to date—opening for some famous fake in a New York performance space this weekend. She had written new material for this occasion, and she was nervous about it. Karl blamed their fighting on this.

"I didn't get to see you at all today. I'd like you to stay."

She sighed. "Fine, if you insist. Let me change."

 E came down the barn stairs into the late New Hampshire day and smelled again his wife's cooking emanating from the house. *A man enjoys a nice roast in the evening*, he thought, to cheer himself up, and at that instant his heart thing happened again—starting like a bird trying to fly in his chest and then escalating into a vibrating punching bag that made him sit on the steps, holding the railing and panting to ride it out. This happened to him two or three times a week, yet his asinine doctors said that nothing was seriously wrong with him. Their diagnosis was garden-variety arrhythmia—an irregular heartbeat—and they weren't inclined to do much about it. At Karl's insistence they had rigged wires all over his chest for twenty-four hours at a time, the results of this surveillance pouring into a recorder clipped to a canvas belt. Later they plotted his data on long paper scrolls. The black bursts on the green graph paper looked like the Reaper's palm prints to Karl, the Reaper advancing on hands and knees like a cannibal, yet one doctor after another insisted that this was a well-known nonfatal phenomenon. They told him to cut out coffee and booze, and to stop worrying.

But Karl was more up on these things than the doctors were. For years he'd been studying the phenomenon of chaos, of which an arrhythmic heartbeat was a perfect example. Chaos was not nothing. It was not the absence of purpose and structure. Chaos might even *be* structure—what human beings called structure—or maybe it was structure seen from the other side. Chaos was reality's essential ingre-



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dient. Everything had chaos in it. But chaos could amplify and feed back, propagating until it destroyed any system it was in. Scientists had lately discovered these things about chaos, but Karl had intuited the truth decades ago. Had he been a scientist, he'd have won the Nobel Prize by now. In his music he had explored chaos when it was ridiculed and reviled. Now chaos was respectable, but Karl wasn't. Most of the fundamental properties of reality that Karl believed in—mind over matter, to take an obvious example—would eventually be discovered too, and presented to the world on television shows, but Karl wouldn't be around to see them.

The devils stopped playing their bongos in his rib cage; they were finished laughing at him for the moment. He looked up the steps, half expecting to find Jennifer staring

GLOBAL APHASIA

It's like a two-way street, the hospital speech
therapist explains, drawing lanes with arrows

and curves. Information swerves in through the ears;
replies arrive in the mouth. The brain is the driver.

"Okay okay okay," Mother answers without delay
when asked about the food, her health, this task.

This "automatic response," a kind of static, relieves
the silence she emotes like a high-frequency note

of distress. "Brush your . . . ?" "Suitcase," she rushes to fill
in the blank, shaking her head as you would to free the ink

in a ballpoint pen. "Tie your . . . ?" Mother's eyes roll.
"Suitcase?" she pleads. At the root of "perseveration," the name

for this odd repeating of words, is the word "persevere,"
that hopeful bird which sits on my chest with its head

snaked under a wing and its talons digging in as she shakes
more and more suitcases loose from her mind. One shines

on her finger, one barks like a dog. O singer with your one-word
song, you knew I was there but not for how long, so all

day you conjured up luggage, all day you lured my bags
from the thicket of thought and picked at the locks of my visit.

—ENID SHOMER

down at him, but the landing was empty. He rose and walked gingerly across the gravel drive, as though in his stocking feet. No one except Jennifer knew this, but the masterpiece he was composing was about his erratic heart. That was the genius of it, its beauty and raw, flawed life. That was even its title: *Heart Chaos I*. It literally began with the anti-rhythms of his own mortal pump going berserk, captured one day when he held a tape recorder to his chest despite his mortal terror. Later he transcribed the pattern beat by beat into his overture. When it was done, *Heart Chaos I* was going to express perfectly what chaos really was—the music of the world.

His attack left him shaky and weak and craving a slice of roast. He entered the kitchen and joined Gloria at the range, where she was stirring a broad sauté pan of creamy sauce with vegetables in it. A large kettle of water boiled on a back burner.

"This isn't a roast," he said.

"Who said it was?" Gloria replied.

"It smelled exactly like a roast. I smelled it."

She turned to face him. "Karl, this smells like a roast to you?"

He bent over the sauce and inhaled. "No, it doesn't. Not anymore." The aroma dispelled most of his disappointment. He loved creamy sauces for pasta, though they were too rich and he had no business eating them. He had brought home bad cholesterol numbers a year before. He had no business eating roasts either, but a person tired of broiled eggplant slices with lemon juice. "Trying to kill me again," he said.

"Out to get you," Gloria said, stirring green peas into the simmering cream.

She was twelve years younger than Karl, his first student affair from his first year at the college. Thanks largely to her, the small, pretty campus of brownstone buildings was still a college and not some ashram or corporate retreat. The place had been in serious trouble when Gloria left admissions six years ago to take over the development office. Now the college had the beginnings of a well-invested endowment, the hiring freeze was lifted, applications were up. In meetings with the trustees the provost tried to take credit for the school's salvation, but everybody knew Gloria was the brains behind it.

"Jennifer would like to stay for dinner," Karl said.

"Fine. There's plenty to go around."

A bottle of white wine was already standing open on the kitchen island. He poured himself some and refreshed Gloria's glass. "Fair warning, though. She's in a stinker of a mood. I think she's terrified that she doesn't have her new lines memorized or something, that her big act isn't going to go over in New York. She's been quite unpleasant lately."

"Well, we'll have to stay off that subject then."

"Or we could get on that subject. We could quiz her. Give her a test, try to trip her up."

"Karl."

He looked out the window to see Jennifer crossing the cul-de-sac between the barn and the house. She'd changed out of her blood-spattered clothes into clean jeans and a T-shirt that said AMERICA HAS A REALITY PROBLEM.

She pushed open the kitchen's screen door and stuck her head inside. "Hi. It's me."

"Hello, Jennifer," Gloria said.

"We're not having a roast after all," Karl said, sipping his wine beneath the massive oval rack of hanging pots. "We're having pasta Alfredo."

"Primavera," Gloria said.

"Excuse me, primavera."

"Great," Jennifer said.

"Karl was positive he smelled a roast," Gloria told Jennifer.

"Maybe you were smelling a roast in your brain," Jennifer said. "A roast from your past that once made you happy."

Gloria laughed. "That's very funny," she said.

Karl didn't think it was all that funny. It was exactly the kind of thing Jennifer was always saying, the prototypical Jennifer statement. She would float around New York City saying things like this, and soon some people would be having a lot of fun with her. "You could put that in your skit," Karl said. She disliked having her act called a skit. She didn't care for "act" either.

"Maybe I will," Jennifer said. "A roast in the brain. I like it."

Karl caught Gloria glaring at him over her shoulder. "Wine?" he asked Jennifer. "Or would it fog your mind?"

Jennifer laughed. "Nothing could fog my mind more than it's fogged already."

The girl was the most amazing fount of truth sometimes. Karl poured a glass and handed it to her.

Gloria slid coiled noodles into the boiling kettle and stirred them around, and then turned to bestow a gracious smile upon Jennifer. "What's your mind so fogged about?" she asked.

Whenever Karl watched Gloria socialize, he understood how she could put on her handsome tailored ladies' suits, fly around the country with her computer, and come home with her briefcase full of money for the college. Karl couldn't get a Rotary Club to give him twenty cents. Gloria had "people skills" in spades. She made people feel good about themselves. Somebody had to do it.

"I'm fogged from working on my show," Jennifer said. "I've been rewriting my script and rewriting my music and trying to memorize everything and stay calm about it."

"Plus doing your work for Karl."

"Yeah, that too."

"Plus making lots of blood," Karl added.

"Right, let's not forget the blood," Jennifer said, and laughed.

"Are you excited about performing in New York?" Gloria asked.

"Of course! I'm psyched. I'm nervous, too."

"Working there is really important, I guess? As opposed to in other cities?"

"Oh, totally," Jennifer said. "I mean, people do performance in, like, Seattle, and *Minneapolis*, and stuff, but it's not the same thing. People in New York recognize only two or three area codes, and if you don't have one of them, they don't even call you. To tell you the truth, even living up here is becoming an impediment to me."

"I'm not surprised," Gloria said. "We're sort of in the middle of nowhere here. Aren't we?"

"Living here is an impediment?" Karl said. "Since when?"

"Maybe Jennifer is just realizing it," Gloria said.

"That's it exactly," Jennifer said. "It's just dawning on me. All the work for this show has made me realize how much harder it is not to be there."

"Makes perfect sense," Gloria said.

"Are you saying you're thinking about moving to New York?" Karl said.

"I've thought about it, yeah."

He stepped out from behind the kitchen island. Gloria had her eye on him. "When?"

"If I did it, I'd probably do it pretty soon."

"Jennifer, school starts in two months. You're supposed to teach sections of the intro course. You wanted an instructor appointment. I got you one."

The blood had rushed to Jennifer's face. She stood, looking mortified, her wineglass quivering and her free hand stuck in a back pocket of her jeans.

"Karl," Gloria said, "they can easily find a replacement for Survey of Western Music."

"That's not the point, Gloria."

"Then what's the point?"

He looked at Jennifer and squeezed an exasperated laugh out of himself. "I guess the point is, when were you planning to tell the department?"

"I wanted to get this performance behind me and then figure it out."

Gloria put her hand on Jennifer's shoulder. "I know more about this college than he does. Take your opportunities. Somebody else will cover the course." Suddenly the noodles foamed and boiled over on the stove. "You two are making me forget what I'm doing! Go sit down! Both of you!"

When they were all at the table with portions of dinner before them, Gloria poured more wine and proposed a toast. "To Jennifer's success in New York. I'm sure you'll be great."

"Thank you," Jennifer said.

Karl was fuming in his chair. "Here's wishing you minor fame," he said, and smiled witheringly before sipping his wine.

"Thanks, but I think I already have that," Jennifer said.

Karl heard this like a schizophrenic hearing voices. He

looked to see if Gloria had heard it too, but he couldn't tell. "You don't say," he said.

"Yeah, I think you could say I'm kind of minor famous." She turned to Gloria. "Some pretty important critics in New York are talking about my work."

"Karl's been telling me," Gloria said. "Congratulations."

Jennifer shrugged her shoulders. "I mean, you know it's not real," she added. "You don't let yourself believe in it. You don't think about it when you're working. But as long as you don't, it's not a bad thing. It helps."

"That sounds like a very wise attitude," Gloria said, smiling and touching Jennifer's arm. "For someone so wonderfully young."

Karl sat like a man who had been turned to stone. "Indeed," he said. He had told Jennifer those very things, in those words exactly.

 E didn't pretend to be jolly at dinner, though Jennifer and Gloria did, and when dinner was over, Jennifer announced that she was going out to the barn to clean up her blood, and then she was going home to get ready for her trip to New York. Karl remained at the table with the second bottle of wine while Gloria cleaned the kitchen. For some time he'd felt that he was living in a bad knockoff of the world, or that the world itself had taken a fall on the head and was suffering from amnesia. Nobody remembered anything. Everything Karl saw in the arts was a watery reflection of something he'd seen firsthand decades before, but nobody was saying that. Nobody seemed to recall that all the currently fashionable gestures had been made before, and made better, by better people in a better time. But the most galling thing was Karl's feeling, something he could not really pin down, that Jennifer had stolen the whole blood business from him.

Gloria finished in the kitchen and came into the dining room. "Hey, how about that America with the reality problem?" she said, and laughed, but Karl didn't laugh back. "Oh, Karl, cheer up, will you?"

Karl poured the last of the wine into his glass. Cheering up, promoting good cheer, was actually Gloria's profession, for what was fund-raising if not leading the crowd in a cheer? Institutional-endowment people were really brilliant con artists, but he didn't see how she could stand the life. Once in a while he attended some college event with her, and watched in horror as hundreds of people cheered one another.

"I'm disappointed to see how little I taught someone who seemed to be a gifted student," he said. "The syndrome is a common one that we professors suffer from. Jennifer turns out to believe that if she doesn't get opportunities for exhibitionism in New York, her creative life isn't worth living."

"Well, for what she wants to do, that's true, isn't it?"

"And what's that? What she wants to do?"

"Her theater stuff. Whatever it is."

"She's not doing 'theater stuff,' Gloria. She's perpetrating a hoax on the public. It's the same thing in music and painting—kids getting lionized for discovering their belly buttons."

"You were lionized as a kid," she said.

"For discovering my belly button?" he cried out.

"For having something new to say."

"These kids do not have something new to say. But that's not even the point. The point is, she'll be eaten alive down there. Devoured like prey."

"Lots of kids go to New York to do art and don't get devoured like prey."

"Jennifer will be devoured. She puts out a certain vibration. She invites it." And then, as though one thing followed from the other, he said, "I don't like helping people and then being treated with disrespect."

"She's young, Karl."

"I wasn't like that when I was young. Were you like that?"

"I don't know. You tell me. You knew me then."

"No, you were not like that. You were infinitely better than that. Kids today are off the map. This whole fucking civilization is out the window." He stood up from the table. "I'm asking her to leave right now. I'll clean up her mess myself. I have work to do tonight."

He kicked across the driveway, splashing gravel against the cars. In his twenty-five years at the college plenty of pretty girls had thrown themselves at him, and he'd slept with a number of them. True, girls threw themselves at other professors, too, and some of those professors practiced restraint. But none of those professors had lived through the experience of minor fame.

He stomped up the studio stairs, stood beside his grand piano, and called across the high-ceilinged space, "You expected me to leave her for you, didn't you? That's what this is all about."

Jennifer swung around at the sink. "Are you kidding me? I think *she* should leave you."

"You think you should have dumped this news on me in front of my wife?"

"Karl, don't talk to me like the big father, okay?"

He barked a bitter laugh. This was the major theme of their recent fighting—Karl's being the big, controlling father. When she had studied with him at the college, his being the big father was the thing she'd loved; he happened to know that, even if she wouldn't admit it now. "All right, Jennifer, fine. But I hope you're planning to be careful what you say. Some people would assume I took advantage of you."

She snorted. "Who do you think seduced who, anyway?"

He was going schizo again, hearing things. "What?"

"I said, Who do you think started this? I seduced you, not the other way around."

He must have drunk more wine than he realized. He was



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going in slow motion and Jennifer was in normal time. He stood there saying nothing.

"I decided to have an affair with you, and I initiated it," Jennifer went on. "Think back."

"And now you've initiated another one with some boy in New York."

"That would be none of your business."

He looked around the studio for her red milk jugs. "Jennifer, I don't see your blood."

"It's in the car."

"Then why don't you go join it?"

When she passed him on her way to the stairs, he said, "You know, something occurred to me tonight. You never did your blood thing until I told you about my heart symphony."

"You're paranoid, Karl. You're sick. I have my own ideas."

"Do you? I think I've had a pretty big influence on you."

"Influence? I *hate* your music."



On one of his bookshelves he had a few excellent cigars in a humidor, cigars he'd been saving for the right visitor or some special excuse to celebrate. He loved cigars, but he wasn't allowed to smoke them anymore. He snipped one and lit it, and squirted a volume of blue smoke into the air—a textbook example of chaos, swirling smoke, along with the weather and the flight of butterflies.

He was a first-rate composer, the real goddamn lifelong thing, and he was going to put his feelings into his music and have a good night of work no matter what. He was not throwing away his discipline because he'd crossed paths with a self-deceived suburban girl. He was coming out of this just fine. But first he had to clean the studio kitchen; he couldn't write with Jennifer's bloody mess staring back at him from across the room. He clamped his cigar in his teeth and started washing one of the pots covered with congealed stage gore. It was even more realistic dry than wet, and when it did get wet, it dissolved and got all over his hands, and upset him. He started to succumb to nasty Charles Manson imagery and graphic imaginings of the bloody metronome throbbing away behind his breastbone. He threw the pot back in the sink and pulled a folding Japanese screen in front of the whole affair.

He paced the floor, hazing the big studio with blue smoke. The realization came to him, in that sickeningly palpable way you can't endure for more than a second or two, that he was going to die. *What an abomination*, he thought, almost out loud. *That a man like me should return to dust.*

He stood at the piano and looked at his messy score. It didn't tell him anything. Nothing transcendental was clamoring to get out of him at the moment. He sat on the bench, opened a manila folder, and unfurled a length of green paper portraying his monitored heart. He'd gotten some sections

of these graphs from the clinic, and he'd been consulting them while composing *Heart Chaos I*. They'd proved surprisingly inspirational—the physical shapes on the paper suggesting sound and structure to him, telling him what to write. Now he found a burst of heart static he liked, and played something on the keys to go with it, but what came out was the most pointlessly ugly music he'd ever heard in his life.

He got up and walked to one of his big picture windows. Beyond his reflection small lights were flashing like the eyes of night spirits. It was July, and fireflies were floating around by the hundreds, tails lighting and then fading to black, here and there, you never knew where, their movements looking perfectly random to human beings not privy to the secrets of firefly love. A three-quarters moon washed its ghost light over the mown meadow beneath the window, and when Karl raised his eyes to look deeper into the pasture, his heart gave a huge, terrifying lurch. Someone was out there in the meadow, lurking around his secluded house in the middle of the night. He moved down the stairway, opened the door quietly, and stepped out onto the landing. The intruder was hiding something in the underbrush, or looking for something hidden there. After a few seconds he saw that it was his wife, hovering at the tangle of brambles that lined the edge of the meadow. "Gloria!" he called out to her.

She spun around in the moonlight. "You scared me!" she cried.

"I scared you!" he answered, thinking, *I, who might never come back from a scare like that*. He walked toward Gloria through the lightning bugs, ducking their lethargic flashing bodies. "What are you doing?" he asked from afar.

"Picking raspberries," she replied, speaking into the bushes.

"For what?"

"Because they're feeding the birds out here, or just falling on the ground and rotting."

Deep thickets of raspberries bordered the meadow in back of the house. In years past Karl and Gloria had made pies from the fruit of these bushes, but they hadn't done it this year or last, or maybe not for a few years. Fresh raspberry pie seemed almost a dream thing to Karl now, a creation tasted on vacation in some exotic place and not available in ordinary life at home.

He reached his wife beneath the moon. "Are you planning to make a pie?" he asked.

"I don't know what I'm planning to do," she said. She had a large plastic tub from the kitchen, big enough to hold berries for at least two pies. She had a snifter of brandy, too, glinting on the freshly mown grass, completely out of character for Gloria. Karl was the late-night-brandy type, not she.

"Can I have a sip of your drink?" he asked, and when she didn't answer, he picked it up from the ground and had one.

She took it back from him and had a sip herself. "You smell like a cigar," she said.

WHY ALL AMERICANS SHOULD SUPPORT A MORATORIUM ON IMMIGRATION

FACT: More alien workers entered the U.S. labor market in 1992 than jobs were created, according to Immigration Service and Department of Labor statistics. America's disadvantaged workers suffer disproportionately from the steady influx of low-skilled, low-wage labor. The Zöe Baird incident was only the tip of the iceberg.

FACT: The Census Bureau now projects that there will be 392 million Americans in 2050, largely because of what *The Washington Post* describes as "massive immigration." That's 65 percent more Americans than there are today, and 92 million more than the Census Bureau projected just four years ago.

FACT: Thousands of illegal immigrants enter the country every day—3 million illegal entries a year. The law admits more immigrants and other workers than the economy can absorb. Fake documents are easily obtained, providing access to benefits meant for legal residents.

Our national political leadership is apparently unaware that a majority of Americans of all ethnic backgrounds favor reduced immigration (Roper Poll, May 1992; Latino National Political Survey, December 1992). In fact, immigration policymakers seem more concerned with pleasing the special interests than doing the will of the people they are elected to serve.

THE FEDERATION FOR AMERICAN IMMIGRATION REFORM (FAIR) WANTS TO CHANGE THAT.

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- ✓ revise immigration law to reduce overall numbers; and
- ✓ complete a comprehensive analysis of the long-term demographic, environmental, cultural and economic effects of future immigration and population growth.

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He looked down at his left hand. The cigar was hanging between his fingers. He'd forgotten it was there. "I was in the mood for one."

"Having a party?"

"No more than you, apparently."

"We're both having a party," Gloria said. "But not the same party."

"You're not really the party type."

"I'm not a fun person?"

"I meant the type for that kind of party."

"What kind?"

"Never mind. I'm losing track of this conversation." He took a puff on the cigar, but it was no longer lit. Some utterance evidently needed to be made, some accounting of himself to his wife. "Listen," he said. "I've been wanting to talk to you. I'm sorry I've had to work so hard lately."

"But you've always worked hard," Gloria said. "Is there something unusual about your working hard now?"

"I feel especially under pressure. I feel I have a lot of work to do in a limited time."

"We all have limited time, Karl, including you. But not because there's anything wrong with your heart." She put down her brandy snifter and continued to pluck the biggest berries out of the tangled, moonlit leaves. "But you *have* been especially passionate about your work this year—sleeping out in the barn all those nights and everything. You've been especially intense about whatever you're doing out there."

"What I'm doing out there is creating a masterpiece," Karl said.

"Aren't you always?"

"I don't know what you're saying, Gloria."

"You told me once that in order to be able to create anything at all, you had to feel you were creating a masterpiece. You said that was the only possible attitude toward work. Didn't you tell me that?"

He had, in fact, told her that, and it was true, but he made a mental note to stop telling people things. "Except that this time I'm really doing that."

"Really? Are you worried to be so sure? You told me that artists are never sure they're creating a masterpiece but that's a good thing, because being sure is bad. The point is not to be sure and to do it anyway, on faith."

Life chose this instant to reveal to Karl that the "1" in *Heart Chaos 1* would be one of his little jokes, because there would be no *Heart Chaos 2*. After *Heart Chaos 1* he would write no more music. He would fall silent. He just couldn't take it anymore. He was feeling surprisingly good and righteous about this decision when, out of the blue, he remembered the radical black student from the 1960s who, in some curriculum dispute, had become briefly famous for calling Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms "old dead punks." Karl hadn't thought about this in years, and the memory of it cheered him out of all proportion to its real significance. He actually

broke into a grin. "I guess I've told you just about everything, haven't I?"

Gloria laughed the way people laugh sometimes when the doctor touches a place that hurts. "No, not quite everything," she said, and held out her plastic tub for the few berries he'd picked.

When he opened his hand above her container, she pulled it away and his berries fell on the ground. He stared at their dark bodies on the matted grass mowings.

"Young Jennifer stopped in to see me as she was leaving," Gloria said.

Karl stopped breathing and waited for his heart to self-destruct, but the perverse vital organ beat on like a clock. "Oh? And what did she have to say?"

"The part I can't get over," Gloria continued, "is that you disliked her so much. You thought she was silly. You ridiculed her all the time."

"I did not ridicule her all the time."

"Yes, you did, in all sorts of little ways."

The situation was getting completely out of hand, and he was not going to allow that to happen. No person living on earth understood self-discipline better than Karl did. He stood up straight and composed himself. "Did Jennifer tell you how much she hated my work?"

"No."

"Well, she told me. She didn't spare me one speck of nasty truth tonight. But back when she wanted me to do things for her, my work was the greatest. You want the top-per? She shamelessly stole her whole blood idea from the symphony I'm working on."

"You're writing a symphony about blood?" Gloria said, with a look of disbelief.

"It's not about blood as such."

"Then how could Jennifer steal it?"

Karl thought back to the experience of waking up this morning and wondered where he'd missed the sign. There had to have been one. A day like this would not arrive unannounced. "I don't deny that I made a mistake with Jennifer."

"Really," said his wife, wafting the brandy snifter beneath her nose.

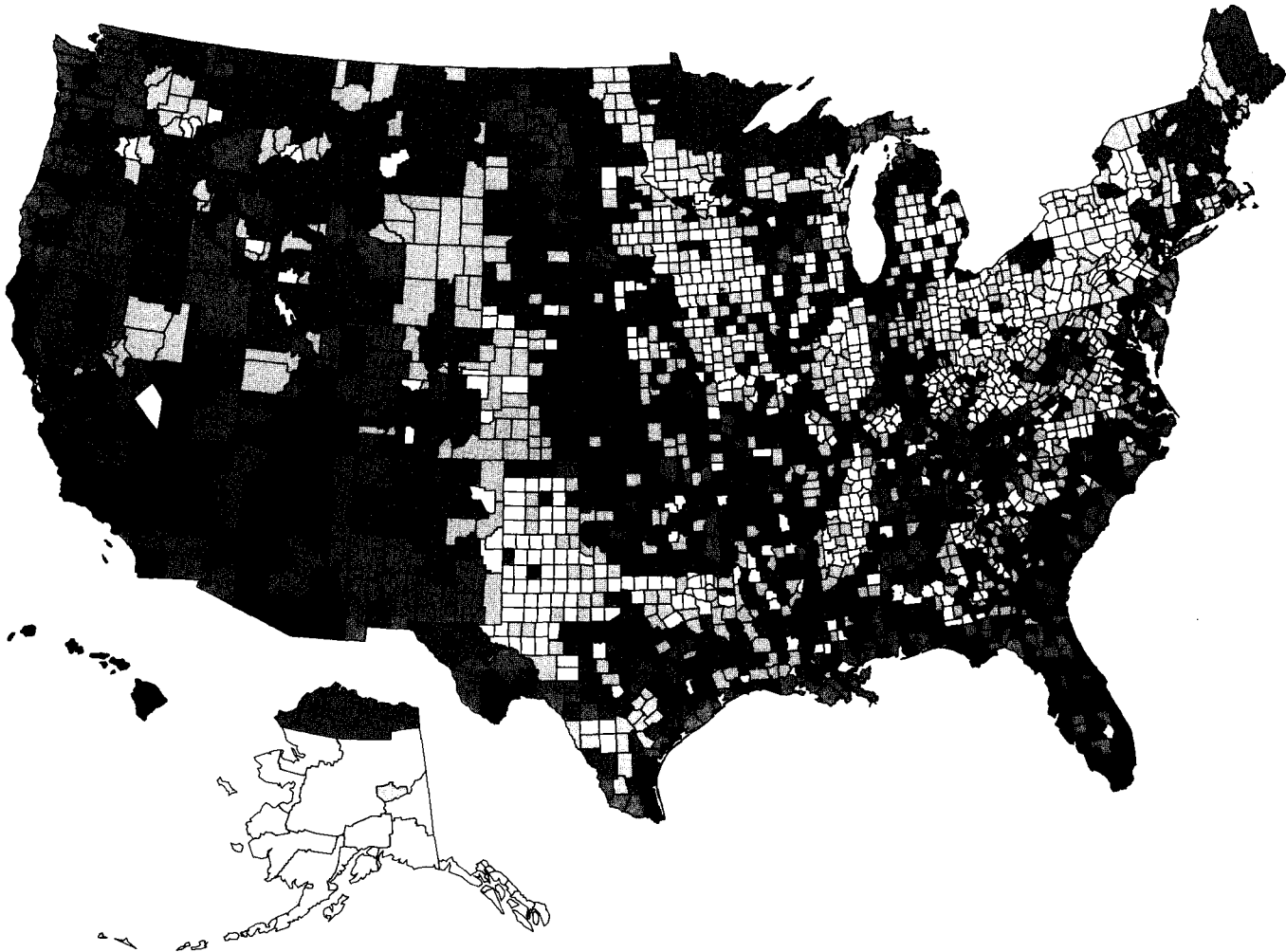
"I should never have kept her here after she graduated. I thought she was ready for responsibility, but it only prolonged her adolescence. I thought she was a mature person, but you were right, Gloria: she's young. She didn't even show up on campus to do her duties today. She left me to do the things she gets paid to do, but let me ask you this: Who does the things I get paid to do? Jennifer has a serious problem. It's going to hold her back in life."

"Is it a reality problem, do you think?"

"Yes, it is. She thinks she's the center of the world."

Gloria sipped her brandy, and when Karl reached for the snifter to have some too, she pulled it away to keep to herself. "The center of the world," she said. "That's a crowded place." ☽

The Geography of Endangerment

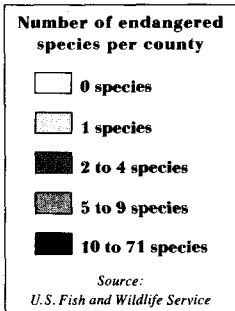


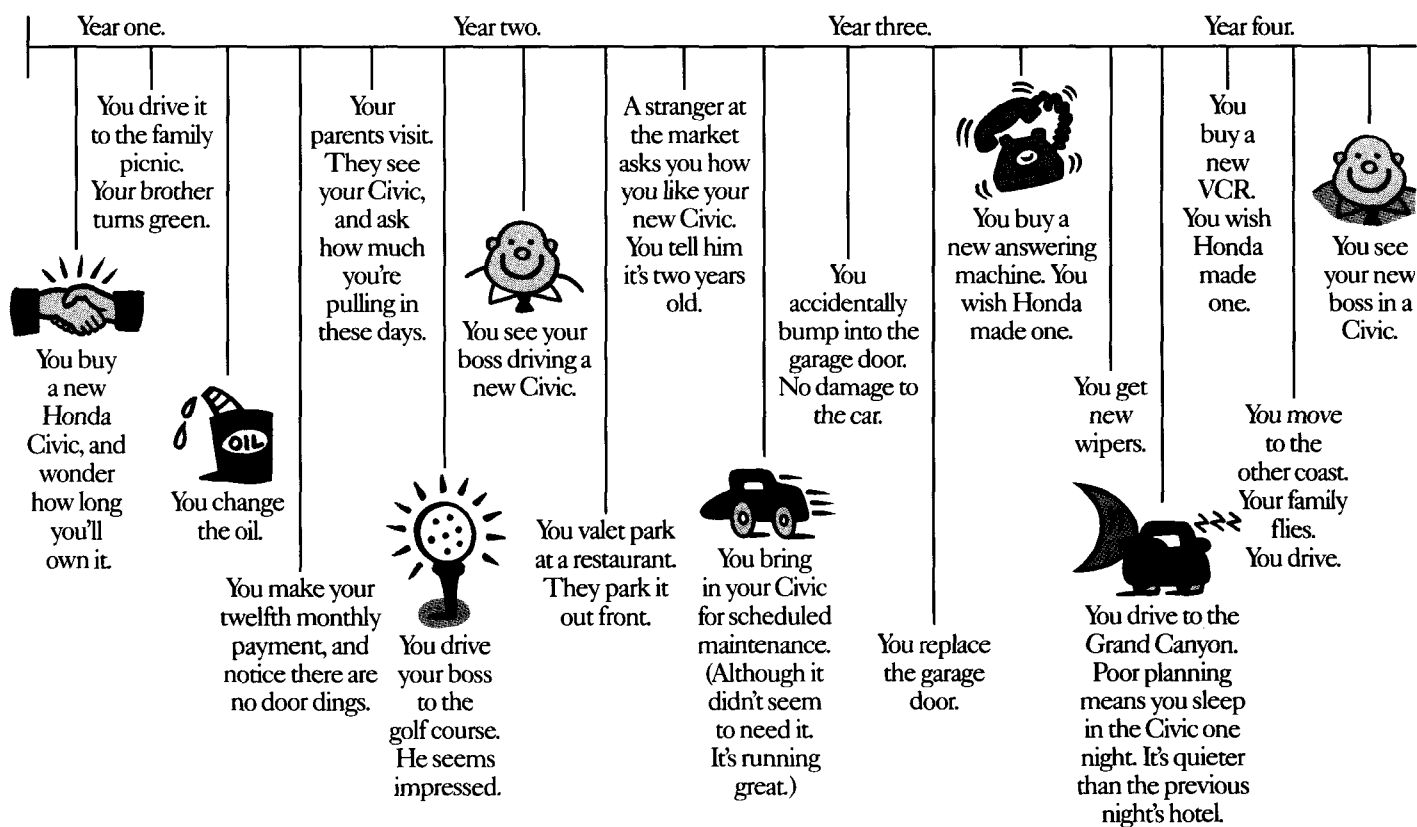
As mandated by the Endangered Species Act, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service watches over about 800 domestic plant and animal species—a figure that is likely to double during the next decade. These protected species are spread unevenly and often unexpectedly. As one might surmise, Bronx County, New York—the Bronx—contains no species on the federal threatened or endangered list. But nearby Suffolk County, in densely populated Long Island, has seven. In the Southwest heavy use of water imperils the area's thermal pools; as a result, the desert states of Nevada and Arizona lead the country in endangered fish.

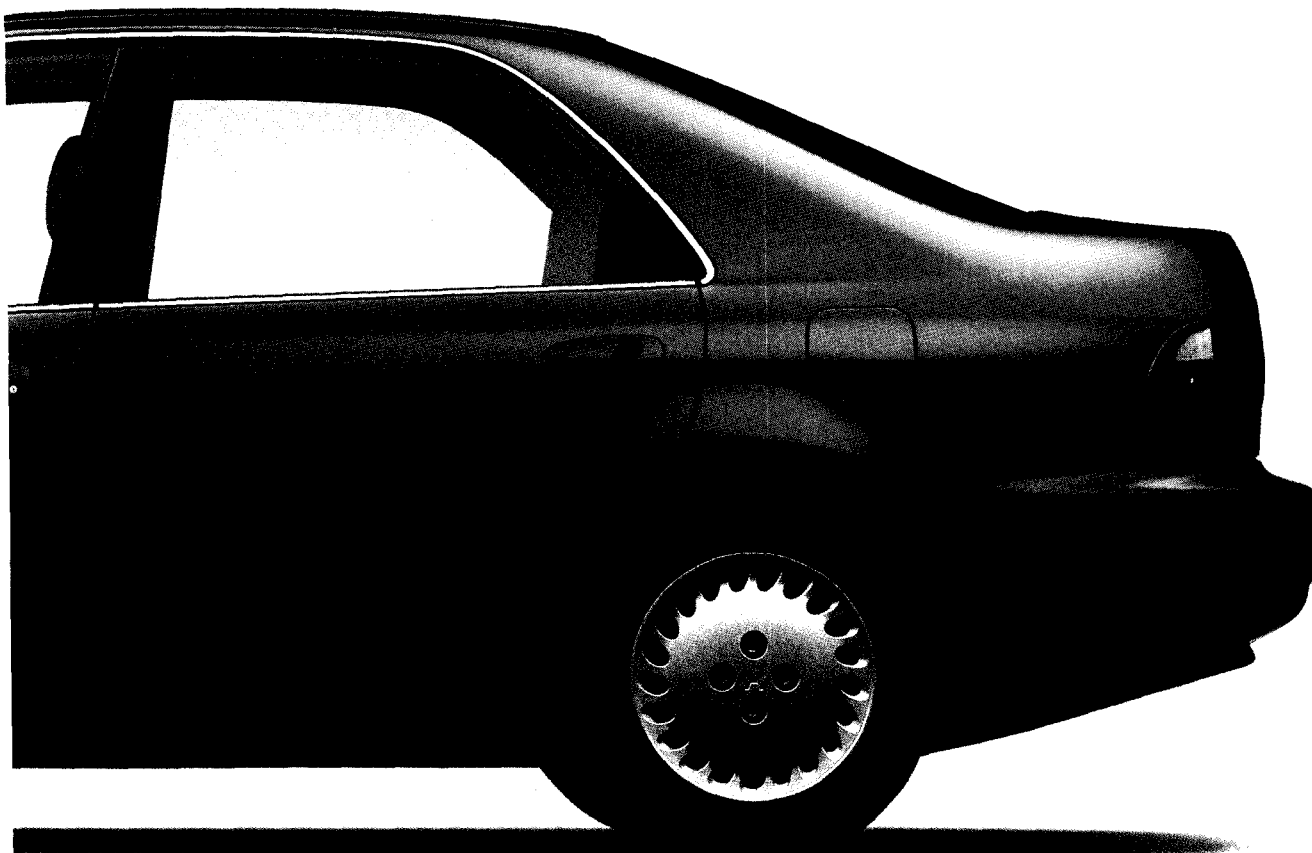
Places come to have a high number of federally protected species because they are home to a lot of species sensitive to human encroachment, or to a lot of human beings to encroach upon species of any kind, or both. The Tennessee River valley, for example, has many unique species of mollusk, more than forty of which are endangered by dams. The coasts show the effects of population pressure. During the 1980s coastal counties, which

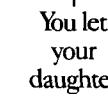
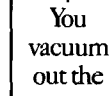
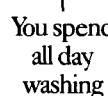
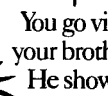
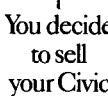
occupy five percent of the nation's land area, accounted for 42 percent of the nation's growth.

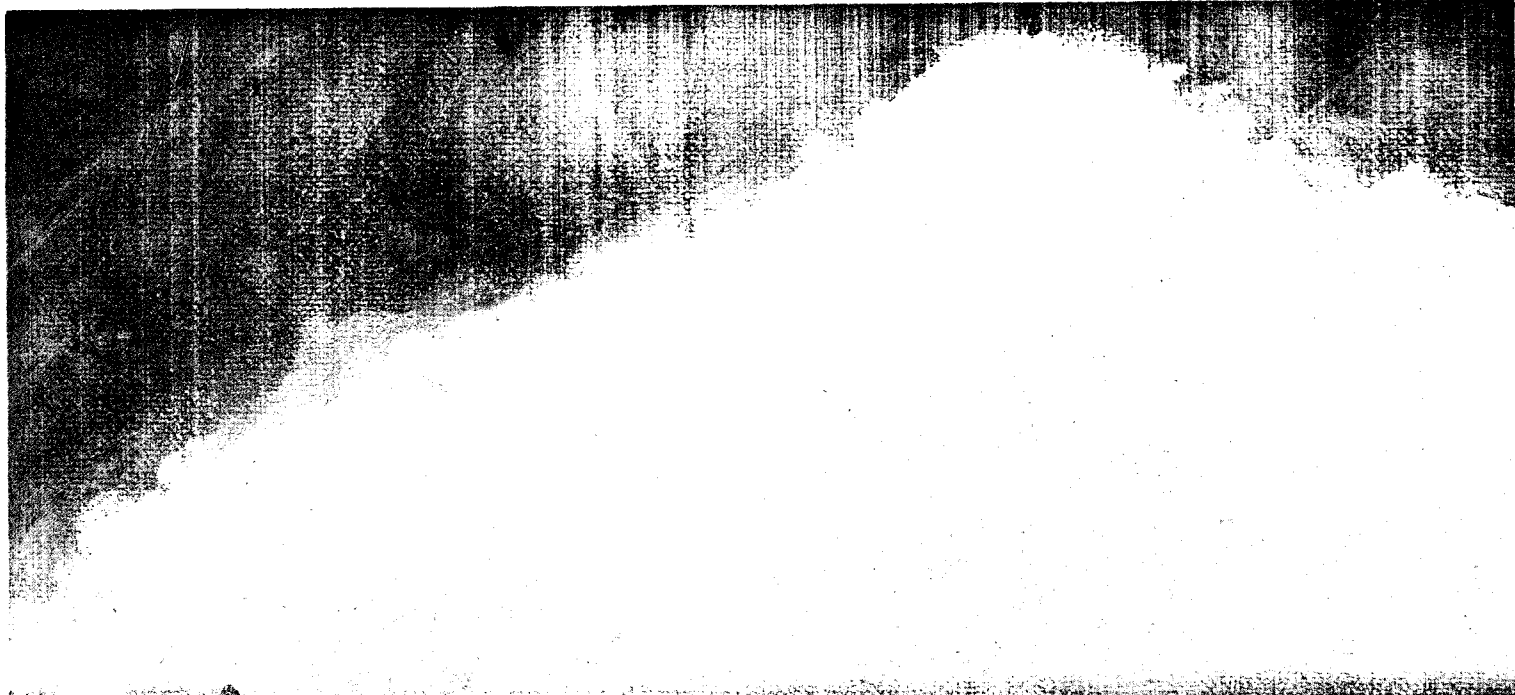
No map like this is complete without caveats. One problem is our incomplete knowledge of the home range of particular species. For example, in Indiana all the counties but one have recorded the presence of the endangered Indiana bat. Yet only one of the twenty-one bordering counties in Ohio and Illinois lists that bat—curious, given that the bat does not respect state lines. Furthermore, the number of officially protected species is lower than the number actually in trouble, although there is no evidence that the map above misrepresents the distribution of endangered biodiversity in the United States. —text by Charles C. Mann and Mark L. Plummer; map by Eugene Peck





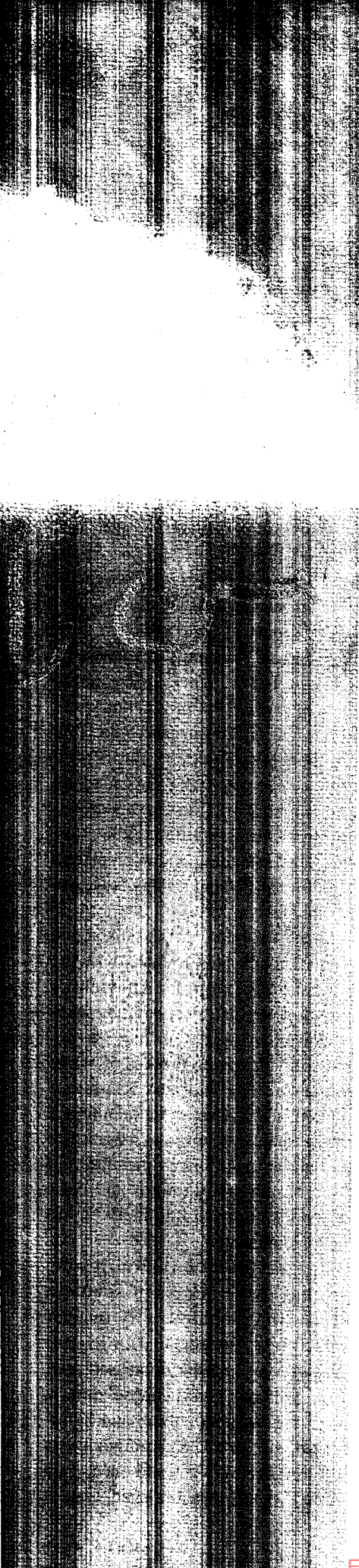


Year five.		Year six.		Year seven.		Year eight.	
 The bank sends you the title. No more payments, and the bank will send you the title.	 You drive your dog to the vet. He falls asleep.	 You glance down and look at the odometer. You rub your eyes in disbelief.	 You let your daughter borrow the car. Her friends stop looking at you funny.	 You vacuum out the car. You are \$2.37 and one golf ball richer.	 You buy a new birdbath, and fold down the rear seat to get it home.	 You drive to a ski resort and pass eleven stuck cars. And one stuck truck.	 You spend all day washing and waxing it.
 You think about a new car. For about two seconds.	 You go visit your brother. He shows you his new Civic.	 You go fishing. Even on a bumpy road, you hear no rattles.	 For Father's Day, your son gives you a cassette of your favorite band. You sit in the Civic for two hours.	 You fill up with gas. (Hey, it's been a couple of weeks.)	 You decide to sell your Civic and buy a new one.	 The first person who looks at it buys it. You realize you asked too little.	The Civic A Car Ahead HONDA



شاه دهم طربل عفتا لاله





Not Fanatics, and Not Friends

by EDWARD G. SHIRLEY

The leaders of post-revolutionary Iran may claim to be keeping the faith—but they know how badly they need the West. What should we do when they say it's time to let bygones be bygones?

THE United States, mostly to its credit, has a tremendous capacity to forgive and forget. We forgave Britain for being a domineering mother and burning down the White House; we forgave Germany for its recurring bouts of megalomania and debasement of Western culture; we forgave Japan for bombing us on a Sunday morning and bringing us into the wickedness of the Second World War; and we have already forgiven Russia for twentieth-century totalitarianism and the very costly seventy-year war against communism.

One nation, however, has managed to engender an abiding distaste in the United States, even though the injury it has done us is comparatively minor. The antagonism derives in part from the especially durable and provocative images of the American-Iranian confrontation: the hostages, the aborted rescue mission Desert One, and yellow ribbons everywhere; Iranian women defeminized by black chadors and repressive Islamic laws; TV pictures of a

sea of fervent believers, men, women, and children, shouting in frightening monotony "*Marg bar Amrika*" ("Death to America"); leaders referring repeatedly to the United States as the "Great Satan"; unforgettable photographs of the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, alive and dead. Iran's continuing system of government by the clergy is perhaps more disturbing and confusing to laical America than revolutionary socialism was.

For American politicians, Iran has been a booby trap ensnaring anyone foolish enough to touch it. When American politicians and their advisers attempt to deal with revolutionary Iran, they get caught in an unfair competition that pits the rational and straightforward American bureaucrat against the merchant Persian, a character defined in the Western imagination by his centuries-old genius for deception.

Nearly fifteen years have passed since the U.S. embassy in Tehran was closed and American official personnel were more or less denied access to Iran

(the few days with Oliver North and company in Tehran do not really count). The U.S. foreign-affairs agencies, primarily the Department of State and the Central Intelligence Agency, grow noticeably, and naturally, more ignorant about Iran as fewer and fewer officers remain who have had meaningful contact with Iran, let alone sustained contact with Iranians of the Islamic Republic. Many American officials and journalists who must deal regularly with Iranian matters have probably never had an Iranian friend, and cannot read a Persian newspaper or talk to an Iranian in his native tongue.

This general ignorance fortifies the well-founded political fear of coping with Iran. With a few exceptions involving direct contact—the Iran-contra affair and the latter stages of the Iran-Iraq War, in which the U.S. Navy struck Iranian Revolutionary Guard units and (accidentally) Iran Air Flight 655—the American response to the Islamic Republic has been to embargo it, wound it through support of Iraq during the Iran-Iraq War, and hope that the Republic dies of exhaustion before the revolution can spread.

This response has not been without effect. Though Iranian revolutionaries can still draw worldwide attention through assassinations and support for other terrorist activities, which perpetuate the illusion of a continuing national revolutionary commitment, many of the Iranian people have grown nostalgic for the pre-revolutionary past. Inside Iran the revolution is moribund among its former standard-bearers: the young urban male poor, lower- and middle-class bureaucrats, lay Islamic intellectuals (many of whom are bitterly in exile), and even a significant portion of the younger clergy.

But should the U.S. government seriously alter its approach to Iran? Iran has intermittently been a strategic focal point of Western foreign policy since the early seventeenth century. Does it remain too important to ignore even now, after the collapse of the Soviet Union and the denouement of the “Great Game”? Could the U.S. government treat with Iran and avoid making

unseemly moral compromises with a regime that has unquestionably had a hand in the killing and kidnapping of American and European citizens? The death edict against the novelist Salman Rushdie is a successful attack on and intimidation of Western civilization.

Should the United States choose a policy of forbearance toward Iran, given that America’s past actions in Persia have been of disputable benefit to either country?

It is hard to imagine the rise of Khomeini without Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi’s decisions to make legal reforms that gave a limited franchise to women and Bahais in 1962, to redistribute agricultural land in 1963, and to grant extraterritorial status to U.S. military advisers in Iran (thus freeing them from complying with Iranian law) in 1964. The Shah’s decisions were of American inspiration; Khomeini’s reaction to them signaled the beginning of the Islamic Revolution, one of the great revolutionary movements of the twentieth century and one that, like the Russian, brought unimaginable suffering to millions who had expected a better world with the fall of the old regime.

Let us look at these questions from the Iranian side. Does the government of Iranian President Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani and Khomeini’s clerical successor Ali Khameneh’i stand to gain or lose by pursuing more-normal relations with the United States, including the restoration of diplomatic relations? Is “*Marg bar Amrika*,” however rhetorical the incantation, indispensable to the legitimacy of clerical rule?

The Centrality of America

THOUGH American policymakers are often accused of wanting to remake the world in their own image, the accusation miscasts America’s relations with the Third World, especially with the Islamic Middle East. Even under President George Bush, who was zealous in foreign affairs, the United States remained focused primarily on the sources of its culture, Eu-

rope, and of its economic anxieties, Japan. The rapid development and even more rapid conclusion of the Gulf War against Saddam Hussein demonstrates again the fickleness of U.S. foreign policy in the Islamic world. America has stood by Israel alone—the permanent exception in the Middle East, because Israel is a Western country inextricably bound to our history both modern and ancient.

It is impossible to frame the questions of American-Iranian relations properly until we appreciate the centrality of the United States in Iranian minds. Many Iranian clerics, Khomeini in particular, well understood the battle that was taking place in the hearts and minds of Iranians. Under the Shah, Americanized culture irrevocably alienated hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of Iranians from their roots. The old Westernized elites, who were educated in France or England in the latter part of the past century and the first half of this one, and who often took their Persian poetry tutors with them to Europe, were replaced by Americanized Iranians, overwhelmingly from the emerging middle class, whose understanding and appreciation of traditional Persian society was considerably less.

Though fueled by the dissatisfaction of Western-educated Iranians with the Shah’s corrupt regime, Khomeini’s revolution was also an attempt by traditional Iranian society to halt the destructive, vulgarizing process of Westernization. The war that Khomeini declared in 1964 when he announced that the Shah’s regime was illegitimate and captive to American dictates, and which he perhaps thought had been won on his return to Iran in 1979, has continued unabated.

It is a war America will win. If word went out in the streets of southern Tehran—the populous city quarter most closely associated with revolutionary fervor and the oppressed poor—that everyone could choose either a prayer at Khomeini’s tomb and imminent paradise or a U.S. immigrant visa and Los Angeles, we would once again see the U.S. embassy besieged, assum-

ing it reopened (it is now a training center for the Revolutionary Guard Corps). Many might go to Khomeini's tomb, but few would do so without first ensuring that a close family member had made his or her way to the embassy. Contrary to Khomeini's most cherished intentions, the revolution connected the United States to a pre-revolutionary golden age.

Rafsanjani may know how popular a restoration of relations with the United States would be; he might even attempt a rapprochement with the United States as a means of shoring up his support. Today the militant Iranian expatriate and internal opposition—constitutionalists, monarchists, and the Mojahedin-e Khalq (the strongest and at least formerly one of the most anti-American of the opposition groups) alike—greatly fears that the U.S. government will restore diplomatic relations with clerical Tehran.

There are many reasons why Rafsanjani might not seek a restoration of diplomatic relations: what many observers believe is a personal dislike of the United States; fear of assassination attempts by hard-core xenophobes; concern that such a dramatic move would place him in bitter opposition to Khameneh'i, who appears to be much more deeply anti-American than Rafsanjani; and a real fear for the future of the revolutionary regime, which might be philosophically and, more important, physically threatened by the reopening of the U.S. embassy. (The embassy, after all, in 1953 participated with important members of the Iranian clergy in the successful coup d'état against Prime Minister Mohammad Mosaddeq.) The Iranians ascribe tremendous power to covert enterprises. It is one thing for the clerical regime to deal with the U.S. government from a distance; it is an entirely different matter to allow it into downtown Tehran.

But a fascinating and confusing facet of Iranians is their ability to entertain and cajole the enemy if he appears im-

placable and insurmountable. The United States has, in Iranian eyes, shown itself to be both. Before almighty America the Soviet Union vanished and Iraq's army was crushed in hours. This latter point made an immense impression on the Iranian clergy and military, who for years had watched Iran's soldiers in the Iran-Iraq War gain and lose ground with Somme-like slaughter and significance.

America's military performance reminded the Iranians of the incomparable differences in execution between First World (non-Muslim) and Third World (Muslim) wars. Saddam Hussein's survival, though troubling to a growing body of Western opinion

which continues to worry about U.S. staying power and strategic insight, may well reinforce Iran's fear of America. As many Iranians see it, the decision to halt the Gulf War revealed not America's ignorance and weakness but its cunning and power: America chose only to chasten its errant proxy, leaving Saddam Hussein in place so that he could once again threaten the Islamic Republic.

The efforts of those in Tehran who seek to replace the American presence and money in Iran with less-intimidating assistance have not been very successful. Though Japanese investment may total many millions of dollars, it has fallen far short of the much greater

amounts that the Iranians had hoped for. The Europeans are back (the Germans never left), but the levels of their investment and assistance, relative to the immense task of reconstruction in Iran, are low. A primary reason for insufficient foreign non-American investment in Iran has been reluctance on the part of investors, particularly the Japanese, to put their resources into an unstable country with a government that has been in an undeclared state of war with the world's premier power. Iran's rulers know this very well.

But Iranian officials and many Western commentators now no longer regard the Iranian economy as hostage to a rapprochement with the United States. According to them, an American green light on reinvestment in the Islamic Republic has been rendered superfluous by the changed nature of the Middle East. Iran is no longer at the gates of Baghdad, Saddam Hussein's villainy and the Gulf War have made Iranian Shi'ism seem less menacing, and Khomeini is dead. The Islamic Republic is not so disturbing as it once was to foreign investors.

Indeed, foreign investment, including American investment, is returning to Iran. But Iranians, like Arabs, love to reify fiction into fact through language. The consummated deals are probably



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far fewer and smaller in scale than Iranian officials and the press claim. Foreign businessmen do feel more comfortable in Iran since the death of Khomeini, but they also remain acutely conscious of the tension, disorder, moroseness, and continuing violence of post-Khomeini Iranian life. Elemental doubts remain among even the most optimistic foreign entrepreneurs and business executives about the reliability, creditworthiness, and true intentions of their Iranian counterparts—doubts that can recur sharply when a translator of *The Satanic Verses* and a former Prime Minister are stabbed to death, or when an Iranian city erupts in a huge riot after a canceled soccer game or a change in urban housing policy.

More than four years after the end of the Iran-Iraq War the Iranian economy remains in horrible shape, and the clerical government must deal with expectations, largely formed during the last years of the Shah's rule, that the revolution would bring a better existence, especially to the *mostazafin*, the oppressed poor. Though some Iranians would probably like Iran to become an autarkic state or to trade only with those countries that pose little cultural threat (the former Soviet Union, Japan, the Koreans), the majority in Iran—including the clergy—know that to improve the economy Iran must reach out to the West, the civilization with which Iranian businessmen and functionaries are most comfortable and best connected. And Iran must become more prosperous if the mullahs are to retain any loyalty among the poor, who died by the thousands for an undelivered victory in Iran's justified war against Iraq. After last summer's presidential elections—in which he was re-elected with the lowest percentage of the vote ever for an Iranian President—the pressure on Rafsanjani has been mounting to do something about the economy, which despite certain signs of growth and excitement remains drastically underdeveloped.

Anti-clericalism, the reverse side of Persia's historical devotion to its Shi'ite divines, is rampant in post-Khomeini Iran. This hostility toward politicized clerics remains the single

greatest threat to clerical rule, and its intensity is tied directly to the health of the economy. Even among the traditional merchant allies of the clergy, who were a key element of the revolutionary success in 1978, the perception grows that the political clergy have changed state corruption, which under the Shah was notorious but historically comprehensible, into a Persian nightmare in which even the best connected cannot reliably obtain safe passage through government bureaucracies.

Strengthened by the political pre-eminence and economic ineptitude of the mullahs, anti-clericalism intertwines ever more tightly with the defining event of the Islamic Revolution: Iran's surrender in the Iran-Iraq War. For an Iranian who suffered and survived the eight-year war, the memory of that immense struggle is divided into two chapters. The first runs from September of 1980, when Iraq invaded Iran, to May of 1982, when the Iranian army recaptured the port of Khorramshahr. With the ejection of the Iraqis from Khorramshahr in a superbly fought battle, the Iranians regained their pride and almost all their territory. Popular memory in Tehran now views those first twenty-one months as an entirely different war, one that ended in a resounding victory for the Iranian nation and the regular, formerly imperial, Iranian army. The common man credits the regular Iranian army, not the Revolutionary Guard Corps, the clergy's shock troops, with the victorious role in the Khorramshahr fighting.

The second chapter, which followed Khomeini's decision on June 21, 1982, to take the war into Iraqi territory, is now seen as the "Clerics' War," six years of useless slaughter that left the nation impoverished. The more difficult daily economic life becomes in the Islamic Republic, the more the memories of war will work against the clerics and their praetorians, the Revolutionary Guard, who enthusiastically backed Khomeini's war *à outrance*. Few Iranians will care to remember that Rafsanjani counseled against taking the war into Iraq in the summer of 1982.

Clerical Politics

IN 1985 Khomeini authorized Rafsanjani to negotiate with his two most detested "Satans," the United States and Israel. The Iranians, desperate to find an effective means of combating the Iraqis' advantages in tanks and planes, compromised principle for the possibility of obtaining American TOW and HAWK missiles. Today Rafsanjani is once again nearly desperate, while the revolutionary passion inside the country, particularly among the clerics, has faded. Is it so unlikely that Rafsanjani will one day hear Khameneh'i declare that the Great Satan has been thoroughly humbled for fourteen years by the Islamic Republic, thus vouchsafing the return of the American embassy?

Khomeini's death has compelled the Iranian clerics to devise a system of government to replace the state and constitution that were essentially created by him, and it has thrown Iranian society into a search for another *rahbar*, or supreme leader. Though Rafsanjani has attempted to assume Khomeini's political mantle, he cannot possibly hope to achieve the unassailable political stature of the man who felled the Shah. As talented as Rafsanjani is (and he is *very* talented), he has been hard pressed to coerce or oblige others to go along with his decisions. So far he has gathered sufficient power to ensure that he will be held responsible for the fate of the country, but perhaps not sufficient power to ensure that he has the authority necessary to command reliably the fractious mullahs and their crisscrossing support networks.

Rafsanjani and Khameneh'i sit atop a clerical political system that is perhaps terminally headless. We should not forget that the Ayatollah Khomeini waged two simultaneous and to date successful revolutions in Iran. One was against the Shah and the West; the other was against traditional Twelver Shi'ism (the dominant form of Shi'ism in Iran and Lebanon), which had been more or less regnant in Iran since the middle of the sixteenth century and which had discouraged the superin-

ONLY THE FINEST RUMS COME FROM PUERTO RICO

*Aging has given our rums a smoothness, whether straight or mixed, that has made them preferred over all others.
And only in Puerto Rico, with its heritage of fine rums, is aging guaranteed by law.*



tending participation of Iranian clerics in affairs of state.

Iran's Islamic Revolution was made by the clerical second tier—the hojjat ol-Eslams, who rank below the ayatollahs. The senior ayatollahs, other than Ali Montazeri (whom Khomeini had at one point designated as his successor), were enthusiastic fans neither of Khomeini nor of his politico-theological construct, the *velayat-e faqih* (the “guardianship of the jurist”), which was both the idea and the office that ultimately provided Khomeini with unquestioned political and religious authority. Under Khomeini young clerics like Rafsanjani, Khameneh'i, Kho'eihi, Mahdavi-Kani, and Karrubi flourished and collected power, state offices, and titles. “Ayatollah” Khameneh'i has moved very far very fast—from being a juridically unimpressive hojjat ol-Eslam in 1978 to the presidency in 1981 and thence to his current position as the nation's revolutionary guardian upon Khomeini's death, in 1989.

This domination has been gained probably at considerable cost to the traditional clerical order, with its centuries-old system of education, its pedagogic standards for promotion, exclusion, loyalty, and leadership, and, perhaps most important, its financial independence from state coffers. The state-sponsored demolition of the old order was practicable because Khomeini, a grand ayatollah with immense prestige even among his clerical enemies, was at the helm. And when it came to dealing with refractory clergy Khomeini could be tougher than any Pahlavi Shah.

Iran is currently experiencing a resurgence of traditionalism in the clergy, which calls for the clerical political role to be more advisory than participatory, and a corresponding rejection of the activist mullahs who helped to lead the revolution and much of the war effort against Iraq. Rafsanjani and Khameneh'i have forcibly brought about a compromise whereby junior mullahs,

juridically mediocre and of fading revolutionary glory, give orders to their more knowledgeable elders. The compromise has been tense. The reigning clerical power, be it Rafsanjani or Khameneh'i or both, cannot help feeling that as Khomeini's shadow recedes, so does the legitimacy of his *velayat* system of clerical rule. And any system of clerical rule, if it is to pretend to legitimacy, must reflect with some plausibility Twelver Shi'ism's system of juridical seniority.

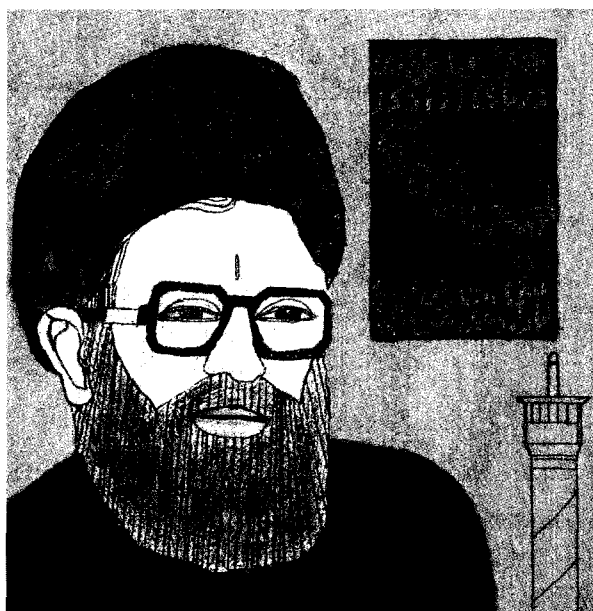
The Iranian government is now headed in the opposite direction, as Rafsanjani, a hojjat ol-Eslam, tries to eliminate or reduce centers of power other than his own. Khameneh'i con-

tinues in theory to hold considerable power (according to the constitution, immensely more than Rafsanjani), but caliphs in Islamic history have done far less well than sultans in the never-ending battle for power.

Rafsanjani will have to contend with Iran's peculiar form of democracy. Unlike the Arab Muslim countries of the Middle East, Iran has a pronounced democratic current running through its nineteenth- and twentieth-century history. But this current has repeatedly been diverted and drained by Persian shahs and clerics both, and there is little evidence to suggest that Rafsanjani will reject the Pahlavi tradition of arranging and rearranging Iran's parliament according to the ruler's needs.

However Rafsanjani tries to rearrange the Iranian political landscape, he is unlikely to abandon, in rhetoric or practice, certain elements and methods of the revolution. His use of terrorism and especially assassination abroad will probably continue, for such violent diplomacy enhances the fearful stature of the clerical government both abroad and internally. It has served as an effective means—indeed, the sole means—for revolutionary Iran to take revenge against those who have insulted or harmed the Islamic Revolution. Such violent diplomacy has been indispensable to

maintaining a clerical pride severely wounded from without by Iran's near-total isolation, and from within by the post-revolutionary erosion of the nation's self-esteem.



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Iranian Duality

THE Islamic Republic's simultaneous pride in and embarrassment about the revolution shape Iran's foreign policy. Most of Iran's clerics, whether traditional or radical, grew up on Pahlavi dreams of Iranian glory. They desperately want Iran to be a power to be reckoned with in the Gulf, in the Middle East, and now in Central Asia. Their pride and pragma-

tism have persuaded them of the need to reach out, at least for Western and expatriate Iranian capital and expertise.

At the same time, the clerics' pride and fear can send Iran's assassins to the very countries where its diplomats are working strenuously to encourage foreign and expatriate access to its markets. In all probability it is not one group of moderates in the Iranian government which designs diplomatic initiatives and a separate group of radicals which is responsible for terrorism. The same men conduct both policies. Rafsanjani may or may not have initiated the assassination of Salman Rushdie's Japanese translator and the killing of former Prime Minister Shahpur Bakhtiar in Paris, but he almost certainly approved or at least acquiesced in their executions. This pattern is a quite normal one in history. The Islamic Republic's Shi'ite antecedents—the medieval Fatimid dynasty of Egypt and its scions farther east, the Assassin city-states—all continued to send out lethal revolutionary missionaries long after the revolution had weakened, if not died, at home.

At home the Iranian government is likely to scale back its reliance on anti-American sloganeering; free up travel and currency exchange for the average Iranian; loosen restrictions on the press, which by Middle Eastern standards is already vibrant; allow women more choice in their dress; alter the arbitrary and decentralized nature of state-sanctioned violence, harassment, and prosecution (the clerical regime will nevertheless continue to brutalize those who seriously threaten clerical rule); encourage Iranians once again to show hospitality to Westerners; and send its representatives overseas with beards clipped.

The situation abroad, however, will be persistently contradictory, as Khomeini's successors struggle to define within an Islamic framework Iran's mission in a changed world. The collapse of the revolution at home could encourage even moderate Islamic revolutionaries—who still, after all, define themselves and hold power by virtue of their Islamic identities—to vaunt an "Islamic" foreign policy.

The Israeli-PLO accord could well

force Tehran to rethink its policy toward the West and the Arab world. It will place further stress on the clerical regime's contradictory aspirations. Tehran will relish its position as the primary remaining hard-line opponent of Israel, and will dread the fact that it has also become the center of world attention—an easily spotted target for American, Israeli, Western European, and Russian displeasure if the accord is frayed by fundamentalist agitation or terror.

If the clerics can enact the "Islamic" policy cheaply and furtively, Iran will continue to strike at the West and, perhaps more important, at Saudi Arabia, which the Iranians despise for its rival religious (Arab Sunni-Wahhabi) hubris, missionary zeal, deep pockets, and hypocritical dependence on Western powers. But the threat that Iran will continue to export revolution—as opposed to simply striking at its own expatriates—should not be exaggerated. After an initial emotional rush Iran's Shi'ite revolution has won little admiration in the surrounding Sunni Muslim world. Though Sunni radicals were profoundly inspired by Khomeini's conquest, they have been far less sympathetic to the Shi'ite state since constructed. The Islamic world has for the most part been unresponsive to Iran's yearning to play a millenarian role. Iran still sits among Saddam Hussein to the west, a permanently decomposing Afghanistan to the east, a richer and ever-proselytizing Saudi Arabia to the south, and an array of Muslim republics to the north which show little more enthusiasm than Iran's other neighbors for easing its general isolation in the Sunni Muslim world.

A Flexibly Hard Approach

HOW should the United States deal with Iran? The short answer is, Be tough but be fair. In the Islamic Middle East, where political life is usually unforgiving, hard-line foreign policies are most likely to gain respect. The more the United States can consistently pressure Iran, the more

Iran's rulers will take heed and avoid provocation. However, the U.S. government should choose its conflicts with the Islamic Republic carefully. As much as the United States may want to deny Iran access to certain markets, its ability to do so, particularly since the collapse of the Soviet threat, is limited. Fear of America is a very important psychological element in American-Iranian relations. That fear, or, as it is understood in Persian, *haybat*—awe of insuperable authority—should not be squandered on public trade disputes with the Europeans or the Japanese unless the United States has the means and the will to win the argument.

America has reason to be indignant with the Islamic Republic. The U.S. government should state loudly and often that it will not tolerate Iranian support of terrorism and that if it discovers any evidence that Iran has engaged in terrorist activity, it will punish Iran financially and continue to impede in various ways Iran's commercial dealings with America's allies. It should resolutely stand behind Salman Rushdie, promoting his case at the United Nations and attacking the Islamic basis of Khomeini's death warrant. In defense of free speech and to remind Iran's mullahs of America's undiminished psychological reach into their country, the U.S. government should provide sufficient funding to Voice of America for round-the-clock shortwave radio broadcasts in Persian and should announce its willingness to support expatriate Iranian television programming accessible in Iran by satellite dish. The U.S. Navy should frequently park its Indian Ocean fleet uncomfortably close to the Persian Gulf and send its submarines and fly its aircraft even closer.

Rafsanjani and the clerics in general are not wild-eyed zealots. More often than not, the zealots eventually found martyrdom in the eight-year war with Iraq; their deaths are a significant reason for the present radical eclipse in Iran. Rafsanjani knows that the Iranian government can no longer call half a million young men onto the streets of Tehran to attack America. It could probably call barely 10,000. Rafsanjani

has innumerable economic problems, and perhaps not much time to handle them; he knows that "*Marg bar Amrika*" will do him little good with his own citizens or with the foreign community he hopes to draw in for investment.

America should be firm with any ally that allows the Iranians to sidestep choices that they fear could cause them to make compromises in their revolutionary doctrine. America should also realize that Iran's contact with other Western countries, like its eventual contact with the United States, can have a corrosive effect on the revolutionary ethos and a moderating effect on the Iranians.

America should treat harshly those countries that sell weaponry to Iran's clerics. But it should perhaps do no more than grimace if a Western ally expands Iran's power grid, builds a dam, or supplies computer equipment to Iran's universities or telephone equipment to its cities. The U.S. government should be wary of depicting Iran as it once depicted the Soviet Union. Communist Russia was a threat to the entire free world; clerical Iran is not.

Despite the rhetoric of the Islamic Republic, Iran is a poor country with little continuing revolutionary appeal outside the Shi'ite world. Not Iran but Saudi Arabia, an American ally, has been the most troublesome missionary of Islamic fundamentalism throughout the subcontinent, the Middle East, and Central Asia. Clerical Iran has never been a totalitarian country, even in its darkest period in the early eighties. The contacts that have existed between its people and the West go far beyond what once existed between the West and the Soviet Union. Though Rafsanjani has decided that Western assistance is required to rebuild Iran, he probably made that decision with trepidation. He is well aware of the extensive contact that has persisted between Iran's citizens and their more prosperous relatives in the West. In addition, thousands of young Iranians are studying again in the West, primarily in the United States; a study of recent Iranian history shows the possible repercussions of a foreign education.

America should be careful not to obstruct through sanctions the flow of Western information and culture that continues to seduce Iran's youth away from the revolution. Lord Curzon believed that Iran's character has always oscillated between "the bigot's rage . . . and the agnostic's indifference." The revolutionary rage in Iran is well over. What has followed is probably not indifference.

The Iranian government has made its peace, at blinding speed, with France and Russia, the two primary suppliers of weapons to Saddam Hussein. Iran has legitimate reasons to want to re-arm, heavily. The United States has no reason to support Iran's plans to re-arm or to supply itself with nuclear or biological and chemical weapons, and is fully justified in preventing—or, more accurately, delaying—Iran's acquisition of weapons of mass destruction. But the U.S. government should admit, at least to itself, that such armament is understandable given the hell Iran endured in its war with Iraq. Theories of deterrence work just as well between Muslim states as they do between liberal democracies and communist dictatorships.

The Inevitable Contact

THE United States should probably not seek direct contact with Rafsanjani's government. There is little reason for it. Iran has several ways to reach the United States if it chooses to, and the United States has the same options. Any U.S. attempts to seek such contact explicitly, with the intention of holding further dialogue or resuming diplomatic relations, would probably seem to be either weakness (the Iranians would assume they had something the Americans wanted) or part of a larger effort to entrap or diminish Iran's clerical government.

Iran has always been at the forefront of the Islamic mind. The Islamic Republic's evolution has had and will have significant influence on Muslims throughout the world. In addition, Iran's ecumenical competition with Saudi Arabia may affect the price of oil.

Rafsanjani may be aware that the United States might quickly make amends to Iran and restore, at a minimum, diplomatic relations if he were to initiate the process. Rafsanjani *will* begin the process one of these days, but not obviously. He will certainly explore the possibility through private emissaries, foreshadowing an inevitably more complicated and diffident public overture.

Though the U.S. government would do well to approach any such contact with considerable caution, the United States should not automatically assume that it will be hoodwinked by the crafty Persians. Iranians are an exceptionally clever, complicated people, but they do not view themselves as being particularly clever with Westerners. An Iranian will assume that the Westerner, certainly if he is English and probably if he is American, will get the better of any deal—just as Americans assume that Iranians will be dangerously wily. Iranians are not born crafty. They get there through the school of hard knocks, and most of them, clerics included, view their dealings with foreigners as an unending school of hard knocks.

The hard question for the United States will be what to say and do on the day when Rafsanjani declares America to be sufficiently chastened for a direct, unconditional American-Iranian dialogue. It would be ironic if the renewal of the United States' relationship with Iran signaled not the end of the Islamic Revolution but Iran's most astute compromise.

Khomeini and his successors have done a poor job of banishing America from the minds of the Iranian people. One of these days they will try to co-opt it by renewing contact. When the Revolutionary Guards move out of the former American embassy in Tehran and American diplomats move back in, American-Iranian diplomacy will once again become the pre-eminent topic of conversation in the Islamic Middle East. If the current Iranian government survives the encounter, Washington may bestow a new legitimacy, which the ruling clerics desperately need—an irony that neither Washington nor Tehran is likely to relish. ☞

(1)

BEING TORN APART
BY WILD ANIMALS.

(2)

BEING BOILED
ALIVE IN ACID.

(3)

TALKING ABOUT
DISABILITY INSURANCE.

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THE TURN

by WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE



At the very heart of winged flight lies the banked turn, a procedure that by now seems so routine and familiar that airline passengers appreciate neither its elegance and mystery nor its dangerously delusive character. The author, a pilot, takes us up into the subject

PEOPLE who distrust the sensations of flight, who balk when an airplane banks and turns, are on to something big. I was reminded of this recently while riding in the back of a United Boeing 737 that was departing from San Francisco. Directly over the Golden Gate we rolled suddenly into a steep turn, dropping the left wing so far below the horizon that it appeared to pivot around the bridge's nearest tower. For a moment we exceeded the airline maximum of a thirty-degree bank, which is aerodynamically unimportant but is imposed for passengers' peace of mind.

Sightseeing seemed more important now. Our pilots may have thought we would enjoy a dramatic view of the famous bridge and the city beyond. But as the airplane turned, startled passengers looked away from the windows. A collective gasp rippled through the cabin.

The reaction did not surprise me: as an instructor of beginning pilots, I've heard gasps and worse from my students. Pilots are merely trained passengers. They have to be told not to flinch, whimper, or make audible appeals to the Savior. They have to be encouraged to ride the airplane willingly, as they

would a horse, to think as it thinks. And they have to be persuaded of the strange logic of the turn. At its core lies the relationship between banking and the resulting flight path, and the fact, difficult at first to accept, that neither can be felt.

Most people—certainly the ones who were sitting next to me over San Francisco—would insist that they can indeed feel the bank. We have all had the experience while reading or dozing on an airliner of feeling a lurch and looking up to see, as expected, that the airplane is tilted. The lurch comes

when the airplane dips or
raises a wing, starting
into a

the sense of balance is neutralized by the motion of flight. In clouds or darkness the motion could be momentarily upside down and passengers would not know.

turn or starting out of one. Sometimes we can even give a direction to the bank. But if we then close our eyes, we have no way of telling that we are sitting at an angle. I know from experience how difficult it is to convince people of this. When the bank is visible—for instance, on a clear day—the tilted horizon looks so unusual that the view overpowers other perceptions. But during flight on black nights, or in clouds, the bank is imperceptible, and passengers are heedless. They may feel the odd lurch, but they have no way of guessing the airplane's degree of bank. The inner ear, and with it the sense of balance, is neutralized by the motion of flight. The airplane could be momentarily upside down and passengers would not know.

Of course, none of this matters unless you are the pilot. But historically pilots have made the same mistakes as passengers. Having been given the airplane, they had to learn to use it. Generations were required. Eventually they admitted that instinct was unreliable in clouds, and that they needed special instruments to tell them what was happening to the plane. Without the instruments they went into mysterious banks and dived out of control. Thus was born the most basic distinction in flying, between conditions in which the turn is visible and conditions in which it must be measured. The ability to fly through weather and in darkness is more important than speed in the conquest of distance. The mastery of the turn is the story of how aviation became practical as a means of transportation. It is the story of how the world became small.

SOME definitions are in order. The bank is a condition of tilted wings, and the turn is the change in direction that results. The connection between the two is inexorable: the airplane must bank to turn, and when it is banked, it must turn. The reason is simple. In flight with level wings the lifting force of the wings is directed straight up, and the airplane does not turn; in a bank the lifting force is tilted to the side, and the airplane therefore must move to that side. It cannot slide sideways through the air, because it has a vertical fin on the tail, which forces the turn by keeping the tail in line behind the nose. The result is an elegantly curved flight path, created as the airplane lifts itself through the changes in direction.

The turn, however, comes at a price. As the bank steepens, the airplane has greater difficulty holding its altitude.

Flown at bank angles approaching ninety degrees—in which the wings point straight up and down—a normal airplane cannot keep from descending.

In such "knife-edge" flight the force that once lifted the wings in a direction perpendicular to the earth's surface is now directed parallel to it, and gravity pulls the airplane down. However, if the pilot controls the airplane carefully and allows it to keep turning, it will happily roll past the vertical, onto its back, and finally

right side up again. During such a

maneuver San Francisco Bay would momentarily appear above you, and the Golden Gate Bridge would seem to hang from the water. This is fine if you are prepared for it. Full rolls are the purest expression of flight. They are normally flown only in fighters and other acrobatic airplanes, but if you ignore convention, you can fly them in any airplane, including a Boeing 737.

None of this would have comforted the man sitting next to me during that steep turn over the Golden Gate. He was large, sharp-eyed, and alert. When the wing dropped, he said, "Hey!" and grabbed the armrests. Now he rode "above" me in the bank, leaning into the aisle as if he feared toppling into my lap. He need not have worried. If he had dropped his pen, it would have fallen not "down" in the conventional sense—toward me and the earth—but rather toward the tilted carpet at his feet. If he had dangled the pen from a string, it would have hung at a ninety-degree angle with respect to the tilted floor.

A dangled pen is a primitive inclinometer, like a plumb bob or the heel indicator on a sailboat. On land or at sea it will hang toward the center of the planet. But in flight it will hang toward the floor, no matter how steeply the airplane is banked. A carpenter's level would be equally fooled. This peculiar phenomenon is a manifestation of the turn's inherent balance. The earth's gravity acts on an airplane, and of course on objects in an airplane, but so do the forces of iner-

tia, the desire of any mass to keep doing what it has been doing. The neatness of this Newtonian package is beautiful to behold. Bob Hoover, a stunt pilot, mounted a video camera in his cockpit, set an empty glass on the instrument panel, and poured himself a soft drink while flying full rolls. Our United pilots seemed inclined to fly the same way. If they had done so, as we passed inverted above the Golden Gate Bridge and saw it hanging from the water, my sharp-eyed neighbor could have watched his pen dangling toward the sky. During the roll the flight attendants could have walked upside down. And some passengers, too busy to look outside, wouldn't even have noticed.

The human body is another inclinometer. Undisturbed by the view, it sits quietly, dangling toward the tilted floor, churning out memos for the home office. The man next to me was not about to fall into my lap. He could have relaxed, lowered the tray in front of him, and called for a coffee. Unlike a table on a sailboat, an airplane tray requires no gim-bals. Flight attendants do not develop sea legs. They brew coffee on a fixed counter, deliver it without worrying about the bank angle, and fill cups to their brims. Full cups make people behave during turns: if they try to hold them level with the earth, the coffee pours out and scalds their thighs. If this is hard to believe, imagine the alternative—an airplane in which “down” was always toward the ground. Bedlam would break loose in the cabin during turns.

AS long as its wings are level, an airplane is well mannered and slow to anger. If you pull its nose up and then release the controls, it puts its nose back down; if you push it down, it answers by rearing up. Like horseback riding, flying consists mostly of leaving the beast alone. The problem is that this particular beast does not stay on the trail unguided, and once it strays, it develops a strong impulse to self-destruct.

Unguided, any airplane will eventually begin to bank. That by itself would be fine if you didn't mind the resulting turn. But as the bank tilts the lift force of the wings, reducing their vertical effectiveness, it erodes the equilibrium that previously countered the pull of the earth. The airplane responds to the loss by lowering its nose and accelerating. Sitting in the cockpit with folded arms and watching it proceed is like letting a temperamental horse gallop down a steepening slope: it requires steady nerves and a morbid curiosity. In flight the slope steepens because the acceleration tightens the airplane's turn, which increases its bank angle, which causes further acceleration. Sooner or later a sort of aerodynamic lock-in occurs. The airplane banks to vertical or beyond, and points its nose straight down.

That's the spiral dive. In its most lethal forms it is called the graveyard spiral. The airplane flies in ever-steeper circles and either disintegrates from excessive speed or hits the ground in a screaming descent. Most flights would suffer this end if the pilot (or autopilot) did not intervene. In good weather the intervention is easy. When you see that

the airplane has banked, you unbank it. During turns you hold the controls more firmly, and keep the nose from dropping.

The increased loading caused by inertia during a well-flown turn is felt within the cabin as a peculiar heaviness. Pilots measure it in “Gs,” as a multiple of gravity's normal pull. An airplane that banks to thirty degrees creates a loading of 1.15 Gs: the airplane, and everything in it, temporarily weighs 15 percent more than normal. Fifteen percent is hardly noticeable. But when the bank grows only a bit steeper, to forty-five degrees, the load increases to 1.4 Gs: people feel pressed into their seats, and they might notice that the wings have flexed upward. Technically it is not important. Airplanes are strong. Pilots shrug off two Gs, and may feel comfortable at twice as much. But passengers are unaccustomed to the sensation. As we pivoted over the Golden Gate, I estimated that my neighbor had gained about eighty pounds. Had he dangled his pen toward the tilted floor, it would have pulled on the string with surprising force. This might not have reassured him. But the extra heaviness is a measure of the pilot's success in resisting the spiral dive. If we had felt “normal” during the turn, it could only have meant that the nose was dropping fast toward the water.

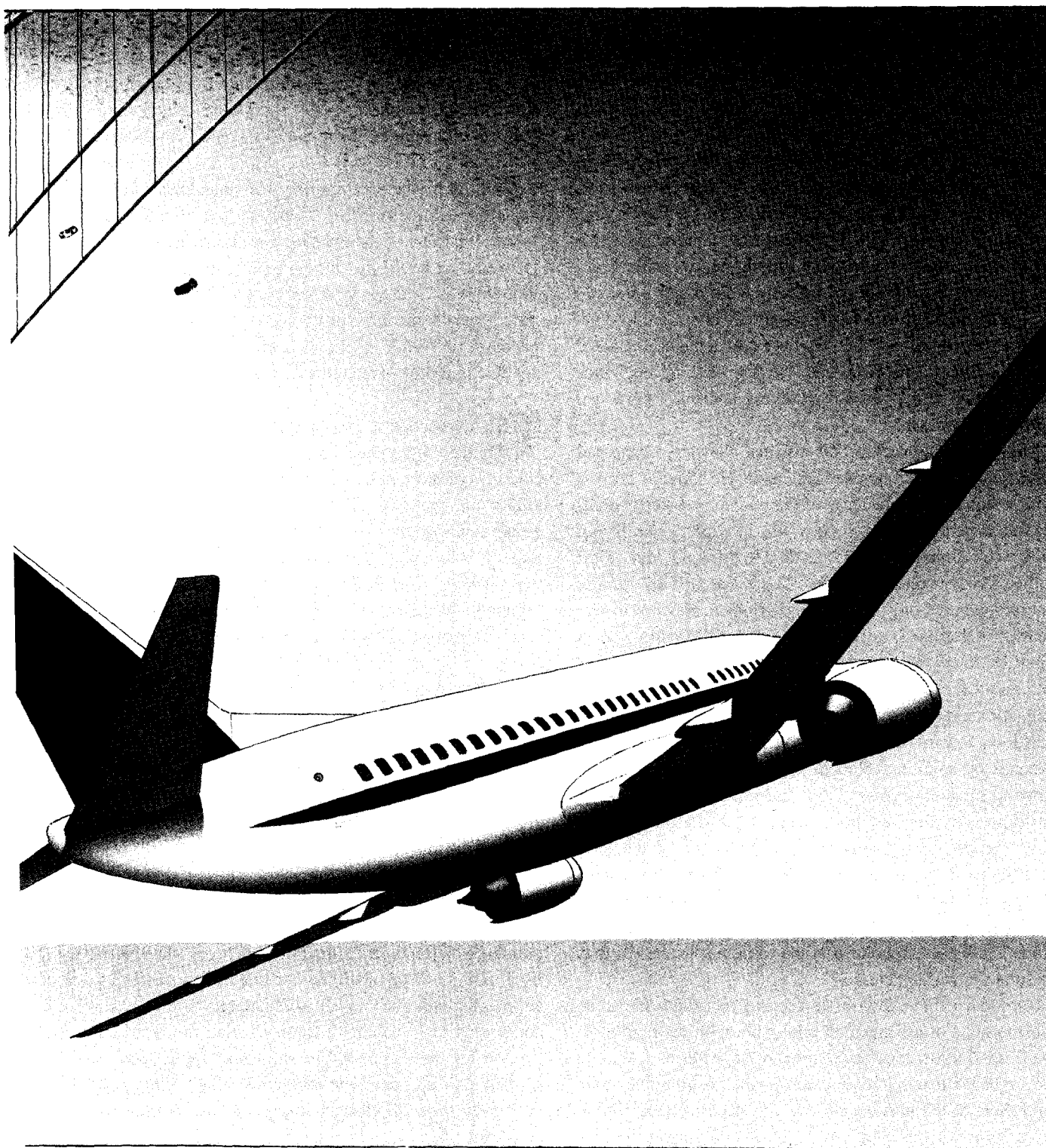
No pilot would make such a mistake on a clear day. The view from the cockpit is dominated by the horizon, the constantly renewing division between the sky and the earth. It forms a line across the windshield, and makes immediate sense of the airplane's movements. In clouds or on black nights, when they cannot see outside, pilots keep their wings level by watching an artificial horizon on the instrument panel. The artificial horizon is a gyroscopically steadied line, which stays level with the earth's surface. The airplane pitches and banks in relation to this steady line, which in spatial terms never moves. Of course, in *airplane* terms it does move—which presents a problem, because pilots are part of the airplane: they fly it from within, strapped to their seats. In clear skies they would never misjudge a bank as the tilting of the earth, but with their view restricted to the abstractions of the instrument panel they sometimes do just that: when the airplane banks, they perceive the motion as a movement of the artificial horizon line across the face of the instrument. This causes them to “fly” the wrong thing—the moving horizon line, rather than the fixed symbolic airplane. For example, as turbulence tilts the airplane to the left, the pilots, tilting with it, notice the artificial horizon line dropping to the right. Reacting instinctively to the indication of motion, they sometimes try to raise the line as if it were a wing. The result of such a reversal in such cases is murderous. Pilots steer to the left just when they should steer to the right, and then in confusion they steer harder. While cruising calmly inside clouds, I have had student pilots suddenly try to flip the airplane upside down. These were perfectly rational people, confronted by the turn.



AIRPLANES did not shrink the world overnight. The Wrights flew straight and level at Kitty Hawk in December of 1903, and nobody paid much attention. They went home to Dayton, rented a cow pasture, and spent the following year stretching their flights and learning to turn. The first detailed account of their flights appeared in *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, a journal for beekeepers published in nearby Medina. The editor, A. I. Root, traveled to the pasture and on September 20, 1904, saw Wilbur fly the first full

circle. Bees, of course, are the great specialists in full-circle flying; they spend their days on round-trip missions, and construct whole worlds out of their ability to turn. I do not know if Root was influenced by these thoughts, but he understood the significance of the Wrights' achievement. The U.S. Army was slower to catch on. Five years later, after much persuading by the Wrights, it reluctantly took delivery of its first airplane. In 1909 horses still seemed more glorious.

The war in Europe changed that. Unsullied by the carnage



in the trenches, pilots chased across the sky, turning hard on each other's tails. The war taught them to fly with confidence, and encouraged the myth of instinct. Those who survived made the dangerous discovery that they could feel at home in the sky. They learned to accept the strangeness of a steep bank—the G load and the tilted horizon—and the magic of a full roll. Nonetheless, they still believed in instinctive balance: when they ducked through small clouds and emerged with their wings slightly tilted, they did not appre-

ciate the significance of this small clue—did not suspect the importance of the unfelt bank. Although scientific thinkers on both sides of the Atlantic had, by the end of the war, come to understand the intricacies of the banked turn, pilots, trapped by vanity, paid little heed. And because pilots at the time rarely flew in bad weather or on black nights, they did not expose themselves to the conditions that would have fostered deeper insight.

At the end of the war regular airmail service started in Eu-

rope and the United States. It made airplanes useful to the public for the first time, gave birth to the airlines, and placed pressure on the pilots to operate on schedules. They followed rivers and railroads in open-cockpit biplanes, flying under the weather, sometimes at extremely low altitude, dodging steeples and oil derricks. Many pilots were killed.

In December of 1925 a young Army pilot named Carl Crane got caught in the clouds at 8,000 feet directly over Detroit while trying to fly a congressman's son to Washington, D.C., in a biplane. Crane later became a famous master of the turn. Recalling this particular flight, he said, "In a short time I was losing altitude, completely out of control. I could not fly the airplane at all—it had gotten into a spiral dive. Halfway down I looked around at my boy in the back, and he was enjoying the flight no end. He was shaking his hands and grinning, and I was slowly dying because I knew we were going to crash."

The boy in the rear cockpit was just unaware. Crane had an altimeter and an airspeed indicator. He thought he was dying "slowly" only because of the way experience is compressed when an airplane goes wild. People's minds can work extraordinarily fast. Pilots tend to think not about God or their lives but about solutions. Crane searched his training and remembered only vague admonitions to stay out of bad weather. Of course, he was in it now, and couldn't see a thing. He knew he was turning but could make no sense of the compass. It is a notorious problem: because the earth's magnetic field does not lie parallel to the globe's surface but dips down toward the magnetic poles, the compass responds to banks by spinning erratically, jamming, and sometimes showing turns in reverse. Crane did not know which wing was down, let alone by how much. If he tried to level the wings, he was just as likely to roll upside down as right side up. If he tried to raise the nose, the effect would be exactly the opposite: the turn would quicken, steepening the descent. For a pilot these are the central issues of the spiral dive. Crane understood none of it at the time, but he sensed that his situation was hopeless.

In modern times air-traffic control recorded the radio transmissions of an unskilled pilot who, with his family on board, tried to descend through overcast. After he lost control, he began to sob into the microphone, begging the radar controllers to tell him which side was up. But radar shows air traffic as wingless blips on a map, and is incapable of distinguishing banks. Controllers are in the business of keeping airplanes from colliding. Pilots are in the business of flight control. This one had instruments on board by which he could have kept his wings level, but in the milkeness of the clouds he became confused. The controllers listened helplessly to his panic and, in the background, to the screams of his children. The transmissions ended when the airplane broke apart.

Crane's biplane was stronger. "Finally it got down to under a thousand feet, and I said, 'Well, here we go. I'm going

to look at my boy once more.' And as I turned around to look at him, a sign went by my wing. It said 'Statler Hotel.' I had just missed the top of the Statler Hotel. In all the mist and rain, I could see the buildings and the streets. I flew down the street and got over the Detroit River, and flew about ten feet high all the way to Toledo, shaking all the way."

Shocked by the way intuition had abandoned him, Crane began to ask questions. For years he got no intelligent answers. Veterans of the military and the airmail service still insisted they could fly "by the seat of the pants," and they thought less of those who could not. Their self-deception now seems all the more profound because the solution to the problem of flying in clouds and darkness—a gyroscope adapted to flying—was already widely available.

THE gyroscope is a spinning wheel, like a child's top, mounted in gimbals that allow it freedom of movement. It has two important traits: left alone, it maintains a fixed orientation in space (in relation to the stars); and when tilted, it reacts in an odd but predictable way. Elmer Sperry, the great American inventor, started playing with these traits in the early 1900s. As a curiosity, he designed a gyro-stabilized "trained wheelbarrow," and he tried, without success, to interest a circus in it. Undiscouraged, Sperry turned to the U.S. Navy instead, and interested it in gyro-compasses and ship stabilizers. Competitors in Europe developed similar devices, and during the buildup to war interested their countries' navies, too.

Airplanes were an intriguing sideline. Sperry built a gyroscopic autopilot in 1910, not to enable blind flight but to stabilize the otherwise unruly early flying machines. In 1915 he began to ponder instrumentation, and with prescient insight into the problems of flight was able after three years to produce the first gyroscopic turn indicator, an instrument still in use today. Its face consisted of a vertical pointer, which indicated turns to the left or right. (Necessarily, it also included a ball like the one in a carpenter's level, an inclinometer that showed not bank but "skid" or "slip"—conditions of imbalance.) Sperry called the instrument a "crutch for the compass." In his patent application he described it as an instrument that would allow pilots to fly indefinitely through clouds, implying that without it they could not.

One of the earliest cloud flights with a turn indicator was made by William Ocker, an Army pilot, in 1918. Though he, too, spiraled out of overcast, he concluded correctly that his mistake had been to favor sensation over the instrument's indications. During the 1920s a few Post Office pilots began to fly by instruments. When Charles Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic, in 1927, a turn indicator kept him from spiraling into the sea when he met fog. Two years later Jimmy Doolittle made a "blind" landing, after flying a complete circuit around an airport in a special biplane modified with a

domed cockpit from which he could not see outside. The landing itself was a technical dead end. Once Doolittle was over the field, he reduced the power and waited until the biplane plunked into the grass—a technique that would not be practical for the airlines. More significant were the special devices that made the precisely flown circuit possible. The airplane was equipped with navigational radios, an airspeed indicator, an improved altimeter, a turn indicator, and two new gyroscopic instruments from Elmer Sperry—a gyroscopic compass and an artificial horizon. This combination was so effective that it still forms the core of instrument panels today. Doolittle compared the artificial horizon to cutting a porthole through the fog to look at the real horizon. Devising technology was the easy part. The more stubborn problem of belief remained. As late as 1930 one of the airlines wrote to Sperry complaining about a mysterious problem: the instruments worked fine in clear air, but as soon as they were taken into clouds, they began to indicate turns.

Still worried about his near collision with the Statler Hotel, Carl Crane read with fascination the descriptions of Doolittle's flight. He was now, in 1929, an Army instructor at a training base in Texas. Though his superior officers disapproved of instrument flying, Crane was convinced of the need for gyroscopes. He finally got permission to cover over a cockpit and turn one of the biplanes into an instrument trainer. While he was at work on this, William Ocker wandered into the hangar. Ocker didn't look like much of a pilot, with his bifocals and his mournful, puritan face, but he had a powerful mind and the restless soul of a missionary. The truth about instrument flying had come to him in 1926, during a routine medical examination in San Francisco. To demonstrate that the senses could be fooled, a doctor had asked Ocker to close his eyes while being spun in a chair. Ocker felt the chair begin to turn, and guessed the direction correctly—but when the chair slowed, he felt it had stopped, and when the chair stopped, he felt it was now turning in the opposite direction. For the doctor, it was a trick on the inner ear, an amusing exercise in vertigo. For Ocker, it was a stunning revelation: the sense of accelerating into a turn is the same as that of decelerating from the opposite turn. The chair induced the same false sensations that led pilots to mistrust their turn indicators. Even those who accepted their inability to feel the bank were losing control. Ocker now knew why. He had found here in the spinning chair the proof that instinct is *worse* than useless in the clouds.

Ocker became so obsessed with the spinning chair that he was hospitalized twice for sanity tests and later banished by the Army to Texas. His preaching had become tiresome.

Nonetheless, he had discovered the most disturbing limitation of human flight—the feelings that cause people to sway dizzily from wings-level flight into spiral dives. Having gyroscopes is not enough. Pilots must learn to believe them, even though their bodies may have invented phantom turns. And fiction can be compelling. I have seen students break into a sweat in the effort not to submit.

Ocker and Crane began a systematic exploration of flying inside clouds. In 1932 they published *Blind Flight in Theory and Practice*, the first clear analysis of instrument flying. The book had an enormous influence. The authors tried to lay to rest the old faith in flying by instinct. They described the physics of the turn and the confusion experienced by the inner ear, but their most dramatic argument grew out of an experiment with pigeons. From everything pilots had learned, it seemed evident that birds, too, must be unable

Pilots must learn to believe gyroscopes, even though their bodies may have invented phantom turns. I have seen students break into a sweat in the effort not to submit.

to fly without a visible horizon. Ocker and Crane blindfolded pigeons, took them up in biplanes, and threw them out. Sure enough, the birds dropped into fluttering emergency descents—they panicked and went down like feathered parachutes. It is possible, of course, that they did not like the blindfolds, which were made of Bull Durham tobacco pouches. But anyway, the experiment was the kind pilots understood. If God had meant birds to fly in the clouds, He would have given them gyroscopes.

BIRDS are not the perfect flyers that you might expect. They cannot fly through heavy rain. They get sucked up by thunderstorms, frozen by altitude, and burned by lightning. They crash into obstacles, wander offshore, run out of fuel, and die by the millions. They would rather not migrate in bad weather, and usually don't. Nonetheless, it now appears that Ocker and Crane may have been wrong: there is evidence that some birds do occasionally fly inside clouds. This is big news. Word of it appeared in 1972, in the proceedings of a NASA symposium on animal navigation. Hidden among reports like "When the Beachhopper Looks at the Moon" and "Anemo-

menotactic Orientation in Beetles and Scorpions" (that is, "When a Bug Feels the Wind") was a paper titled "Nocturnal Bird Migration in Opaque Clouds." It was written by Donald Griffin, the Harvard zoologist who discovered the use of sonar by bats. Griffin reported that he had bought a military-surplus radar and on overcast nights in New York had tracked birds that seemed to be flying inside clouds. There were only a few, and Griffin was able to track them only for a couple of miles, but they appeared to be flying straight. Griffin's biggest problem was uncertainty over the flight conditions at the birds' altitude. Were the clouds really as thick as they looked from below? Were the birds really flying blind? Griffin had good reason to believe so, but as a scientist he had to be cautious. His final report, in 1973, reinforced the earlier findings but was more cautiously titled "Oriented Bird Migration in or Between Opaque Cloud Layers." Ornithologists still cite it from memory. To those interested in bird navigation, the difference between "in" and "between" is just a detail; the point is, the birds seemed to know their way without reference to the stars or to the ground. But to birds, whose first job is keeping their wings level and controlling their turns, the distinction might be crucial. Griffin, a former pilot, understands its importance. I recently mentioned to him my impression that some ornithologists seem stuck on the ground, and he laughed. "I keep telling them, 'Gee, birds fly!'"

Assuming they fly in the clouds, the question is how? Ornithologists have no answer, and they shy away from speculation. It is known that birds navigate by watching the ground and the positions of the sun, the moon, and the stars—none of which would help them in clouds. But they may also use a host of nonvisual clues, and may use mental "maps" based on sound, smell, air currents, variations in gravitational pull, and other factors. Experiments have shown that some species are extremely sensitive to magnetic forces. In their heads they have magnetite crystals surrounded by nerves, which may give them intuitive knowledge of their direction (and location) in the earth's magnetic field.

Another possibility is that birds have internal gyroscopes of a primitive sort. This is less farfetched than it seems: the rhythmic flapping of wings could have the effect of Foucault's pendulum, allowing a bird to sense turns without any external cue. A pendulum is more than a hanging weight—it is a hanging weight that has been pushed and is swinging freely. Swinging gives a pendulum its special ability to maintain spatial orientation. Leon Foucault was the French physicist who first used one, in 1851, to demonstrate the rotation of the earth: though the pendulum appeared to change direction as it swung, in fact the plane of its swing remained constant, and the apparent change was caused by the turning of the earth underneath it. If birds rely on the pendulum effect, they are not alone. Flies and mosquitos (along with more than 85,000 other species of Diptera) use specially adapted vibrating rods to maintain spatial orientation in flight. Not only can they turn sharply, roll upside down,

and land on the underside of leaves, but they can do it in fog.

Pilots, too, have relied on pendulums. It is said that an airliner inbound to New York in the 1950s lost all its gyroscopes in heavy weather over Block Island. The captain was a wise old man who had risen with the airlines from the earliest air-mail days and was approaching retirement. A lesser pilot might have fallen for the trap of intuition. But the captain simply took out his pocket watch, dangled it from its chain, and began to swing it toward the instrument panel. Flying by the pendulum and the compass, he proceeded the length of Long Island in the clouds. After breaking into the clear near the airport, he landed and wished his passengers a good day.

The story is not impossible. I had it in mind one night when I flew out over the Pacific Ocean in a small airplane. High clouds darkened the sky. The light of a fishing boat drifted close by the coast. Flying a mile above the water, I headed beyond it, into complete blackness.

Nowhere can a person find greater solitude than alone in flight. At night in clouds and over water, the cockpit becomes a world of its own, and the instrument panel another world within it. The instruments glow in a warm light, telling the strange story of the airplane's motion. Enjoying this isolation, I flew on until, behind me, the fishing boat was a distant glimmer. The gyroscopes functioned perfectly. The radios were blissfully silent. I hooked a metal pen to a fishing line and dangled it from a knob on the ceiling. Flying by the artificial horizon, I made a steep turn and watched the pen dangle toward the tilted floor. Then I straightened out, pushed the pen toward the instrument panel, and released it. It swung for almost a minute before requiring another push. Each renewal would, of course, erase the pendulum's spatial memory. Nonetheless, I thought the device might work. After turning parallel to the coast, I covered the gyroscopes with slips of paper.

The night air was smooth. The pen swung rhythmically toward the panel and back. When eventually the airplane banked and therefore turned, the swinging pen, though it continued to swing through a point perpendicular to the floor, maintained a memory of the airplane's original heading, and seemed to have redirected itself to the left. This could only mean that the airplane had banked to the right. I steered left gingerly, hoping to raise the right wing just enough to return to straight flight. The pen seemed to stabilize in its new direction. I renewed the swing, shoving the pen again directly toward the panel. It soon confirmed that the airplane had indeed leveled its wings. After the compass settled, it showed that I had turned twenty degrees to the right. Lowering the left wing cautiously, watching the pen swing to the right, I crept back to my original heading. Later, when I tried to make a large turn, I spiraled and had to peek at the gyroscopes. But with the wings level again I flew on for miles, learning to work with the swinging pen. Trust comes slowly in the indication of turns. It is a peculiar faith that makes the world so small. ♣

How to Be Religious Without Losing Your Mind



Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted, unlettered, and irrational, that the price of salvation is checking your mind at the Pearly Gates. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, rationalism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

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The Bitter End

Acquiring a taste for amari, the Italian coda to a meal

WHEN I was first learning to drink, the most sophisticated order I knew was "Campari and soda with lime, please, and very little ice." I was glad about its sophisticated reputation, because I actually liked Campari. The garnet-red liquid, both sweet and faintly bitter, seemed far preferable to sweet soft drinks. It had spicy flavors I couldn't identify—some citrus perhaps, maybe a little cinnamon and vanilla, and darker, more mysterious undertones. Mixed with carbonated water it was won-

derfully refreshing and at the same time a bit alcoholic—a grown-up soda.

Later, when I was learning to be Italian, I developed a taste for *amari*, the herbal liqueurs people drink after meals to help everything go down better. An

amaro is not necessarily the most sophisticated order at a restaurant in Italy. Even though all classes regularly drink them, something of the blue collar hangs about *amari*, the air of the kind of bar where men play cards during the afternoon and watch soccer games at night.

Like Campari, which is considered an *amaro* even though people usually drink it as an aperitif, after-dinner *amari* combine bitter and sweet flavors, although the balance shifts toward the bitter. Undiluted, they are strong stuff: you wouldn't want to down more than a medicinal gulp of, say, Fernet Branca, which in Italy is synonymous with "*amaro*" and has recently been aggressively marketed in the United States, or Unicum, the potent and unapologetically bitter Hungarian digestive, or Jägermeister, a German herbal liqueur. Once you add soda water, though, and maybe a slice of orange, *amari*—especially the sweet and comparatively mild Averna and Ramazzotti, both very popular in Italy and widely available here—take on a vaguely familiar flavor. They're like a cola drink but less sweet and many times more interesting.

The very name explains why *amari* are an acquired taste: "*amaro*" means "bitter," and the bitter components of *amari*, like those of olives and coffee, can ini-

by Corby Kummer

tially put people off. I like my bitters relieved with sweetness, and so do Italians: very, very few Italians do not put at least half a teaspoon of sugar into their thimbleful of espresso, and most *amari* are in fact fairly syrupy. Tempered or not, bitterness deepens flavors. It's a great loss to shun one of the four basic flavor attributes the palate recognizes and restrict yourself to just sweet, salty, and sour. Chefs sometimes perk up a sauce with a dash of Angostura bitters, an herbal concentrate that, I recently learned, is highly alcoholic (90 proof); I'm embarrassed to recall how many "nonalcoholic" punches I have unknowingly spiked in my attempt to imitate Campari. After you ease your way into bittersweet liqueurs, other kinds will seem dull and one-note, like soda pop beside Campari and soda. Once you get into the *amaro* habit, you won't want to end a meal—especially one of the big meals that are at once a seasonal hazard and a pleasure—any other way.

My own palate was alerted to just how good and unmedicinal *amari* can be by two encounters in Friuli, a region in the northeastern corner of Italy. One was with a friend who lives in Trieste and writes about food and wine. She had recently agreed to help promote Amaro Praga, named for Prague, where Josef Janousek concocted it in the 1880s. The first sip woke me up: it has zing, from bitter orange, and from a resinous herb like rosemary or an evergreen. Vanilla and clove are there too. The flavors are clear and high, and make other *amari* seem murky. Amaro Praga, whose manufacturer is hoping to export to this country in the next few months, takes no getting used to—it is markedly, although not overpoweringly, sweet, and relatively low in alcohol (32 proof).

The other was a visit to the Nonino family, which makes remarkably refined grappas and distillates of various grapes and other fruits. I was in a group that included Carol Field, a fellow would-be Italian who is similarly unembarrassed by a slightly *déclassé* preference for *amari*. (Her new *Italy in Small Bites*, with a wealth of *merende*, or snacks, most of them based on bread, is full of recipes for exactly the kind of food I like to eat, and I have begun cooking my way through it with great satisfaction.) When, after a copious meal, an enormous cart loaded with every kind of liqueur, each in

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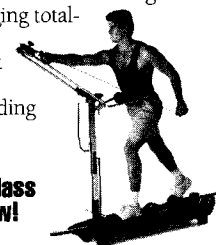


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a distinctive and beautiful bottle, arrived, Field asked if she could have instead the family's legendary, and virtually unfindable, *amaro*. After some searching a bottle was produced.

Called "Quintessence of Alpine Herbs" on the label, Amaro Nonino is bottled in a cylindrical flask, as if from a centuries-old pharmacy. The color is a lovely clear amber, whereas other *amari* are the deep brown of Coca-Cola or Gravy Master, and for the same reason—added caramel. The Noninos add caramel, but much less than others do, because instead of a base of neutral (flavorless) grape spirits alone they also use liqueurs individually distilled from several kinds of grape, which acquire color from the French oak barrels in which they age.

Amaro Nonino has the nose of brandy, with vapor tracing through the nostrils—you feel cleansed just smelling it. On the tongue it is wonderfully warming and sweet, albeit a good deal less sweet than Benedictine, another herb-based liqueur of which it might remind you. The herbal notes are delicate where in other *amari* they are forceful, and the bitterness is so understated that its demureness is the only defect I can think of.

This *amaro* shouldn't be diluted. I succeeded in taking home a bottle—a triumph at the time. Just now the family is beginning to distribute its *amaro* far beyond the few deluxe Italian wine shops once able to procure it; call 516-467-5907 to find out where to get it. The rapid lowering of the level in my bottle of Amaro Nonino—I insist that guests try it, and most ask several times for a few drops more—persuaded me to learn more about *amari*.

FERNET Branca, Campari, the English Pimm's Cup, and vermouth are all based on alcohol-infused herbs, roots, and spices. The well-known brands of *amari* date from the middle of the last century, when folk traditions across Europe, endangered by the Industrial Revolution, were first being studied. It was also a time when traditional remedies were commercialized, and manufacturers could make whatever claims they pleased for patent medicines, many of them based on tinctures, or alcohol extracts, of roots and herbs. Coca-Cola, Dr. Pepper, and Moxie all date from this era, and they, too, began as extracts of herbs and roots made palat-

ANSWERS TO THE NOVEMBER PUZZLER

P	R	O	P	O	S	E	C	O	E	D
A	R	D	E	D	E	M	A	N	C	I
P	O	U	R	E	R	A	M	A	S	S
A	T	C	L	A	U	D	E	G	B	A
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O	L	C	T	T	A	P	E	R	S	E
T	A	K	E	O	U	T	F	O	O	D
R	S	P	A	W	N	S	R	P	N	B
A	P	E	L	E	T	G	E	N	I	E
T	S	L	P	R	O	F	I	T	C	I
O	N	I	U	S	R	E	G	I	O	N
P	M	O	N	E	S	C	H	I	N	G
S	A	N	G	H	O	S	T	E	S	S

"Fast Thinking"

The unclued phrase is TAKE OUT FOOD. Across. 1. PRO(PO)SE 5. BUNCOED (anag.) 8. STE(WARD)ED (draw rev.) 9. EMANCIPATE (anag.) 10. P(OUR)ER 11. A(MA)SS 12. C-LAUDE (d) 14. RA(I-SING-CA)IN 16. MADE UP (double def.) 17. TAPERS (double def.) 22. S(PAWN)S 25. A-PE-LET 27. GEN(I)E 28. PROFIT (homophone) 30. SUE-TONI-US 31. REGION (anag.) 32. PH(EROM)ONES (more rev.) 33. B-RANCH-IN-G 34. SLA(MBA)NG 35. HOS-TESS Down. 1. PAPA-GO 2. PIERROT (anag.) 3. PER(LIT)E 4. SE-RUM 5. CAME-R-AMEN 6. ON-AGER 7. DIS(A-P)PEARED (despaired anag.) 11. AD(APT)S 12. CAMELBACK (anag.) 13. BUS-ON-I 15. CLAS(P)S 17. TOWERS (double def.) 18. AU-TOM-A-TON 19. TRICERATOPS (anag.) 20. FR(E)IGHT 21. OPPONENT (anag.) 23. PELION (anag.) 24. BE(IN)GS 26. T-OR SO 28. PU(zzli)NG 29. SO-UP-CONS

able by a heavy dose of caramel; they followed a different path to popular acceptance, though, having carbonated water added before bottling and the drugs (in Coca-Cola, cocaine) gradually removed.

The formulas for commercially produced liqueurs and fortified wines were sometimes the creations of pharmacists, or of entrepreneurs and confectioners (as in the cases of Campari and Cointreau, both of which contain fruit-peel extracts). Families, too, handed down their secret recipes for various restoratives and elixirs. To this day an annual ritual in many Italian households is the steeping in neutral spirits of herbs, roots, and fruit peels, to create the house *digestivo*. Especially common is homemade *nocino*, made of green walnuts, which tradition dictates should be picked only on the night of June 24, the festival of Saint John, by barefoot women working with wooden, not metal, knives.

Often the elixirs were appropriated from monks, the chief repository and transmitters of this, like so much other, knowledge from the classical world. Greeks and Romans relied on herbal cures, and Romans advocated drinking spiced, honeyed wines after meals (and orgies). Medieval monasteries were laboratories for alchemy, which had origins in ancient Egypt and the Arab world. Alchemists searched for various medicines as well as ways to transform base metals into gold; methods for distillation grew out of the search. Today visitors still find monastery-produced digestives for sale, for instance in and around Assisi.

The French herbal liqueurs Benedictine and Chartreuse are named for the orders in whose monasteries they were perfected, and both are still made at or near the original sites—although few if any of the profits go to the Church. Benedictine liqueur long ago ceased to have any connection with the original order; the Carthusian monks sold the formula for Chartreuse in the early 1920s, although they still supervise production, presumably for a fee. No friars benefit from the large sales of Frangelico, the hazelnut liqueur made near Turin (the Piedmont is famous for its hazelnuts) and sold in a bottle in the shape of a hooded monk. Averna, which claims to be Italy's most popular *amaro*, is named not for the Capuchin monks who originally made it, in Caltanissetta, in the center of Sicily, but

for the businessman Salvatore Averna, to whom they gave the formula in 1854 in gratitude for his support of the abbey, according to official company history.

ITALIANS have never given up their belief in the curative power of herbs. Today, when there is a growing sense of alarm in Italy about industry and pollution and what science will alter next—perhaps echoing a feeling from the first age of commercial *amari*—herbal remedies are again taking root (and roots). On each visit to northern Italy, the most prosperous and polluted part of the country, I notice more quaint, crammed herbalist shops, convincingly designed to look as if they had been there a hundred years.

I recently read through a good deal of material on the medicinal properties of herbs, much of it translated from the German and kindly supplied by Robert McCaleb, of the Herb Research Foundation, in Boulder. Bitters fall into three categories: tonic bitters, using European plants in the gentian family; aromatic bitters, which contain volatile oils; and hot bitters, including such ingredients as ginger and galangal, which are common in Asian medicines and food.

Gentian is universal in herbal liqueurs—it is the only specific ingredient listed, for instance, on the Angostura label. The plant family, native to the Alps, includes centaury and gentians of various colors, such as the gentian that gave its name to the dark blue loved by fourteenth-century Italian panel painters, and purple gentian, the roots of which are still used to make infusions that serve as antiseptics and treatments for certain fungal infections. The gentian most often used as a digestive is yellow; its roots are said to increase the secretion of gastric acid—instantly upon contact with the mucous membranes in the mouth, according to Rudolf Fritz Weiss's *Herbal Medicine*—and thus speed digestion. (This effect would be undesirable, of course, for someone who suffers from an acid stomach.) Another common ingredient is cinchona, made from a Peruvian tree bark that also contains quinine. Exotic, expensive imported ingredients seemed to give turn-of-the-century manufacturers an edge, or so they claimed.

The chief aromatic bitter is angelica, which I had known only as an apple-green, rhubarblike plant preserved in sug-

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ar and used to decorate *cassata* and other Italian desserts. Its pharmaceutical uses, though, far outweigh its decorative ones. In *Magic Gardens*, an odd and lovely book originally published in 1939 and recently reprinted, Rosetta E. Clarkson wrote that angelica got its name after a archangel (the Latin name is *Angelica archangelica*) who said that it would ward off the plague. It didn't, but it did have other benefits, and is still valued for its digestive properties, put to use in Benedictine and Chartreuse. I remember enjoying slices of the candied root, the one time I could find them in this country, for the pleasantly astringent taste; Henry Beston, in *Herbs and the Earth*, another quirky book from the 1930s that was recently republished, says that angelica seed "tastes of juniper and bites the tongue." Angelica root and related seeds such as coriander, anise, and fennel are all valued for their "carminative" properties, meaning that they are anti-flatulents. And, of course, anise and fennel impart a licoricelike flavor to any drink.

ANYONE new to *amari* should probably start with Campari, or Campari and soda (which in Italy can be found premixed in neat little bottles), as a refreshing way to end an afternoon or begin an evening. Among strictly digestive *amari*, the easiest to find in a restaurant or a bar may well be the advanced-level Fernet Branca, which requires the molli-fying additions of soda and orange. Branca Menta, which tastes strongly of mint, is far more pleasant.

You can introduce yourself gently by buying a bottle of Averna, the mildest of the commonly found *amari*, which makes a very nice colalike drink with the addition of sparkling water and a slice of citrus; another sweet and mild *amaro* is Ramazzotti, which I found in several wine stores near me. Like Campari, each tastes more like a complex, foreign-educated soda than like something that is intended to be good for you. Another way to dilute *amari* is with hot water and a squeeze of citrus, for a possibly soothing tea.

Anyone not quite ready to seek the medicinal help of herbs, and who is in the market for a more rewarding after-dinner liqueur, should look for Amaro Nonino. It will be a sure inducement to conversation and—why not?—digestion. ☼

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The Red Shoes Revisited

*An appreciation of
the balletomane's classic film*

ON October 22, 1948, an English movie opened at the Bijou Theatre on West 45th Street. Broadway was an odd place for a foreign film to have its premiere, as any buff would tell you—an act of bad faith by nervous promoters.

One year and two Oscars later, capacity audiences were still flocking to see the film. In Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia,

and Detroit the “unrestricted romance” beat first-run records held by *Gone With the Wind* and *Henry V*, and at road-show prices—up to a whopping \$2.40 at a time when the average ticket price was less than forty cents. When the “Technicolor fantasy” made history in 1950 by breaking the Broadway first-run record, which had been set in the late 1920s by King Vidor’s classic *The Big*

Parade, it had grossed \$2 million in New York alone, an unbelievable amount given its subject: ballet.

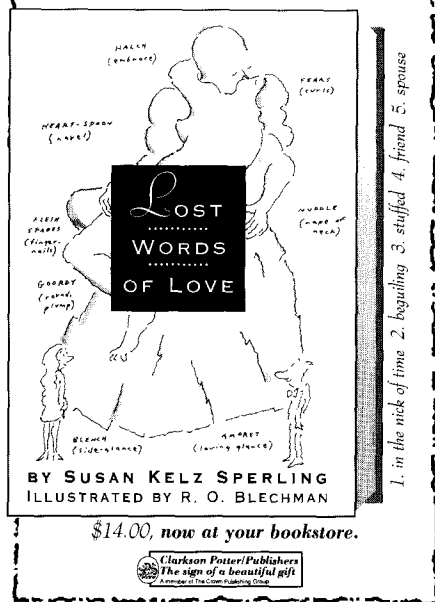
No bad reviews, instant acceptance as a film masterpiece—*The Red Shoes* held the world spellbound. If its backers initially showed contempt for an art film they didn’t know how to market, audiences and critics didn’t notice. The movie marketed itself for decades, remaining a member of *Variety*’s moneymaking Golden Fifty until the early 1970s. Its director, Michael Powell, crowed in the second volume of his autobiography, *Million-Dollar Movie*, “You can see it on film, you can get it on tape, and every week there is an enquiry from some Broadway showman about the legitimate stage rights of our film.” A Broadway showman finally did get the rights, and this month the composer Jule Styne (*Gypsy*, *Funny Girl*) brings *The Red Shoes* back to Broadway as a lavish stage musical. Styne remembers thinking even in 1948 what a great stage vehicle the movie could be. In the eighties he pursued Powell for the rights, and after five years of effort got them by playing Powell part of the score he had written and the ballet music. “That sound!” Powell told him. “I never thought I’d live to see what I hoped the stage could offer it.” Powell died in 1990.

Some people haven’t heard of the movie. In *A Chorus Line* the dancer Val, tired of hearing fellow gypsies link their love of dance to a forties film, announces, “I never heard about *The Red Shoes*, I never saw *The Red Shoes*, I didn’t give a f--- about *The Red Shoes*.” Huge laugh, her loss. When Powell called *The Red Shoes* “our film,” he meant himself and the screenwriter Emeric Pressburger. Yet reading his autobiography, the first volume whirling into a giddy crescendo on the making of *The Red Shoes*, one can’t help enlarging that “our” to include all the names in the credits—indeed, all the millions who have answered this invitation to the dance. From the title brushed in blood-red paint through the sequence of storybook sketches behind the opening credits, Fauvist seasons and skies evoking the amoral tale, *The Red Shoes* is a spooky, sophisticated, secretly erotic first experience—a movie that wears a scarlet A for Art.

Moirá Shearer as Vicky in the film's fatefully prophetic ballet

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The current video jacket gives this thumbnail sketch of the story:

The Red Shoes . . . is based on Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale about a girl whose bewitched shoes nearly dance her to death. The movie centers on the dilemma of a young ballerina who's torn between the demands of career and love. . . and doomed by her compulsion to dance.

The young ballerina is well-born Victoria Page; her career is guided by Boris Lermontov, the driven impresario whose dreams of immortality are bound up in her future; love takes the form of Julian Craster, the poor but gifted composer who tears Vicky from Lermontov's ballet company; and her compulsion is vividly cameoed in the fateful "Ballet of The Red Shoes" that is both her star turn and a self-fulfilling prophecy. Editors of Harlequin romances might fasten onto red-haired Moira Shearer's bright-burning Victoria Page, with her white-rose shoulders and thorn-thin waist—though they might refuse the Grand Guignol ending: Vicky's entranced suicide, her balcony leap into blue steam and the shriek of a passing train (Powell: "Eight frames, but it is one of the most beautiful cuts in the film"). Perhaps the movie-nerd take is truest: a film imitating art imitating life imitating a fairy tale imitating a film. Celluloid is inseparable from sorcery.

In 1947, when Powell, Pressburger, and crew—a production company known as The Archers—began work on *The Red Shoes*, they were already wizards. An upward spiral of wartime hits included the mortal titles *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* and *A Matter of Life and Death* and also the steep and surreal sighs of *I Know Where I'm Going!*, a Scottish romance that featured the fabled, fatal whirlpool of Corryvreckan—both a cinematic tour de force and a metaphor for swept-up love. The climb continued with the 1947 *Black Narcissus*, set on the tip of the Himalayas—an "atmosphere that makes everything seem exaggerated," as one character explains. In that movie, about five nuns battling chaos a hair's breadth from heaven, Powell perfected a camera style of choreographic grace and concentration. Omniscient overhead angles catch nuns drifting like heavy sylphs across patterned floors, lunar moths in a pre-dawn fog. Still young, the art of

Technicolor seems to be emerging from a cocoon of blue-browns and brown-greens; color intensities are slow glimmers, Indian jewels bathed in venom.

With the war over, the sky free, and virtuosity jingling like loose change in the Archers' pockets, Pressburger suggested a screenplay he'd written in the thirties for the movie producer Alexander Korda, a ballet story now gathering dust. The baffled Korda sold it back for £20,000. Of course, Powell and Pressburger could both appreciate classical dance; but more than that, ballet suited their recurring theme of lyric hyperbole, of life paths as taut and narrow as strips of film. The army, religion, art—calling is a powerful and particularly English force in the Powell and Pressburger ethic, and it is underscored by violence. From soldiers to nuns to ballet dancers the consecration is the same—both physical expense and a sense of spiritual transaction. *The Red Shoes* fit perfectly.

FOR those who bemoan the death of coherence in filmmaking, *The Red Shoes* is a superb example of how quick and intricate the visual and aural synapses in film can be. No step of the story is



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Rapture turns to tragedy as the ballet within the film unfolds

left out, so when a single, sky-high suspension of disbelief is called for, it has been unforgettably earned, and is unfathomably final. Academy Awards went to Brian Easdale's score and to Hein Heckroth and Arthur Lawson's art and set direction. It sometimes seems that Powell was present just to record their inspired tête-à-tête. Easdale makes the first statement, his overture a Ravelian heat wave of anxiety and desire. The mildewed plink-plink of the rehearsal piano echoes like the Ancient Mariner, retelling its ballad daily, acting as eternal segue; train whistles recite the seasons. Heckroth responds with colors out of El Greco, illuminated by crystal chandeliers as wide as wishing wells. Carnival gels cast Lautrec-like shadows; candlelights and footlights and spotlights throw circles and slants. When people go outside, they squint—the sun smites their eyes.

"Why do you want to dance?" impresario Boris Lermontov asks aspiring dancer Vicky Page. "Why do you want to live?" she counters with pearly enunciation and an arched eyebrow, an answer that turns like a pirouette and heads for the high road. *The Red Shoes* is deeply adolescent, all or nothing. It's no accident that Lermontov addresses his staff as "children," not noticing that he himself is a baby Beelzebub (the elegant Viennese émigré Anton Walbrook is mesmerizing in the role). If anything dates the movie, it is this willful idealism—there isn't a careerist in the lot. In his books Powell keeps trying to explain the film's success. Here's his best effort: "We had all been told for ten years to go out and die for freedom and democracy . . . now that the war was over, *The Red Shoes* told us to go and die for art."

As if in elaborate compensation for the war years, Powell and Heckroth let the red paint flow. It took seventeen tries, for instance, before the shoes were the right shade, and red is reiterated everywhere. When Victoria Page makes her trial debut in *Swan Lake*, it is at the Mercury Theater. As she flares with Leda-like lust, Vicky's sudden knowledge of her own brute blood is symbolized with an old stage-makeup trick: a carmine dot at the inner corner of each eye. My oldest memory of *The Red Shoes*, which I first saw at age seven in my aunt's living room with the lights off, is of a weird ir-

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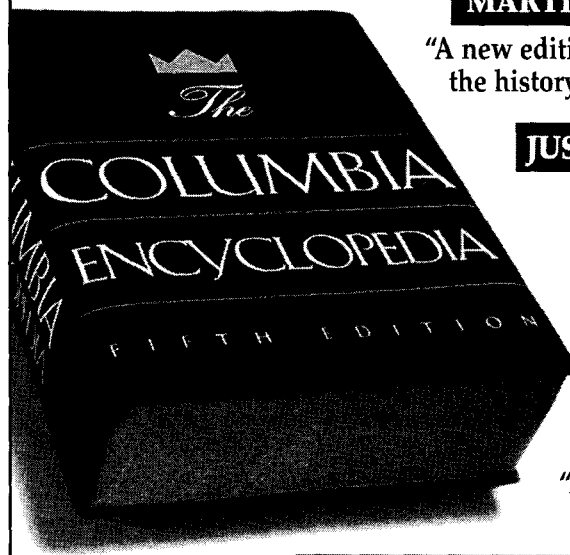
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The world was electrified by "the handshake" and the mutual recognition of Israel and the PLO. The Israelis promised the PLO control initially over the Gaza strip and the city of Jericho. But after the first euphoria has passed, where is this development going to lead?

What are the facts?

The PLO and Yassir Arafat.

Israel is making this fateful arrangement with a terror organization. According to its "covenant", which has never been rescinded, the PLO has only one aim: the destruction of the state of Israel through force and violence. The aim is and has always been the notorious "phased plan": to eliminate Israel in two stages—first by creating a Palestinian state in any territory vacated by Israel and then using that state to foment an allied Arab assault against the truncated and critically vulnerable Jewish state.

Until recently, Arafat was officially declared a terrorist by the United States government and was not allowed entry into

our country. He is personally responsible for hundreds of assassinations and terrorist attacks. The fact that such a man could

appear on the White House lawn, that he could shake hands with the President of the United States, and with the Prime Minister of Israel is truly astonishing.

A mortal danger to Israel.

Turning over control of the Gaza strip and any part of the "West Bank" to the Arabs puts Israel in mortal peril. The basic conflict is not between Israel and the "Palestinians", with whom some accommodation, some arrangement of autonomy, could certainly be reached. The basic conflict is with the Arab

nations, all of which, with the sole exception of Egypt, are still in a state of war with Israel. They are armed to the teeth, not just with "conventional" weapons, but with missiles that even today can reach any part of Israel, and with weapons of mass destruction—chemical, biological and nuclear.

With the "West Bank" in Arab hands, missiles won't be needed. Mortars and shoulder-held Stingers would suffice to threaten every commercial flight into and out of Israel, to impede the take-off of military airplanes and to threaten and rain destruction on the principal cities of Israel and its most important industrial, commercial and military installations. Sure, the world would insist that the new Palestinian state be demilitarized. But does anybody

"If it yielded the "West Bank", Israel would be only 9 miles wide at its narrow waist—it would take no major military effort to slice it in half and to destroy it. No country should expose itself to such peril".

really believe that with Israel surrounded by mortal enemies, they would allow such a military vacuum to exist for any length of time—even in the unlikely case that the Palestinians would so desire? If it yielded the "West Bank", Israel would be only 9 miles wide at its narrow waist—it would take no major military effort to slice it in half and to destroy it. No country should expose itself to such peril. But with the Judean hills in enemy hands, and without the elaborate warning system on those hills, Israel is totally indefensible and at the mercy of its enemies. That is the opinion of 100 U.S. generals and admirals who so reported to the President and to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

We all want peace and, surely, besieged Israel, which has been under constant attack since the day of its creation, wants peace more than anybody. And it is likely that such fervent wish for peace has led Israel into making fateful concessions to Yassir Arafat and the PLO. It will be almost impossible to reverse what has been done. The process of empowering the Palestinians will almost certainly result in a Palestinian state. Will it, as we are told, be "democratic" and peaceful? Not likely! Every one of the 22 Arab states is totalitarian, ruled autocratically, and ruthlessly abusive of human rights. Another Lebanon, carved on Israel's back, with never-ending strife and bloodshed is much more likely—a source of constant terrorist attacks against Israel and ultimately the source of a new Mid-East war. In such a war, Israel's ability to defend itself and to prevail would be in serious question.

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radiation—the TV's bristling ions mixed with crimson.

The classic color of ballet is pink. Toe shoes and tights, in shades from cotton candy to powder puff to putty, are a seaphic skin, suggesting flesh refined and cooled. Still, a little hot blood never hurt ballet. Witness the impact that star male dancers—Nureyev, Villella, Baryshnikov, and lately Mukhamedov and Zelen-sky—have had on this feminine art form and its audiences. In the forties, obviously, there weren't many men available. Powell and Pressburger, in the carnal charge they gave their subject, re-erotized the realm of classical dance, spreading a scarlet fever for ballet.

The Red Shoes netted fans unfazed by childhood *Nutcrackers*, a frequent first ballet and theatrical rite of passage. The two works are similarly precarious. Embedded in Tchaikovsky's score is a great lift (when the tree grows) and then a long fall (the crashing chords of the grand pas de deux). *The Red Shoes* also offers ascent and drop—Victoria's winged will, her preternatural breakdown—but its textures aren't dreamy, like *Nutcracker's*. Here imagination is drastic—tight, enwebbing, inflamed.

Not surprisingly, in his memoirs Powell picks as the heart of the movie the collaboration scene in a Monte Carlo villa, at the top of an endless, wildly green and overgrown flight of stone stairs. Ardent and implacable, the artists in the film remind him, he writes, of *The Archers* at work. In an artful slip, however, he has already named a more powerful pulse point: the premiere of the film's other fictional ballet, "Heart of Fire." This scene, too, takes place at the top of some stairs, where students rush the gallery to wait for the curtain. As the overture builds, the camera begins its cat's cradle, stringing together the film's tragic triangle: Victoria Page in her rich aunt's plush box, composer Julian Craster up with the gods, Lermontov behind a velvet swag. Surges of awe, belonging, and competition—the ABCs of artistry—catch and twist in the weave. It is the movie's very first scene.

As for the "Ballet of The Red Shoes," the work that makes Vicky a star, time and changing taste have undone its charisma. Despite Easdale's brisk and brilliant score and the ballet's look of bright cellophane raining into tunnels of

gloom, Powell's souped-up surrealism isn't much fun. In its day, though, the ballet was a major part of the film's fascination: a seventeen-minute cinematic challenge, not unlike Corryvreckan, which Powell set to keep the artistic stakes high (Heckroth contributed 600 to 700 sketches for this scene alone). The trick of the ballet is that it isn't a three-dimensional event—no audience could ever see it repeated on a stage—but a film choreography or, as Powell termed it, "a 'composed' film." Its proscenium a small square of celluloid, this "stage" bursts with technical bravura, showing everything: delusions, dissolves, free associations, leaps of logic.

A TAPE of *The Red Shoes* has been available in stores for years, but one thing about it has always bothered me: the picture on the video jacket. It is from the "Ballet of The Red Shoes," not a cel from the movie but a posed still. It shows Shearer in arabesque, chin up, one arm lifted, body aimed at Leonide Massine, The Shoemaker, who dangles heavily rouged pointe shoes in front of her. The arabesque is blocky, and the colors cruel. Yet some crude life circulates in these lineaments, for this is the pose editors of every decade have picked.

Like apples, the shiny shoes hang from Massine's boughs. His body language is serpent sly; Shearer is poised to pluck. So it is a picture not only of *The Red Shoes* but of that old, old encounter. In the movie we notice the marble angels that loom outside Lermontov's windows, framed in gigantic half circles of virgin blue. Perched between flight and fall, they might be messengers. One can see *The Red Shoes* as a red light to female ambition, to the antisocial urge that is inherent in art. But the movie also indicts men who objectify women.

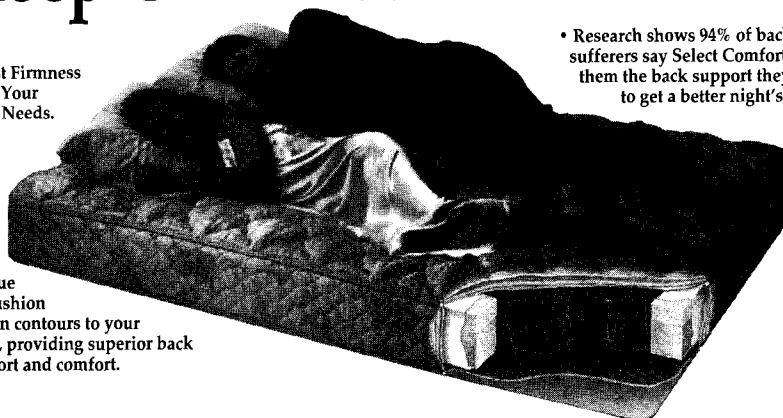
Audiences in their wisdom have rejected sexual politics and flown with *The Archers*—embracing *The Red Shoes* as a Promethean parable that counts less for the fall than for the flight. Another *Red Shoes* fan was President Juan Perón, of Argentina, who saw the movie twice. Did he see his Eva in the film, or himself?

"Put on the red shoes, Vicky." Spoken by Lermontov in Anton Walbrook's soothing, brimming, undimmed Old World English, those seven syllables may be the most seductive in film history. ☼

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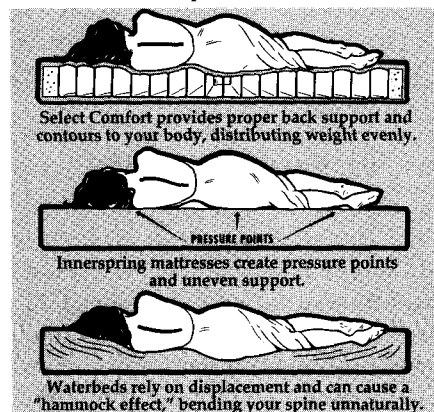
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WHEN I entered graduate school in history, thirty-five years ago, many of us beginning graduate students thought that some of the most exciting work in the field was being written by a pair of young historians named Stanley Elkins and Eric McKittrick. This dynamic duo, whom we somehow thought of as a single entity, had not yet published a book, but they had written some imaginative and provocative articles—on slavery and capitalism, on a new meaning for Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier thesis, and on the youth

of the Founding Fathers. We could scarcely wait for what they would do next. Because we thought them to be inseparable—like Ben and Jerry or Sears and Roebuck—we were surprised when they eventually published separate books, Elkins on slavery and McKittrick on Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction. But we accepted the rumor that they needed to split up and publish individually in order to get tenure at their respective colleges, Smith and Columbia. After their highly acclaimed books appeared, these two historians published virtually nothing else, either separately or together, for three decades.

Now, at last, we know what they have been up to all this time—*The Age of Federalism*, a mammoth study that covers the period from the beginning of the U.S. government under the Constitution in 1789 to Thomas Jefferson's election

as President in 1800. They have read everything having to do with high politics and diplomacy in this turbulent decade—unpublished manuscripts, British Foreign Office documents, dissertations from both sides of the Atlantic, newspapers, statesmen's papers, and hundreds of books and articles. Suddenly they have revived the once noble but now presumably dying dream that history can be an accumulative science, gradually gathering truth through the steady and plodding efforts of countless practitioners turning out countless monographs. In this book they have brought together and made meaningful hundreds of monographs, written over the past century or more, on obscure and seemingly insignificant topics of history in the 1790s—from an 1877 biography of George Cabot to the most recent analysis of the XYZ affair. No historian, or pair

of historians, is likely to do again what they have done.

In their rich and detailed study the authors aimed at recovering something of

what it was like—the difference it made—becoming a “nation” after having been something else, especially in the experience of those persons most directly implicated in bringing this entity into being and setting it afoot.

Something called federalism is what defined America’s purposes and guided its affairs during this decade. This federalism did not, the authors admit, have a very long life, and therefore they want in their book “to account, to whatever extent is possible, for Federalism’s ascendancy, decline, and eclipse, and to discern something of what displaced it.”

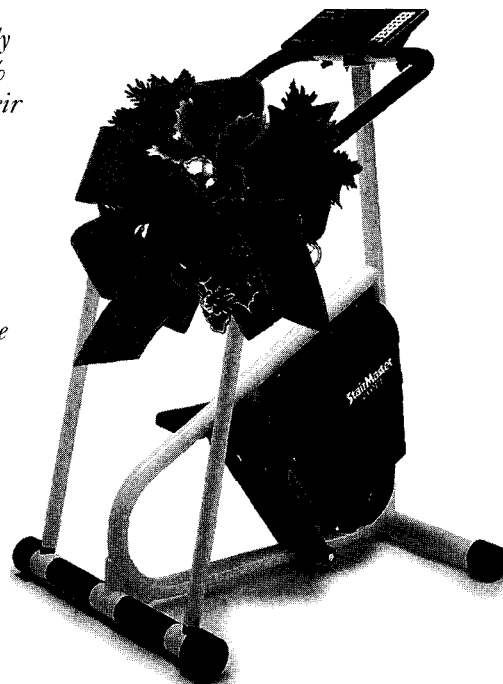
The result is a truly remarkable book—a blockbuster of more than 750 pages of text plus 175 more pages of notes and index. It is not length that makes the book remarkable but its character and scope. The book seems to be a throwback to an earlier time of large narratives of great men and grand events. It is reminiscent of Henry Adams’s multivolume account of the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison; indeed, it appears to do for the 1790s what Adams did for the succeeding two decades. It is certainly history from the top down, not from the bottom up. It is all high-politics history, without the slightest concession to the social history of the past generation of history-writing, or even to the kind of social history that Adams attempted in his famous first six chapters. Elkins and McKittrick concentrate almost exclusively on headline political and diplomatic events.

All the great characters of the period are insightfully portrayed in beautifully crafted vignettes: George Washington, the heroic first President who brought legitimacy to the new government; Alexander Hamilton, the brilliant Secretary of the Treasury who fashioned its financial program; Thomas Jefferson, the learned Secretary of State who, together with James Madison, in the House of Representatives eventually created a Republican opposition that ultimately brought down the Federalist government. Sometimes in just a few pages or a few lines Elkins and McKittrick capture more about these characters than biographers have in

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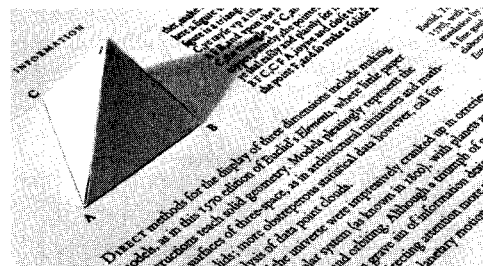
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whole volumes, and with more humor. Jefferson, for example,

had an agreeable enough exterior presence, though he was not very ardent in personal relationships. He was entirely accessible but always fastidious and a bit distant; he could occasionally even exhibit—though shrinking from open hostility—a touch of the cold fish. But for the most part he was quite amiable, especially in small groups, where his shyness left him; knowing a great deal about a great many subjects made him endlessly interesting. . . . One imagines that he would have been all but ideal as a professor.

But it is not just the great men who stride through these pages. The authors have provided sketches of a dozen or more lesser figures involved in the story of this passionate decade in the nation's history—from the irascible Philip Freneau, the sometime poet and journalist who became a principal voice of Republican invective, and the sardonic Gouverneur Morris, who was the only Foreign Minister to remain in Revolutionary France through the period of the Terror, to the worldly Talleyrand, the French Foreign Minister who survived multiple changes of regime in France simply by never adhering to any principle.

All the great and many of the not-so-great political and diplomatic events are also described: there are two chapters on Hamilton's financial program, one chapter on locating the capital and building the federal city, another on the French Revolution in America, a large section of a chapter on the 1790 Nootka Sound controversy between Britain and Spain, another section on the Convention of 1800 with France. They are not just described, however, but analyzed, examined, turned over and over, explained, and expounded in astonishing and often loving detail. Sometimes the authors set forth fully the existing historical literature on a problem—for example, Washington's farewell address or the Whiskey Rebellion—and then wind their way through that literature and the circumstances of the time in order to find a balanced and satisfactory explanation or conclusion. Other times they describe all the contemporary elements pointing toward a particular solution of a problem—for example, evidence of the French proclivity in 1797 to negotiate with the Americans—and then

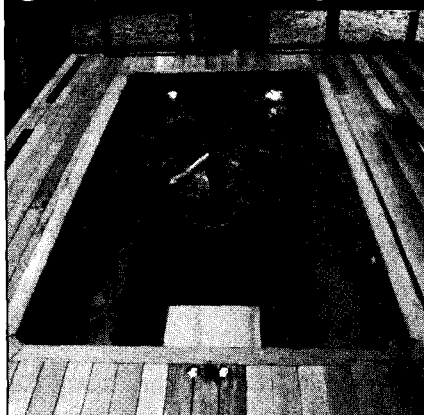
ask why the seemingly obvious solution never resulted.

So the volume becomes much more a series of problem-solving essays than a simple linear narrative of the period. This approach means that small things are sometimes left unexplained. We are never told, for example, why Jefferson and Hamilton resigned from Washington's Cabinet, or why Washington had to go to his seventh choice to fill the position of Secretary of State after Edmund Randolph's resignation and to his fourth choice to fill the office of Secretary of War. But it is not just little things that the authors ignore. Despite the book's extraordinary length and its detailed analyses of almost every major political and diplomatic event of the period, much of importance is simply not dealt with. There is virtually nothing, for example, on slavery, the development of law and the judiciary, the Yazoo land frauds, or religion.

ACTUALLY the authors did not intend to write an ordinary narrative that moves directly from one event to another in chronological order. Instead they want the historical process to "be shown happening, to whatever extent our capacities can control it, and not in one way but many." Thus they wander to and fro, stop, backtrack, and cover old ground from new directions. They do not simply tell what happened; they ruminate on what happened, often slowly and accumulatively, repeatedly considering an individual or an event from different perspectives, building layer after layer of analysis until the reader has a subtle, rich, deep, and multidimensional picture of a world very different from ours. They aim to bring a literary sensibility to their history, one similar to that of Lionel Trilling or of their mentor, Richard Hofstadter, to whose memory they dedicate the book. When the authors discuss the election of George Washington to the presidency, they pause to ponder the meaning of character. When they consider the location of the national capital, they meditate at length on the anti-urban bias of Americans and the thinness of their cultural life. And in writing their chapter on the reaction of Americans to the French Revolution, they start with a short essay on the ways Americans and the French have viewed each other throughout their histories.

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slows down the prose and results in a good deal of repetition, interruption, and diversion. In the authors' continual backing and filling and their multilayered analyses of problems, such things as Alexander Hamilton's West Indian experience, Lord Sheffield's report on British trade policy, Citizen Genet's plans as French Minister to the United States, and America's vision of an Atlantic free-trade community necessarily get mentioned and described more than once. This makes for an ever-deepening understanding of particular issues (and, incidentally, it allows the reader to dip in and read sections here and there without having to read everything that went before), but it does tend to break up the narrative—as do the authors' many vignettes and digressions. Their sketch of James Madison, for example, quickly slides off into a description of Madison's college in Princeton, which turns into a discussion of the college's Scottish president, John Witherspoon, which leads to a consideration of Scotland and its vibrant intellectual life in the eighteenth century.

Given so much reading and research and such a multilayered presentation, the authors' judgment inevitably takes on a magisterial and authoritative quality that few if any historians of the period have possessed. Sifting, as they frequently and conscientiously do right in their text, through the contradictory evidence and the conflicting and sometimes polemical historical monographs, they strain for objectivity and impartiality, and most of the time they achieve it. Their book may be the most balanced account ever written of the politics of this contentious decade.

Many readers, especially those with a bias toward Jefferson and the Republicans, will probably disagree. The book will seem to be too pro-Hamilton and too much a defense of the Federalists. And such readers will have a point. In the contest over Hamilton's plan for funding the national debt and creating the Bank of the United States, which began the rift among the Founding Fathers that led to the emergence of the Republican Party, the sympathies of Elkins and McKittrick clearly lie with Hamilton. The authors can scarcely stop shaking their heads at how little understanding Jefferson and Madison, the agrarian Virginian leaders of the Republican opposition, had of banking or money, and they therefore im-



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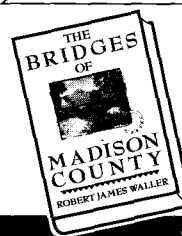
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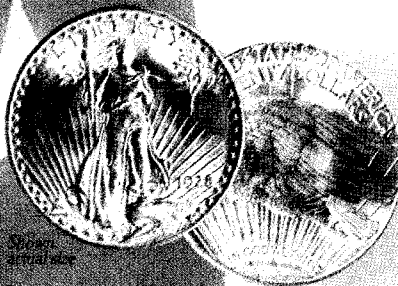
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ply that the Republicans' criticism of Hamilton's financial program could have had little substance. Indeed, the authors' account of the debate over the debt and the bank reads at times like a present-day editorial from *The Wall Street Journal*, lecturing all those simpleminded liberal Democrats on their inability to comprehend the most elementary workings of money and stock markets. Nonetheless, Elkins and McKittrick are absolutely right about the Virginians' ignorance of banks, finance, and public credit.

When the authors couple this innocence in money matters with Jefferson's and Madison's extreme and apparently irrational hatred of all things British, it is not surprising that they have a hard time understanding the grounds for the formation of the Republican Party and its bitter accusations that the Federalists were trying to establish a monarchy. Since Elkins and McKittrick believe that "there was small likelihood of anyone's setting up a monarchy in the American republic, and no critical observer should have had much difficulty perceiving this at the time," they can only conclude that Madison and Jefferson were deluded in some sense ("the coolest minds may be unsettled, as is shown by the case of James Madison") and that the entire Republican effort at opposition was based on a misperception of reality. All the Republican invective, all the charges that the Federalists were "monarchists" and "aristocrats," the authors can therefore dismiss as mere "tag-words . . . formulas that seemed to tie all these suspected men and their principles together in a system of ready reference." The Republicans, the authors suggest, became prisoners of their own farfetched ideology.

Yet there was truth in that Republican invective, for Hamilton and other Federalist leaders were interested in more than stock markets and banks and commercial prosperity. They in fact wanted to turn the United States into a fiscal-military power that would rival the great European states and achieve the honor and glory that all such great states aspired to. This meant establishing for the United States a strong national government with an elaborate administrative bureaucracy, a standing army and navy, and the financial wherewithal to accomplish great and noble deeds. The whole structure would be held together not by republican virtue, which Hamilton

thought was chimerical, but by patronage, interest, ceremony, and force—the kinds of ligaments monarchies used. So although technically the Federalists did not want to set a king upon an American throne, they were indeed seeking to infuse enough monarchical elements into American life to substantiate the Republican fears of Federalist monarchism. Elkins and McKittrick can never quite bring themselves to admit that those fears may have been justified.

Their praise of the Federalists' political economy and their criticism of the Republicans' irrationality notwithstanding, the authors ultimately have not written a brief for federalism. Over and over they emphasize that the Federalists brought about their own demise: that Hamilton in his impatience and pride misunderstood the speculative nature of those who would execute his financial program; that the Federalists invested nearly all their moral authority in the figure of Washington, and therefore had nothing to hold them together when he left office; that their Alien and Sedition Acts and their plans for a huge standing army in 1798 were as stupid and clumsy as they were unpopular; and that they ultimately turned against the very principle—the sovereignty of the people—that they themselves had championed.

Nevertheless, in the end the authors' account of federalism's decline and fall has an elegiac tone. With the demise of the Federalists, they imply, something important in American life was lost, and it was doomed to be lost from the very beginning. The Federalists, they conclude, attempted to stand against what the authors call "the American idea," a world view, born of the Revolution, that was suspicious of far-removed and energetic government, of manipulators of money, of taxes, of English entanglements, of great military and naval establishments, of the use of force at home or abroad. This American idea, the authors say, was pre-empted by the Republicans; it

was a popular temper, in the long run better matched in season and out to the ordinary pursuits of the spreading Republic than were the more demanding and exclusive standards of Federalism even at its best.

In the long run of the nineteenth century perhaps, but surely not for our own

time. When we look at the United States of the last two thirds of the twentieth century, does it not seem possible that the Federalists may have the last laugh after all? For is it not true that the great bureaucratic and fiscal-military state that they wanted for America in the 1790s has at last been achieved, and that that achievement has been brought about largely through the efforts of the very party that Thomas Jefferson founded? ♣

God's Patriots

by James Carroll

THE CULTURE OF DISBELIEF:

How American Law and Politics Trivialize Religious Devotion

by Stephen L. Carter.
Basic Books, 328 pages,
\$25.00.

WHEN I entered the seminary in the early 1960s, training for the Catholic priesthood, I half intended, once I was ordained, to become an Air Force chaplain. "Pro Deo et Patria" was my father's motto (he was an Air Force officer and a former seminarian himself), and I expected it would be mine. The slogan was an affirmation of America's long-established civic religion and of the satisfaction immigrants' descendants felt at having overcome nativist hostility. I felt a cozy contentment at what lay ahead for me, the life of priest and patriot.

By the time I was ordained, in 1969, everything had changed. I owed my image of the proper role of the priest more to the Berrigan brothers than to my father. Through the years of the civil-rights and peace movements religious faith had become ground on which to stand in opposition to the policies of government and also to the prevailing assumptions of what I had learned to regard as a racist, consumerist, capitalist culture. If I had a motto as an oedipally correct young priest, it surely was "Resist!"

Except for the extreme nature of the religious discipline I had embraced, I was, of course, a typical liberal of the time. I suppose I still am. Now I cringe to realize that "resistance" as a mode of citizenship has mostly passed from left to right. The slogan "Resist!" was embraced by opponents of busing to integrate schools; the resistance technique of civil disobedience is now practiced mainly by anti-abortion conservatives. And the left, which celebrated the religious-political opposition of Martin Luther King Jr., William Sloane Coffin, and the Berrigans, now routinely denounces the political opposition of Pat Robertson or John Cardinal O'Connor as a violation of the recently recanonized separation of Church and State.

The relationship of Church and State in America is the broad subject of *The Culture of Disbelief*. Stephen Carter combines the vitality of an active religious commitment (he is an Episcopalian) with an impressive knowledge of constitutional law (he is a Yale Law School professor). He examines some of the most controversial subjects of our time—abortion, the rights of homosexuals, the place of immigrants—with the same maverick brilliance that marked his *Reflections of an Affirmative Action Baby* (1991). With that book Carter established his reputation for turning sacrosanct propositions on their ear—to see them from a new angle. He examined the ways in which racial preferences long favored by white liberals and civil-rights advocates had the unintended effect of underlining racial stereotypes, prolonging injustice, and dividing the black community against itself. Carter's determination to avoid both neoconservative and old-time liberal responses moved the discussion of race out of the cul-de-sac of political labeling. His book had an impact across the lines of ideology.

In *The Culture of Disbelief*, Carter's purpose is to sound numerous warnings against "the transformation of the Establishment Clause from a guardian of religious liberty into a guarantor of public secularism." It is "conventional" wisdom among liberals (especially since the revival-like Republican convention of 1992) that the American idea is threatened when religious power mixes too intimately with political power. Carter acknowledges that danger, but he argues



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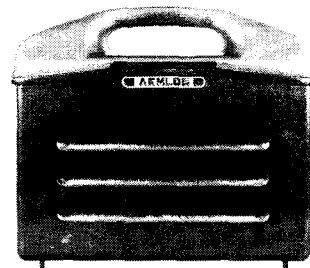
that the greater threat comes when the Church is no longer kept merely separate but is forced into a position of utter marginality, its voice disregarded in the great public discussions and even disqualified from joining them. Much the way he criticized the affirmative-action ethos despite, as he admitted, having benefited from it, in this book he, as a liberal, assails the hostility that American liberalism increasingly shows to religion. His aim is to "protect the rights" of religious citizens, whether they are politically incorrect prelates or practitioners of obscure sects, and to insist on the importance of the citizens' participation in civic affairs *as religious*.

To be sure, Carter lays out a thorough defense of the constitutional rights of religious citizens—Native Americans whose rituals require the use of peyote, and parents who feel morally bound to control the sex education of their children, and the Archdiocese of New York in refusing to hire homosexuals, and Hibernians in refusing to honor homosexuals in parades, and even a Catholic prosecutor who was forbidden by a judge to show his Ash Wednesday ashes in court. A democratic society must protect the ability of citizens to practice their faith—not except when that practice violates prevailing sensibilities, even liberal ones, but especially then.

Carter takes his argument further, insisting that "the culture of disbelief" threatens far more than the religious misfit—the Moonie, the gay-rejecting cardinal. The real danger is that all citizens will accept the culture's assumption that one's religious faith has no real bearing on one's civic responsibility, and vice versa. The wall of separation that worries Carter is the one between "church and self"—the idea that the prevailing mores of culture, whether legally enforced or not, have a higher claim on us than do the privately held convictions of conscience, however we arrive at them. Our political discourse already accommodates this wall of separation, and reflects it, when we affirm the near absolute distinction between a politician's public duty and his or her private "character," applying in each realm a different kind of moral standard.

To some, Carter's warnings will seem specious, because American civil religion is so famously established. Aren't all

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public figures bound to at least a pretense of piety? Isn't atheism far more unconventional, if not besieged, than belief? No, Carter would say. Shallow deference to the forms of religion, however pervasive, works to "trivialize"—and domesticate—authentic faith exactly because the deepest assumptions of faith contradict those of secular society.

The heart of Carter's argument is that experience of "a powerful sentience beyond human ken" always brings with it a spirit of opposition to the prevailing culture, and therefore tension between Church and State is as proper as it is inevitable. Thus the Berrigans were right—and so, in some wildly different way, is the politically intrusive Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York. Carter makes the point by citing the Catholic theologian David Tracy.

Despite their own sin and ignorance, the religions, at their best, always bear extraordinary powers of resistance. When not domesticated as sacred canopies for the status quo nor wasted by their own self-contradictory grasps at power, the religions live by resisting.

And the State, one wants to add, lives by being resisted.

The genius of the American system is that such resistance is built into it—and that is why this country has, for more than two centuries now, thrived by changing. And that is why it can change further. Because religion's perspective is rooted not only outside itself and outside the national code but outside history and outside time, religious adherents will, "at their best," in Tracy's phrase, offer to the larger culture an inexhaustible source of the energy needed for human renewal. How? By enacting, in Carter's phrase, "the role of external moral critic and alternative source of values and meaning."

The conjunction implied in "*Pro Deo et Patria*" is to the point after all. "Resistance" does not presume radical separation of Church from State, any more than identification. Rather, resistance implies a dynamic interaction of the one realm with the other. Not long before I entered the seminary, John F. Kennedy said, "God's work must truly be our own." But the intervening decades have laid bare how little any of us knows for sure what that "work" really is. Because the good guys and the bad guys have

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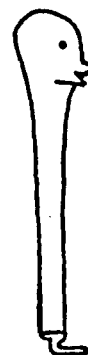
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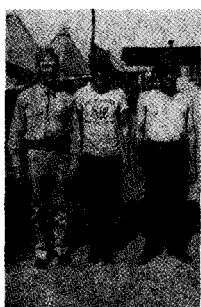
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switched sides several times at least, humility is in order all around. "Patria" claims the prerogatives of "Deo" at its peril—but so does the Church. A believer may be instinctively attuned to the ways in which the State abuses power, but no believer enters the civic fray from a position of superiority, moral or otherwise. If faith properly enables religious citizens to resist the unjust policies of government, or the inhuman strains in culture, it does so because it first enables religious citizens to resist themselves. No idols allowed—here is Stephen Carter's point, and the point of authentic religion wherever it is found—in Church, or State, or in the self. ☼

BRIEF REVIEWS



A History of Warfare

by John Keegan. Knopf,
384 pages, \$27.50.

Mr. Keegan begins his examination of warfare by defying Clausewitz with "War is not the continuation of policy by other means." He goes on to discuss war making in terms of methods, which have progressed from largely ritual displays of hostility doing limited damage to modern slaughters with sophisticated long-range weapons, arguing that through most of history, conscious policy has had little to do with actual fighting. The text is rich in unexpected detail and unorthodox interpretation, which makes it steadily provocative reading. It is not, in the end, encouraging. Mr. Keegan insists that there is a "warrior culture," which "exists in parallel with the everyday world but does not belong to it" and "follows it . . . at a distance." Thanks in part to that distance, war has become an insupportable habit. Mr. Keegan recommends a return to the primitive habits of "restraint, diplomacy and negotiation."

The Robber Bride

by Margaret Atwood.
Doubleday/Nan A. Talese,
466 pages, \$23.50.

Zenia was dead, to begin with. Tony, Charis, and Roz, the university contemporaries whom she robbed of men and money, have observed, with relief, the burial of a container of ashes. They are understandably dismayed when Zenia reappears, as solid and sinister as ever, in a joint called the Toxique. The three victims are now middle-aged, and while they still suffer from the virtues of the woman more precious than rubies, they have certain abilities not assigned to that maid of all work with a sideline in real estate. Tony is a professor of military history, Charis is given to meditation and herb teas, and Roz is a successful financier. The question that moves the novel forward, as opposed to its flashbacks into the disastrous past, is whether their combined expertise is enough to thwart whatever mischief Zenia has in mind. Ms. Atwood makes her characters believable, as she does the men whom they inexplicably value—for not one of those fellows could be trusted even to put out the garbage. The settings, from bohemian Toronto to a rundown farm to a college building mustily devoted to "worthy but impoverished departments," are as clearly evoked as the characters. The amoral, spiteful, ruthlessly self-interested Zenia is almost too bad to be true, but she represents all the impulses that Tony, Roz, and Charis have repudiated or suppressed. Good women, in Ms. Atwood's view, are their own enemies, and whether one agrees with her opinion or not, she has written a brilliantly intelligent novel to support it.

Oak Island Gold

by William S. Crooker.
Nimbus/Chelsea Green, 128 pages,
\$11.95.

Anyone with a weakness for lost mines and sunken galleons should be intrigued, although not ultimately enlightened, by Mr. Crooker's account of nearly two centuries of futile digging and pumping on a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia. Ever since a young man came upon a clearing where an old tackle block hung from a tree limb over a depression in the ground, treasure hunters have poured

money (and lives) into the ensuing hole. Despite financial losses and squabbles over excavation rights, enough has been learned about arrangements on Oak Island—an artificial beach and underground water conduits—to indicate that someone went to a great deal of trouble there, and presumably for valuable reasons. Responsibility for the hypothetical valuables has been assigned to Captain Kidd, burying loot like a proper pirate (which he probably was not), and even to Francis Bacon et al., bent on simultaneously concealing and preserving the original manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays—which they, of course, actually wrote. Mr. Crooker's own theory, which he frankly presents as currently unprovable, has the merit of conforming to eighteenth-century practice at its worst and of linking to a definite historical event. The whole tale would be preposterous did not the publisher acknowledge "the financial support of the Department of Communications and The Canada Council." That sounds serious.

Judith Leyster

James A. Welu and Pieter Biesboer,
project directors. Worcester Art
Museum/Frans Halsmuseum,
distributed by Yale University Press,
391 pages, \$60.00.

Although Judith Leyster (1609–1660) was a member of Haarlem's Guild of St. Luke, maintained a workshop with at least one student, and was in her time both accomplished and successful as a painter, art historians forgot about her for two centuries. She was, to be sure, a woman. She was also, as the authors acknowledge, not an innovator. One of her paintings was long attributed to Frans Hals and fell sharply in value when Leyster's hand was recognized. Her subject matter was frequently that widely popular in the Dutch genre market—laughing children embracing realistically disgruntled cats, and merry meetings. Merry meetings required at least one musician, one drunk, and one suspiciously gaudy blonde beauty, plus as many auxiliary revelers as the painter's energy and the patron's purse could accommodate. The text suggests that such paintings were warnings against wine, wenches, and wasted time. To a modern eye, the warning is invisible. Merry meetings may,

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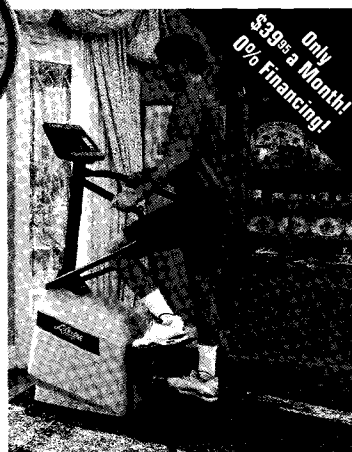
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however, have contributed to Leyster's eventual obscurity. After some years as an independent businesswoman, she married Jan Miense Molenaar, a painter who specialized in the subject, and her own work apparently ceased. The authors offer no personal information about Leyster, because none survives, but a great deal about her contemporaries, their techniques, and the stylistic influences, art-market operations, and ideas current in the period. The book is admirably illustrated and, as the subtitle promises, reconstructs "A Dutch Master and Her World."

Bomber's Law

by George V. Higgins.

Holt/John Macrae, 272 pages,
\$22.50.

Mr. Higgins's acidic novel opens with two plainclothes policemen sitting in a car waiting for a suspect to appear. They are a grouchy veteran and the younger colleague to whom he is turning over the investigation, and they hate each other for reasons of origin, education, connections, temperament, and previous association. Most of these reasons emerge in their garulous, raspy conversation. No Higgins character has ever been taciturn. The novel does have a plot, involving that dilatory suspect, but the principal thrust of the book is sociological. The author is explaining, by illustration, the irrelevant personal prejudices or resentments or obsessions that can—and in this case do—derail what should be a relatively simple police action. The various episodes (they do get out of the car) are sad or funny or savage, but all combine to display the peculiar world, both professional and private, in which these men operate. The plot is merely an excuse for the illustrations.

Dreams of Exile

by Ian Bell. Holt,

296 pages, \$25.00.

Mr. Bell is a frankly prejudiced biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has no use for anyone—W. E. Henley, for example—who questioned his subject's activities or accomplishments, and he represents the literary attempts of Stevenson's wife while acknowledging her loyalty and courage. These animosities aside, Mr. Bell has produced a well-organized account of Stevenson's progress from fragile only child to negligent student to non-



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practicing lawyer to bohemian dilettante (his father was a patient man with a sound income) to successful, respected author. For a man plagued by illness, Stevenson covered an amazing amount of territory and did an astounding amount of work. His nomadic life is worth the attention Mr. Bell has given to reconstructing it.

Camille Pissarro

by Joachim Pissarro.

Abrams, 310 pages, \$67.50 until 1/1/94, \$75.00 thereafter.

The author is a great-grandson of the painter considered by many to have been the real originator of the Impressionist school. He is also an art historian and concentrates on Pissarro the painter, paying minimal attention to other aspects of his subject's life. Politically, however, Pissarro was sympathetic to anarchism, if only as a theory (bomb throwing horrified him), and in his work that cast of mind led to a demand for absolute freedom. He abhorred "any art whose function is to deliver a message, to render or express an idea, to arouse a sentiment, or to tell a story." That noncommitment may explain why, for all the skill and visual beauty of his paintings, Pissarro was never as successful in his own time as some of his less austere contemporaries. The book's illustrations are lavish and include many works not otherwise available for viewing. No question, he was a superb painter of what he chose to see. The observer can make his own guess as to why Pissarro chose to see it.

The Phantom Empire

by Geoffrey O'Brien.

Norton, 281 pages, \$20.00.

Mr. O'Brien believes that movies influence both public opinion and private conduct. He also believes that public opinion and events influence moviemakers wishing to turn a profit. His elaborate reflections on these less than arcane points are easily read and easily forgotten.

Journey

by Guy Billout. Creative Editions, 32 pages, \$16.95.

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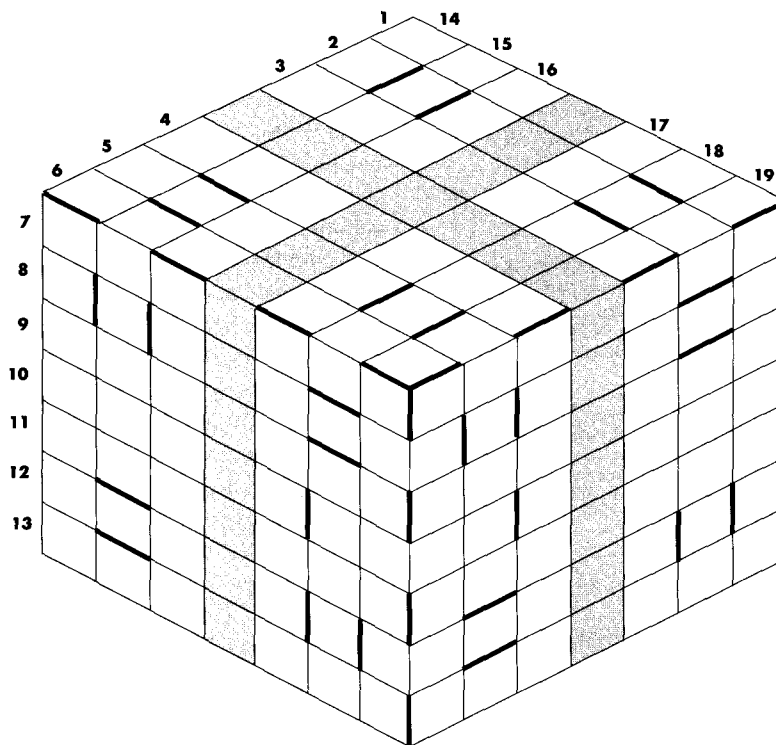


THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Puzzler's Gift

Answers to this puzzle's clues are to be wrapped around the three visible faces of the gift box in the order in which they are given in their rows or columns. As usual, heavy bars mark the beginnings and ends of words; some entries will span two faces. Every entry that crosses a shaded ribbon square contributes one of its letters to that square; it may be any letter *except the one that would normally cross it*. For example, if ANSWER crossed a ribbon on the third letter, the entry might read NSAWER, ASNWER, ANWSER, ANESWR, or ANRSWE. (Note that no shuffling occurs apart from the ribbon-occupying letter's being displaced.) The letter in the square where one ribbon crosses the other is left for solvers to deduce. When completely filled, the ribbons will offer a gift suggestion for puzzlers. Answers include four proper nouns and rather uncommon words starting columns 16 and 18.



See page 133 for Puzzler contest details. The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 126.

Clues

1. Stuck tag on outside of present (7)
Sources of crude gossip initiated by wedding attendants (7)
2. Except for the capital, Northwestern state covers Indian territory (6)
Keen musical ability requires extremes of guidance (5)
3. One among twelve nuts creating a minor disturbance (7)
In Italy, you checked into hotel by two of seven sharp (7)
4. Doctor comes back with a German medicine (7)
Dressed in white, Ellington introduced a band (7)
5. Cover over chicken (5)
Trained lens on admiral (6)
6. Furious about it, so smashed skull bone (7)
Capsule shattered mirrors (7)
7. Hammer having head of brass is a symbol of mourning (7)
Home ec study includes temperature for cooking (7)
8. On the rebound, some medicine provided stimulant (6)
Lack of interest in side-splitting, farcical funnies? (5)
9. Missing the beginning of class, burn many tarts (7)
Properties close to being acquired by some Italian aristocrats (7)
10. Reptilian counter? (5)
Southwestern town slaughtered a cow (4)
Come to talk in church, forgetting Genesis (5)
11. Small cat adopting English actor (7)
Upset N.E. college playwright (7)
12. Turning about, become dead duck (5)
Bad omens involving large fruit (6)
13. Classifies stars so randomly (7)
- Menaces those who curse mildly? (7)
14. Returned a raincoat at a very un-rainy South American place (7)
A gumshoe one engages has trouble with words (7)
15. Disorder stemming from fresh avocados (5)
Exist outside of rogue's gallery (6)
16. Right Excellent cardinal circles screen in church (7)
Bride is altering golf scores (7)
17. Yields one-half less in monthly payments (7)
In total self-absorption, run at a brisk pace (7)
18. Stock exchange is in possession of land (6)
Two tenors conveying little snippet of song? (5)
19. Enlarge princess's shoe size? (7)
Makes friendly remarks at first, surrounded by 501 missiles (7)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

by Anne H. Soukhanov

cruise *noun, slang*, a gathering of specialty-car owners, at which vintage and customized cars are displayed for other owners and interested passersby to admire: "The phenomenon is called the *Cruise*, and it's the rage among mostly middle-aged men who gather in local parking lots to show off the dream cars they never could afford in their youth. Customized, polished and often sporting thousands of dollars' worth of vintage parts, hundreds of cars go on display at *cruises*" (*Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: The gerund *cruising* used in an automotive sense dates back at least to the 1950s, when teenagers drove their souped-up hot rods down the streets of their home towns. The enthusiasm of middle-aged Baby Boomers for specialty and customized cars has recently given new life and a new meaning to the noun. The *cruise* of the nineties has several characteristics that set it apart from its predecessor: the cars are parked, not driven; no alcohol is allowed; and the *cruisers'* often expensive car stereos—some cost as much as \$70,000—are not played. (Some *cruises*, however, do feature fifties bands and dancing.) *Cruises* can involve hundreds of vehicles admired by thousands of spectators. Some \$10 billion a year is spent on such specialty cars,

A selection of terms that have newly been coined, that have recently acquired new currency, or that have taken on new meanings, compiled by the executive editor of The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition.

which are often amalgams of bodies and parts from diverse vehicles and manufacturers.

Exerlopers *trademark*, impact-lessening running boots mounted on elliptical springs: "The first thing you notice when wearing *Exerlopers* is that you bound along like an astronaut on the moon when you're running" (*Fortune*).

BACKGROUND: *Exerlopers* were invented in the mid-1970s by Gregory Lekhtman, a Russian-born neurophysiologist, who devised the word after searching an English dictionary for elements to denote a workout based on running with a lengthened stride. The boots have been distributed by ExerScience, a division of NordicTrack, since late last year. Research has shown that runners wearing *Exerlopers* experience significantly less joint stress, and burn more calories, than those wearing conventional running shoes. *Exerlopers* have been used in the French and Russian astronaut-training programs.

Kojak Liberal *noun*, a new, tough-minded liberal who

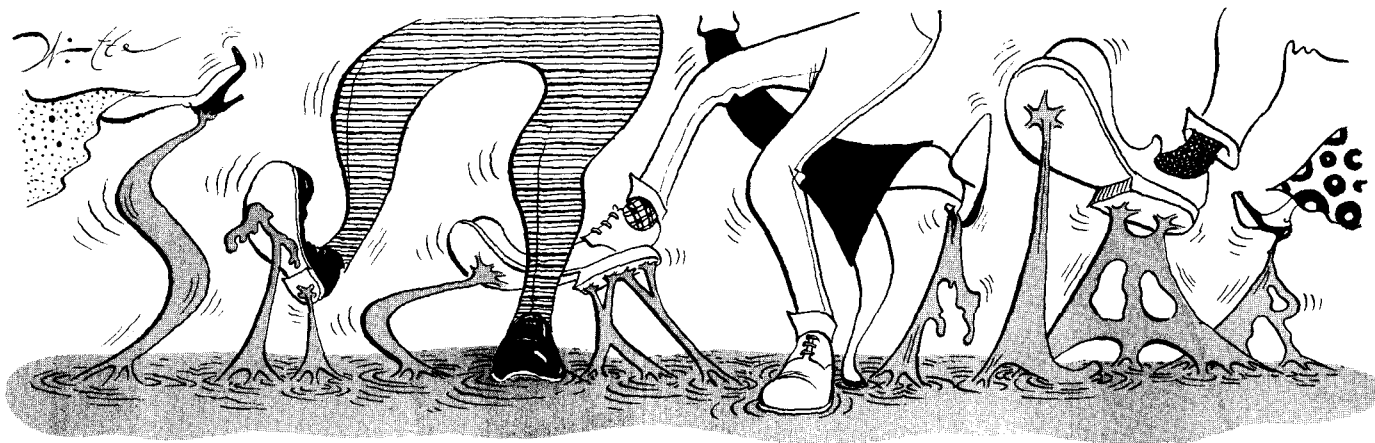
believes that fighting violent crime, rather than providing social services, should be the top priority in efforts to rejuvenate the inner city: "What the cities need are '*Kojak Liberals*' . . . [who] argue that for now, the biggest problems confronted by the inner city poor are created by rising violence and lawlessness" (E. J. Dionne Jr., *Washington Post*).

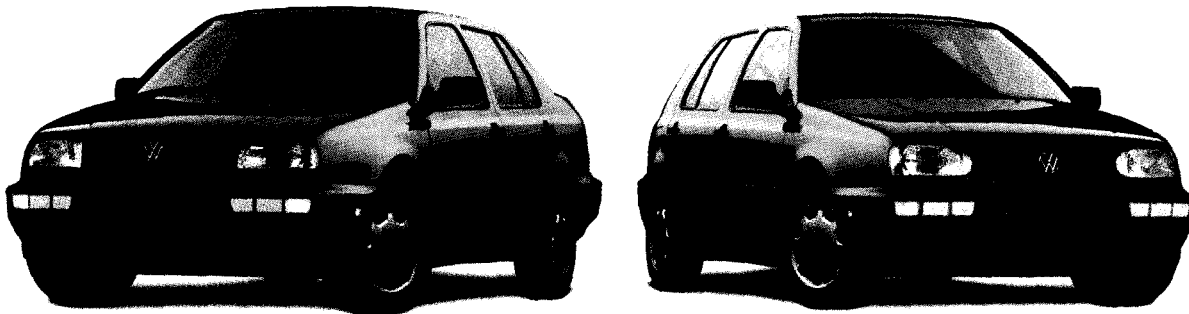
BACKGROUND: *Kojak Liberals*—named for the tough but caring protagonist of the TV police drama *Kojak*—subscribe to the liberal tenet that poverty causes crime, but they also believe that crime causes poverty, by stunting economic development and the creation of new jobs. They see the issue as one of basic civil rights, because lawlessness prevents law-abiding inner-city residents from bettering their lives. According to Dionne, prominent practitioners of *Kojak Liberalism* include Lee Brown, the head of the Clinton Administration's drug-control office, and Willie Williams, the Los Angeles police chief. The term is part of a growing pop-cultural trend in which real-life situations and people

are associated with screen titles and characters: think of *Murphy Brown*, *Home Alone*, and *Fatal Attraction*.

sticky floor *noun*, a condition in which women and minority men in entry-level or low-wage positions find themselves unable to advance: "While the 'glass ceiling' keeps a select group of women from government's top jobs, more than half of all women employed by state and local governments work on the '*sticky floor*' of low-paying, low-mobility jobs" (Catherine White Berheide in *Women in Public Service: A Bulletin of the Center for Women in Government*).

BACKGROUND: Berheide, who is an associate professor of sociology at Skidmore College, coined the term *sticky floor* last year while she was doing research on the immobility and occupational segregation of certain groups, especially ones in the government's employ: library assistants, clerks, and grounds keepers, among others. She chose the term for its reverberations with *glass ceiling* and because it evokes dead-end work. The plural, *sticky floors*, has since come to be used in reference to academia as well, to denote the plight of those women and minority men unable to obtain tenured faculty positions.





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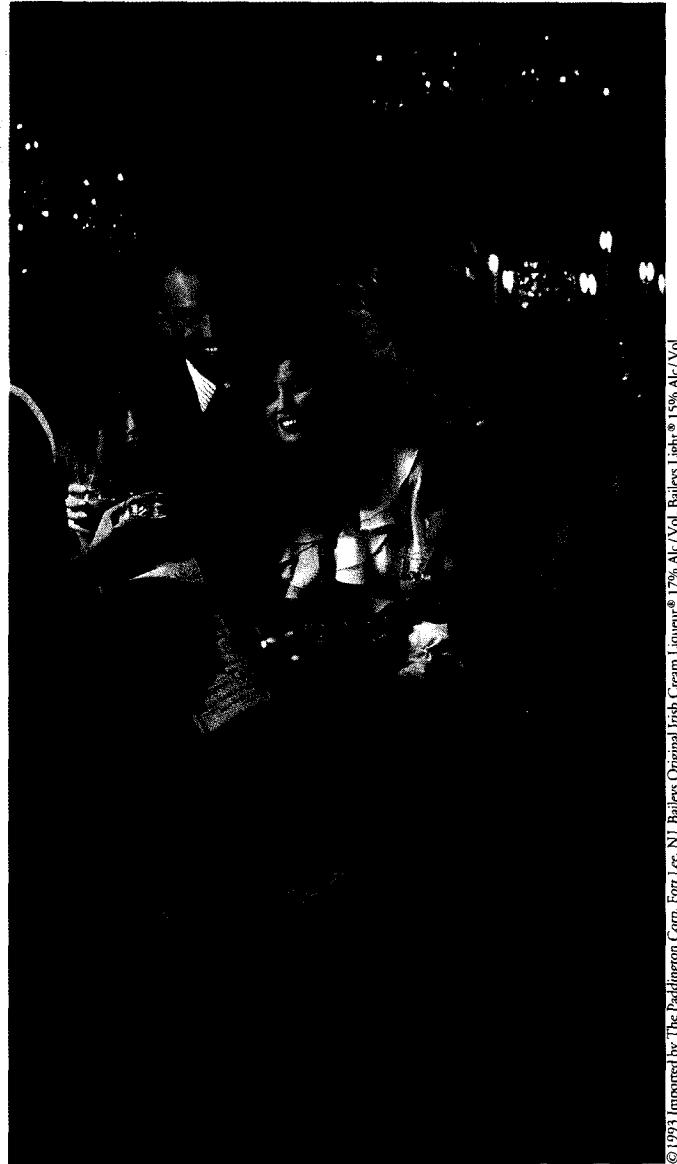
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